



Dr 4

St. Luke Chap. 10 V. 37.

See Page 166





Dr 4

St. Luke Chap. 10 V. 37.

See Page 166

THE  
SACRED  
MISCELLANY:

OR,  
CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

CONTAINING

THE DEATH OF ABEL; THE DEATH OF CAIN; BAXTER'S  
NOW OR NEVER; BUNYAN'S HEAVENLY FOOTMAN; SCOUGAL'S  
LIFE OF GOD IN THE SOUL OF MAN; FLAVEL'S SAINT INDEED;  
AND THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

To which are added,

PIOUS MEMORIALS;

OR,  
THE LIFE AND POWER OF TRUE CHRISTIANITY.

Exemplified in the Experience of

*Many Eminent Persons.*

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SACRED

MISCELLANY

CHRISTIAN MONITOR

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THE  
DEATH OF ABEL.

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THE AUTHOR'S PREFACE.

I NOW venture on a more sublime subject than has hitherto employed my pen, from a desire of knowing whether my abilities will bear a farther trial. This is a curiosity which ought to influence every man. The public are too apt to discourage a young poet who has succeeded in one branch of poetry, and are for confining him to that only in which he has been once successful, as his *ne plus ultra*; as if that alone was the very thing in which he could shew the whole strength of his genius, when, perhaps, some external circumstance, or a mere accident, rather than any particular impulse, determined his choice.

Though a poet who attempts the sublimer parts of poetry were not entitled to regard from the public, he would find himself amply rewarded in the happy execution of his voluntary task. To revolve a vast variety of things, to trace the motives of actions to their original source, to draw characters, and through intricate occurrences gradually to open interesting events, is attended with a thousand pleasures. Nature is to him an inexhaustible magazine, whence true genius collects every material that can embellish his favourite object: then is the whole mind in action, and talents are awakened which would very probably otherwise have lain dormant and unknown.

But it will be said, at this rate, we shall have nothing to read but epic poems and tragedies. They who are apprehensive of such a misfortune should know, that when I say such compositions will give greater and more various pleasures than little pieces to the poet, I mean, it will also be the same with the reader. However, few have leisure or inclination for large performances:

performances: most men are taken up with occupations of a different nature; many will chuse to pay their addresses to a less coy mistress than the epic muse; and I dare prophesy we shall never be without master-pieces in every branch of poetry. Far be it from me to depreciate the light and sportive works of fancy; for though I wish for more Homers, I yet think *Æsop* and *Anacreon* cannot be too much admired.

Some will be astonished, and others offended, that I have taken for my subject a Scripture History. The latter, I will suppose, are somewhat advanced in years, and have, by being immersed in business, and the arduous task of growing rich, been prevented from looking into new books: these have a zeal for the honour of their religion, and retain all the prejudices they imbibed in their youth against poetry, having drawn their knowledge of that divine art from specimens, which a very few excepted, are neither worthy to be known or valued. A poet, in the times of their youth, was esteemed, even by sensible Germans, only as a droll fellow, a kind of buffoon. But to those who have perused the Bible with so little sense of its beauties, as to make a sin of this undertaking, I have nothing to say; they must be void of taste, and to reason with them would be as ridiculous as to carry a lantern before the blind. It is to those who are capable of reflection I would now address myself. I would wish these to observe that the works which made poets be considered in a contemptible light, were wrote in an age when poetry was in its wretched declension, and far from its original and genuine dignity. It has always been in the retinue of religion, and is of no small service to it, being the most energetic method of conveying sentiments of virtue and devotion. It affords a noble delight to the understanding; it improves the heart, and excites to whatever is virtuous and praise-worthy. But to answer these salutary purposes, even when it relaxes and sports, its wit must be decent and pure, and have a tendency to create a contempt for ribaldry and profaneness. Poetry of the loose kind I despise and detest.

Under the conduct of prudence, virtue, and good manners, poetry may be allowed to take its subject from the great truths of our holy religion. What can be more proper for the exercise of genius than the sacred history? As Christians, we assent to its truth; as Christians, we are all equally concerned in its important events. The poet, if he has the art of illustrating the characters he draws from divine history with what is probable and pleasing, and placing them in an instructive  
view,



view, will have an opportunity of conveying, in the clearest and most striking manner, the salutary influence of religion and piety into the hearts of all classes of men, and will be read with pleasure by people in every situation. If this be attempted by a head unequal to the task, such compositions, I allow, may do more harm than good; but is not this equally the case with all injudicious expositions.

This liberty with the sacred history has been used in all nations; and among us, even at the time of the Reformation, none took umbrage at the dramatic pieces taken from the Scriptures: these were publicly allowed, though their principal merit was the good intention of their authors, the poetry being far from elegant.

But a new objector starts up, and cries, "At this rate the Bible will become a mere fable." I would ask him if this has been the fate of profane history? Homer and Virgil took the subject of their poems from ancient history; but who ever thought of adjusting those histories by their poems? or whoever, in reading their works, imagined them to be historians, or considered them in any other light than as poets?

There is yet another numerous class of people to whom I must pay my court: these are they who are too excessively polite to relish heroes who have a sense of piety; who talk of religion, who are serious, and affect neither raillery nor wit. Characters drawn from those exhibited in the days of thinking, must make a strange appearance to these sons of fashion. To these slaves of mode I would whisper it as a secret, that, being myself young, and, like them, fond of applause, I will, in order to obtain their suffrages, give this subject a new dress.





THE  
*TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE.*

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**T**HE work from which this is attempted is wrote by Mr. Gessner, of Zurich, in Swisserland. The rapidity of the sale does honour to the taste of the Swiss and the Germans, it having passed through three editions in one year.

The subject is the Death of Abel, which is the most remarkable event recorded in the sacred history from the fall to the deluge. The poet has had the art to interest us in the distresses of our first parents and their immediate descendants, by the lively and affecting manner in which he manages the passions, and by the graces and truth he throws into his paintings, while he describes the simple manners of the first inhabitants of the earth.

All our author's works, of which this is the first that has been translated into English, are wrote in a kind of loose poetry, unshackled by the tagging of rhimes, or counting of syllables. This method of writing seems perfectly suited to the German language, and is of a middle species between verse and prose; it has the beauties of the first, with the ease of the last. It is not, however, peculiar to Mr. Gessner; for in this manner the great Fenelon wrote his *Telemachus*.

Of this attempt I am not qualified to speak: were I to decry it, I should be deemed guilty of affectation; if sincere, I should be certainly arrogant and rude in offering it to the public, and to praise it would be presumption. But I will venture to say, that I flatter myself my copy has escaped any glaring deformity, though it may want many of the most inimitable graces of the charming original. That painter must indeed be a dauber, who could make a disagreeable picture, while he attempted to copy a Raphael or a Titian. Such as it is, I leave it to the candour of the reader, believing that, notwithstanding the loud cry of universal depravity, no one will, without just cause, and in mere wantonness of cruelty, condemn the assiduous efforts of a female pen.



THE  
DEATH OF ABEL.

BOOK I.

HENCEFORTH repose in silence, thou soft pipe;  
no more I render thee vocal, no more I chant the  
simple manner of the rustic swain. Fain would I raise  
my voice to bolder strains, and in harmonious lays re-  
hear the adventures of our primeval parents, after their  
dreadful fall. Fain would I celebrate him, who, sacrific-  
ed by a brother's fury, his dust first mingled with the  
earth. Come, thou noble Enthusiasm! that warrest  
and fillest the mind of the rapt poet, who, during the  
silent hours of night contemplate in the gloom of the  
thick grove, or at the side of a clear stream glimmering  
with the moon's pale lamp; when seized by a divine  
transport, Imagination takes her flight, and with bold  
wing traversing the region of created substances, pene-  
trates into the distant empire of Possibilities, discover-  
ing with clear view the marvellous that captivates, and  
the beautiful that enchants. Loaded with treasure, she  
returns to arrange and construct her various materials.  
Taught by reason to choose and reject, she, with a wise  
economy, admits only what forms harmonious relations.  
Delighted employment! Laudable constancy! I honour  
the bard, who, to excite sentiments of virtue in the  
yielding heart, watches the nocturnal song of the gras-  
hopper till the rising of the morning star. Posterity  
will crown the urn of a poet, who consecrates his talents  
to virtue and to innocence: his name shall not be for-  
got; his reputation shall bloom with unfading verdure;  
while the trophies of the proud conqueror shall moulder  
in

in the dust, and the superb mausoleum of the tyrant shall stand unknown in the midst of a desert, where human feet have made no path. Few, it is true, who have ventured on these noble subjects, have received from nature the gift of singing well; but the attempt is laudable: to it I consecrate all my moments of leisure, and all my solitary walks.

The tranquil hours had just given Aurora the tint of the rose, and dispelled the vapours of the night that had hovered over the shadowy earth, while the sun, beginning to dart his first rays behind the black cedars of the mountains, tinged with radiant purple the half-enlightened clouds, when Abel and his beloved Thirza left their leafy couch, and repaired to a neighbouring bower, composed of interwoven jessamine and roses. The tenderest love and the purest virtue shone with mildest beams in the fine blue eyes of Thirza, and gave attractive graces to the carnation of her cheeks; while her fair locks, waving in ringlets on her snowy neck, and hanging with becoming negligence down her back, added to the beauty of her fine and delicate form. Thus she walked by the side of Abel, whose high forehead was shaded with ringlets of the palest brown, reaching no lower than his shoulders. An air of thought and reflection was agreeably mixed with the sweet serenity of his looks, and he moved with the easy grace of an angel, who, charged with the gracious behests of the Most High, becomes visible to the enraptured saint in a human form; but the veil he assumes is of such ravishing beauty, that through it shines the angel. Thirza, with a look of affection, and a tender smile, cried—"O my love! now the birds awake, and begin to chant their morning song, let me hear the hymn you yesterday sung, in these smiling pastures; let me join also in the rapturous employment of praising the Lord. The melody of thy lips inspires my heart with an holy transport, and nothing can charm me more than to hear thee utter, in proper terms, the sensations I feel, but am unable to express." Abel tenderly embracing her,  
replied



replied—"My lovely Thirza, instantly I will grant thy request: I no sooner read thy wishes in thine eyes, than, with a lover's haste, I strive to fulfil them." They then seated themselves in the fragrant bower, whose entrance was gilded by the morning sun, and Abel thus began—

"Retire, O sleep, from every eye! Fly ye hovering dreams! Reason again resumes her throne; again she illumines the mind, as the morning sun enlightens the fertile earth. We hail thee, resplendent sun, who dartest thy beams from behind the cedars; thy friendly rays give light and colour to re-animated nature, and every beauty smiles with new-born graces.

"Retire, O sleep, from every eye! Fly ye hovering dreams, to the shades of night! Where are now the shades of night? They are fled to the caves of the rocks; they wait us in the thick grove; we shall find them there, and berefreshed by their coolness during the sultry heat of noon. See where the new-born day first wakes the eagle; where on the glittering summits of the rocks, and the shining sides of the mountains, the exhalations ascend and mix with the pure air of the morning, as the smoke of burnt-offerings arises from the altar. Thus nature celebrates the returning light, and pays to nature's God the sacrifice of grateful praise. Praise Him all things that exist; praise him whose wisdom and goodness produced and preserves all. Ye springing flowers, exhale the sweets He gave you in His praise. Ye winged inhabitants of the grove, pour forth the warbling of your little throats to Him who gave you voice and melody; while the majestic lion pays him honour with the terrors of his mouth, and the caverns of the rocks resound His praise. Praise God, O my soul! praise God the Creator and Preserver. Let the voice of man reach Thy throne, O Lord! before that of thy other creatures. In the grey twilight, at the dawn of the morning, while the birds and beasts yet sleep, may my solitary song find acceptance, and invite the reviving creation to praise Thee, the Creator and Preserver.

†



Preserver. How magnificent are thy works, O God! Wisdom and goodness are stamped on all. Wherever I turn my eyes, I perceive the traces of Thy bounty; each sense is transported, and conveys their infinite beauties to my ravished mind. O God! weak and frail as I am, fain would I attempt Thy praise, What induced Thee, Maker Omnipotent, for ever happy in Thyself, to call from nothing this gay creation? What induced Thee, Thou Self-existent, to form man out of the dust, and to give him the breath of life? It was Thine infinite goodness: Thou gavest him being, that thou mightest confer on him happiness. O smiling morn! In thee I see a lively image of the work of the great Creator. When the sun disperses the vapours of the horizon, and drives night before his steps, all nature revives with renewed lustre. The Almighty spoke; Darkness fled, and silence heard His voice: He commanded, and myriads of living creatures emerged from the teeming earth, fluttered in the air with variegated plumage, and rendered the astonished woods vocal with the praises of the beneficent Creator. Earth again hears the voice of her Almighty Maker: the heaving clods rise in innumerable shapes, and burst into new life and motion. The new-formed horse bounds o'er the verdant turf, and neighing shakes his mane: while the strong lion, impatient to free himself from the cumbrous earth, attempts his first roaring. A hill teems with life; it moves; it bursts, and from it stalks the huge unwieldy elephant. These are Thy works, O Thou Omnipotent! Each morn thou callest Thy creatures from sleep, the image of non-existence; they awake surrounded by Thy bounties, and join unanimous to chant Thy praise. The time will come, when Thy praise shall resound from every corner of the peopled earth; when Thine altars shall blaze on every hill, and man shall celebrate Thy wondrous works from the rising to the setting day."

Thus sang Abel, seated by his beloved Thirza. He ceased; yet she, filled with a divine transport, seemed still

still to hear. At length, encircling him in her snowy arms, while her eyes beamed tenderness, she cried—"O my love! the music of thy lips raises my mind to God. Thy endearing care not only protects my feeble body, but under thy direction my soul itself takes her flight: thou art her guide, amidst the obscurity of doubt and darkness: thy wisdom dissipates the clouds, and turns her astonishment into devout extasy. How often have I, inspired by gratitude, rendered thanks to God Most High, for having created me for thee, and thee for me, O my love! unanimous in every wish, we were formed to bless each other."

While she spoke, conjugal tenderness diffused inexpressible graces on every word and every gesture. Abel remained silent; but his softened look, while he snatched her to his bosom, and the tear just starting from his glistening eye, spoke unutterable love. Thus happy was man, thus pure his delights. The fruitful earth, refreshed and fitted him for action by her bounties. Contented with necessaries, he asks of Heaven only virtue and health. Luxury and discontent had not yet filled him with insatiable desires, which inventive of numberless wants, bury happiness under a load of splendid miseries. An union of hearts then formed the nuptial tie. No fear of wasting penury, or the frown of a tyrannic parent; no low ambition; no want of lands or gold, then kept the soft maid from the fond bosom of the youth she loved. These cares are thy gifts, O Luxury!

Abel and Thirza were still seated, when Adam and Eve entered the bower. They had listened with delight to the song of Abel, and heard Thirza vent the effusions of her fondness. They now tenderly embraced their children, while their hearts expanded with parental affection, and a lively joy glowed on their cheeks.

Mahala, Cain's spouse, had followed the footsteps of her mother, and had been witness of the happiness of her brother and sister. Her pure mind was free from Envy, baleful passion! yet dejection sat on her countenance

countenance, a mild Languor appeared in her eyes, Sorrow had faded the bloom once seen on her now pallid cheek. She had heard Thirza express her gratitude to Heaven for having been created for Abel, and he for her. Their mutual tenderness forced tears from her eyes, and sighs from her pained bosom, while sad remembrance drew the comparison between the two husbands. But soon she wiped away the pearly drops, and with a graceful smile entered the bower, where, with cordial affection, she saluted her brother and sister.

At the same time Cain, passing by the fragrant shade, had heard Abel's melodious voice, and had beheld his delighted father tenderly embrace him. At this sight Envy fixed her envenom'd sting in his heart, and he, giving a furious look at the bower, cried—"What signs of joy are here! What fond caresses! I too might sing, were my days, like his, spent in idly reclining in the shade, while the flocks were sporting or cropping the green herbage. But I am not made for singing. Rugged labour is my inheritance. Though I turn the glebe, though I break the stubborn earth, curst for my father's sin with barrenness, yet my fatigues meet no such fond rewards. Did my soft brother but toil, like me, one day beneath the scorching sun, 'twould spoil his music; he'd trill no songs. What, more embraces! How I hate this effeminate dalliance! But, if that fair youth be pleased, no matter what I hate."

Cain then with hasty step walked on. He had been overheard, and his discontent had filled the happy family in the bower with deep concern. Mahala became still more pale, and dissolving in tears, sunk down by the side of Thirza; while Eve, reclining on her husband, lamented the obduracy of her first-born.—"O my much-loved parents! cried Abel," I will follow my unhappy brother: I will embrace him, and say whatever fraternal love can dictate, to engage his affection: I'll try every art of persuasion, to make him forget his anger: I will not leave him till he promises to love me. I have searched into the very bottom of my soul, to  
↑  
know



know by what means I may regain him, and find a way to his heart. Sometimes I have kindled his extinguished love; but, alas; too soon the gloom returns, and sullen sadness damps the sacred flame."

With troubled look, Adam answered—"I myself, my beloved Abel, will go to your brother. Reason and paternal love shall unite their force to combat his obduracy: he will not, surely, resist the authority and tenderness of an afflicted father—O Cain, Cain, with what torturing cares dost thou fill my heart! The tumult of tyrannic passions has chased from my soul every sentiment of benevolence and virtue.—O sin! fatal sin! terrible is the desolation thou spreadest in the human breast. What gloomy presages torture my sad bosom, when I look through futurity, and behold thy ravages among my unhappy offspring." Thus spoke the father of mankind. Grief sat heavy on his venerable brow. He left the bower, and with hasty step sought his first-born.

Cain beheld him coming, and, ceasing from his labour, thus began—"What means this sternness in my father's look? It was with no such air of severity thou camest to embrace my brother. Why do thine eyes reproach me."

"Thou wouldst not, my son, have read reproach in mine eyes," returned Adam, "were thou not conscious thou deservedst it. Yes, Cain, thou deservedst reproach, and thy offended father is come to thee in all the bitterness of grief.

"Without any love," interrupted Cain; "that sensation is reserved for Abel."

"With love also," resumed Adam: "Heaven is my witness, I love thee with a father's fondness. These tears, these inquietudes and anxious cares that agitate me, and no less her who brought thee forth with pain, have their source in the most affectionate love. It is this tender love that causes the silence of the night to be interrupted by our sighs and lamentations. O Cain, Cain! didst thou love us, it would be thy most earnest care to



dry up our tears; and to dispel that cloud of grief which darkens our days, and fills them with horror. Ah! if thou still retainest in thy breast any regard for the Omniscient Creator, to whom the inmost recesses of thine heart are open; if the least spark of filial love to us, thy parents, still remains in thine obdurate soul, I conjure thee, by that regard, and that love, to restore to us our lost peace; restore, O my son! our extinguished joy. Nourish no longer against thy brother, against thy brother who loves thee with a sincere affection, this ruthless hatred. He longs to embrace thee. Gladly would he clear from thy mind the tares of discontent with which it is over-run. O Cain! thou wert my first-born, the beginning of my strength. When thine infant eyes opened to the light, I beheld thee with all the father in my heart. Wherefore then is thy soul disquieted? Why does envy dwell in thy bosom, because I rejoice too in thy brother? His refined and exalted piety drew from us tears of joy, and we in the sweet transport caressed him. The angels, who surround us, applaud every good action. The Almighty himself looks down from heaven's high arch, and regards with complacency the grateful offerings of a thankful heart. Wouldst thou change the invariable nature of beauty and goodness? This is not in our power, and if it were, Cain, how must we be depraved, before we could wish to withstand the noble joy, the tender, the exquisite feelings, that high-raised devotion and exalted virtue create in the enraptured soul! Darkness, storms, and the thunders of Heaven, call forth no gentle smile on the human countenance; as little do the agitations of boisterous passions cause joy to spring up in the human heart."

Cain sternly answered—"Is reproach then all that I am to hear from a father's lips? If my face does not always wear a pleasing smile; if tears of tenderness do not follow each other down my cheek, am I for this to be branded with detestable vices? Born with more firmness, bold enterprizes and severe toils have ever been  
my

my choice. Nature has stamped on my forehead a manly gravity. I cannot weep or smile at every trifle. Does the towering eagle coo like the timorous dove?"

Adam with majestic gravity, returned:—"Thou deceivest thyself; thou harbourest in thy bosom horrid sentiments that will rankle in thine heart, and render thee wretched, if they are not stifled. O Cain! it is no manly gravity that is stamped on thy brow; it is envy, sorrow, and gloomy discontent. These are seen in thine eyes; the disturbance of thy mind is visible in thy whole deportment. Thine inward dejection, O my son! has spread a cloud over all thy prospects. Hence arise thy continual murmurs, thy peevishness and passion during the labours of the day; hence thy unsocial aversion to us: hence the black melancholy to which thou art a prey. Tell, oh, tell thine affectionate father what will give thee ease! It is his ardent wish that thy days may pass serene as the vernal morn. What cause hast thou, O Cain, to be disquieted? Are not all the springs of happiness open to thee? Indulgent Nature offers to thee all her beauties. The good, the useful, the agreeable, are they not thine as well as ours? Why then dost thou leave the blessings, of Heaven untasted, and complainest of wretchedness? Is it because thou art dissatisfied with the portion of happiness the Divine bounty has been pleased to bestow on fallen man? Is not every blessing the undeserved gift of infinite Goodness? Dost thou envy the lot of angels? Know, that the angels were susceptible of discontent, and, by aspiring to become Gods, forfeited heaven. Wouldst thou arraign the dispensations of the Most High towards his sinful creatures? While the whole creation, in universal concert, praise the Creator, shall guilty man, a worm sprung from the mud, dare to lift up the head, and carp at him whose infinite wisdom regulates the wide expanse of heaven; to whom all futurity is present, and who, by his unerring providence, can cause evil to be productive of good? Be cheerful, O my son! Cast far from thee this sadness and discontent: let it no longer disturb

disturb thy thoughts, no longer throw a frightful gloom over the natural serenity of thy countenance. Open thine heart to every social affection, and look with grateful complacency on all the innocent pleasures which Nature displays before thee."

"What need of all these exhortations!" cried Cain. "Do not I know that, was my heart at ease, every thing around me would give me delight? But can I silence the storm, or bid the impetuous torrent flow in a placid stream? I am born of woman, and from my nativity sentenced to misery. On my unhappy head the Almighty has poured forth the cup of malediction. It is not for me Nature displays her beauties, nor do the streams of bliss, of which you take such plentiful draughts, flow for me."

"Alas! my son," said Adam, with a voice rendered almost inarticulate by his strong emotions and tears, "'tis but too true, that the Divine malediction was pronounced on all born of woman: but why, Oh! why shouldst thou believe that God hath poured on thee, our first-born, more of his wrath, than on us, the first transgressors? No, this is not, this cannot be the case: Sovereign goodness contradicts it. No, my dear son, thou wert not born for misery, the beneficent Creator never called any of his creatures into being to render them unhappy. Man may, indeed, by his own folly, make himself wretched. If he suffer his reason to yield to impetuous passion, ignorant of true felicity, he may render his life a burden, and convert what is naturally good and salutary into a destructive poison. Thou canst not silence the storm, nor stop the rapidity of the torrent; but thou canst dispel the clouds of discontent that obscure thy reason, and restore to thy soul its original light. Thou canst force into subjection every impetuous passion, every irregular desire. Gain, O my son! this noble victory over thyself, and it will refine thy sentiments: thy whole soul will be illuminated; darkness and distress will vanish like the mist of the dawn before the solar ray. There was a time, my dear son,



son, when I have seen even thee shed tears: when, from the gratulations of conscience, joy has spread itself through all thy powers; delightful fruit of virtuous actions! I refer it to thyself, Cain, wert thou not then happy? Was not thy soul, like the clear azure of the heavens, unclouded, unspotted. Recover that beam of the Deity, Reason: let her clear light direct thy steps, and Virtue, her inseparable companion, will restore joy and permanent felicity to thy purified heart. Listen, O Cain! and comply with the advice of thy father. The first injunction that Reason lays on thee is, to embrace thy brother. With what joy will he receive thy endearments! with what tenderness will he return them!"

"Father," replied Cain, "when at the heat of noon, I rest from my labour, I will embrace him. I cannot now leave the field. I promise I will obey thee, and embrace my brother; but, while I breathe, my firm soul will never be dissolved to that effeminate weakness which so endears him to you, and makes your eyes run over with transport. To a softness like this we all owe the curse denounced against us, when, in Paradise, you weakly suffered yourself to be overcome by a woman's tears.—But what do I say? Dare I reproach my father? No, my venerable parent, I reverence thee, and am silent." Thus spake Cain, and returned to his labour.

Adam remained motionless, with his hands and eyes raised to Heaven. At length, in a tone of deep distress, he cried—"O Cain, Cain! I have deserved these cutting reproaches: but shouldst thou not have spared thy father? Shouldst thou not have forborne this cruel charge which, like a clap of thunder, shakes my tortured soul? Ah, me! thus will my latest posterity, when, immersed in sin, they feel the pangs inseparable from guilt, rise up against my dust, and curse the first sinner."

Having thus spoke, Adam, with pensive eyes fixed on the earth, slowly withdrew. The groans that burst from the agitated bosom of the afflicted father, now struck

struck even this obdurate son with remorse, and he cried, gazing after him—‘What a wretch am I! How could I reproach so good, so tender a parent! How have I loaded him with grief! I still hear his groans. I see him lift up his supplicating hands to Heaven. Perhaps, vile as I am, he prays even for me! for me who have torn his heart with keen distress! Oh, that I too could pray! but I am a monster—Hell is in my bosom, and, like a ravaging whirlwind, I destroy the peace of all around me. Return, O Reason, return! Return, O Virtue! Chase from my troubled soul these wild and darkening passions!—Still—still he prays. Oh, how his emotions reproach me!—His clasped hands are again raised in agony.—He seems spent.—I will at his feet implore his pardon. O my rash tongue, my rebellious heart!’

Cain then ran towards Adam, who was leaning against a tree, with his weeping eyes fixed on the ground. He threw himself on the earth, and cried—‘Forgive me—forgive me, O my father! I deserve thou shouldst turn from me with abhorrence. I abhor myself; but, while I am thus humbled before thee in the dust—while I thus grasp thy knees, despise not my repentance—despise not my tears. My hardened heart resisted thine exhortations with a sullen pride: but, O my injured father! thy distress and thy groans have melted my obdurate soul. A beam from Heaven has enlightened my benighted mind. With unfeigned sorrow and deep contrition, I see my folly—I see my guilt—I know that I am unworthy of thy love. Yet, O my dear and venerable parent! reject not these penitential tears—reject not the sincere submissions of my heart. O my father! I implore pardon of God, of thee, and of my brother.’

‘Rise, my son, rise,’ cried Adam, affectionately embracing him, and raising him to his bosom: ‘the Most High, who dwelleth in the heavens, beholds with complacency these tears of repentance. Embrace me, my son, and receive thy joyful father’s forgiveness and

and cordial embrace. Blest time! happy hour! in which my son, my first born, restores our tranquillity. O my child! joy, excess of joy, has weakened all my powers. Support me, my son, and let us hasten to thy brother, that my satisfaction may be completed, by beholding your mutual endearments.'

Adam, leaning on Cain, walked towards the pastures. Abel, with his mother and sisters, met them in the grove; they had followed Adam at a distance; they had seen his emotions, and, with delight, had beheld the repentance and tears of Cain. Abel, the moment he saw his brother, flew to him with open arms: he clasped them around him with a strenuous grasp, unable for some time to give vent, but from his eyes, to the sweet effusions of his heart. At length he cried—'O my brother! my dear brother! thou then lovest me?—lovest me with fondness! Let me hear thy lips pronounce that thou still lovest me, and my happiness will be complete.'—'Yes, my brother,' answered Cain, while he pressed him with a warm embrace, 'I do, indeed, sincerely love thee. May I hope thou wilt forgive my having so long embittered thy days by my unkindness, and the fury of my boisterous passions? I too, my brother, was unhappy; but reason like the rapid flash of heaven, broke through the gloom, and has dispersed the baleful tempest. Never, Abel, never mayest thou remember my former darkness!'

The delighted Abel, with increased rapture, replied—'Never my dear Cain! be the past utterly forgotten! Who would dwell on the distressful illusions of a morning dream, when they might, like me, awake to real happiness, surrounded by multiplied delights! O my dear brother! words have not power to express my transports—to express the sweet joy with which my soul is filled, while I thus press thee, my friend! my brother! to my throbbing heart.'

Eve, who had with tender delight beheld this moving scene, sprang to her sons, and throwing her maternal arms around them both, while delicious tears of joyful sympathy



sympathy ran down her cheeks, cried—‘O my sons! my dearly beloved children! never did I, since I have borne the tender name of mother, feel such exquisite, such rapturous sensations. The griefs which, like the weight of a cumbersome mountain, oppressed my soul, are now removed. My heart will no more be torn by the unhappy disagreement of those whom I carried in my womb, and nourished with my breast. I shall now see, transported I shall see, peace and harmony, joy and love, dwell among my happy offspring. As the fruitful vine is blessed by the thirsty labourer, when refreshed by its delicious fruit, so will my now united children bless me, as the instrument of their felicity. Let me, my sons, join you in this sweet embrace. Let me too, my daughters, press you to my bosom.—With what joy do I participate in this unspeakable ecstasy, visible in the faces of my dear children, and on that of my much-loved husband!’ She then turned towards Adam; her matron lip met his, while conjugal tenderness and parental love were seen blended in her glistening eye.

The beauteous sisters, though silent, shared the general rapture. Mahala, Cain’s spouse, when disengaged from her mother’s fond embrace, said, while vivacity and joy sparkled in her altered features—‘Let us, my dearest Thirza, chuse the fairest flowers to deck our bower, delightful seat of peace and happiness! We will strip the bending branches of their luscious load to form the rich repast. This day, this happy day, we’ll consecrate to mirth and innocent festivity; indulging every virtuous transport, we’ll, with united hearts, welcome the new-born joy.’ She then, with nimble feet, followed by Thirza, ran to prepare the sweet refreshing banquet.

Adam and his spouse, attended by their sons, walked slowly on. Ere they had reached the bower, the active sisters had, with lavish hand, bespread the green carpet; fruits of various sorts offered their juices, while variegated flowers lent their odours, and cheered the eye with their bright tints. Their feast was elegant; but  
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it was the elegance of nature: no darts of death, hid in rich sauces, struck with unhospitable blow the unthinkful guest. Contentment sat on every face; in every eye beamed sweet Complacency. Social Converse and unmixed Delight gave rapidity to the flight of Time, while the unheeded Hours brought on mild Evening.

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BOOK II.

**W**HILE the first family of the world were in the bower, indulging domestic bliss, the father of mankind thus spoke.—‘It is now, my children, you experience the delight of self-approbation. The recollection of a good action diffuses a pleasing serenity through the soul. Nothing, my sons, nothing but the practice of virtue can render us truly happy. Virtue makes us capable of the enjoyments of those pure spirits who surround the throne of God. While we follow the dictates of reason, while we enjoy with gratitude and love the blessings of nature, and have humble hope and confidence in God our Maker, we anticipate the delights of Heaven; but if we suffer our passions to degrade and subdue us, inquietude, distress and misery, will darken all our prospects: in vain will the heavens smile, in vain will the fruitful earth pour forth her bounties. Believe me, my dear children! believe a father, made wise by his own fatal experience, the joys of sin are followed by shame, sorrow, and bitter repentance. O Eve!’ continued Adam, ‘once the dear partner of my distress, as now of happiness, could we have thought, when with streaming eyes, and hearts torn with anguish, we took leave of Paradise, that so much felicity was to be found on earth? Never will the horrors of that dreadful hour be effaced from my mind.’—‘My father,’ returned Abel, ‘if the recital of past

griefs will not be displeasing ; if the recollection will not throw a gloom on this hour of reconciliation and joy, gladly would I hear from thee the events of thy life, from that fatal moment to the present time.'

All looked on Adam with the eye of expectation ; all seemed pleased with the request of Abel, and the first of men replied—'What, my children, can I refuse in this day of joyful gratulation ! I will relate to you the principal occurrences of those times of affliction and grief, of consolation and mercy, when God, even that God whom we had offended, deigned to cheer by his promises fallen man. Where, O Eve ! dear companion in every woe and in every delight ! shall I begin the interesting narrative ; Shall it be from our first leaving the garden of God ? But I see thy tears already flow.'—'My tears,' returned our general mother, 'are now those of devout thankfulness and humble love, not the bitter ones of shame, sorrow, and sad regret. Begin, dear Adam, at my taking a last look on the forfeited seat of bliss. In that dreadful moment, shame and remorse for the past, and agonizing fear for the future, raised such a conflict in my wretched bosom, that I sunk into thine arms, wishing for the immediate execution of a threatening that was to confound me with my original dust. What I then felt, permit me to describe. Thy tenderness for me will, I know, make thee pass too lightly over the melting scene.

'The angel of the Lord, on whose countenance shone benignity and soft compassion, was commissioned to drive us out of Paradise. He soothed us with gentle words, cheered us with promises, and bid us hope and put our trust in the clemency of our All-merciful Creator : but the sword in his hand flamed terribly. At Eden's gate he stopped. 'I guard,' said he, 'this passage ; no more must enter here aught that defiles.' We were now travellers on the vast earth ; Paradise was irretrievably lost ; the country we crossed seemed one wide and dreary desert ; no fruitful trees, no flowery shrubs, no fertile spot, cheered our sad eyes. Adam held



held my hand. I frequently cast despairing looks towards the seat of lost felicity, not presuming to lift my guilty eyes to the victim of my folly, and companion of my misery. Sorrow bent his head to the ground, and we walked on distressed and silent. Adam surveyed, with anxious eye, the uncultivated earth, then cast a pitying look at me, and, to soothe my overflowing sorrows, gently pressed me to his breast.

‘We had ascended an high hill, and now going down the declivity, every step diminished our view of Eden: my heart was rent with agony, and my grief deprived me of motion. ‘Now, now,’ cried I, sobbing, ‘I behold, for the last time, Paradise, my native soil: blest seat of innocence and joy, for the last time do I behold thee! Ye flowers, once cultivated by my careful hand, who now enjoy your sweets! what eye is charmed with your bright colours? Ye trees, who shall now prop your loaded branches? who now shall taste your rich produce?—Delightful bowers farewell—farewel, dear shades! no more shall these sad eyes behold your verdure, banished for ever from your sweet retreats! ’Twas there, dear partner of my sin and shame! thou asked of Heaven a help-mate, to double and to share thy bliss. Alas! thy prayer was granted, and thine own side produced thy ruin. Our Maker formed us pure and spotless. While innocent, the happy spirits, who behold the face of God, deigned with complacency to visit our blest abode; deigned to instruct us in our duty; to warn us of our danger. What are we now?—dreadful degradation! O Adam! thy perfidious wife has involved thee, by her seduction, in sin and sorrow. Yet, dear accomplice, to whom with awe I raise my pitying eye, do not hate me! Thou hast a right to curse me—but, O dear spouse! if I may still call thee by that tender name, use it not! for thou art my sole support. By that God whom we have offended, by the cheering promises of his indulgent goodness, I conjure thee not to forsake me! All I request is, that I may follow and serve thee. I will watch thy looks—I will anticipate thy

thy commands; happy, if my obedience, my weak services, gain from thee a pitying smile, a look of soft compassion.'

'Here my strength and voice failed; I was sinking to the earth, but my dear husband caught me in his arms, and pressed me, with a look of affection, to his heart.—'O Eve!' he cried, 'whom I still, and always will, tenderly love, let us not heighten our keen distress by self-reproach. Our God, in the midst of punishment, has remembered mercy. He has softened his chastisements by his promises. Veiled as these promises are in a sacred obscurity, the Divine Goodness appears with sensible radiance, and we will hope in his mercy. We will not reproach ourselves—we will not reproach each other. O my dearest! had our God only consulted his just indignation, where should we both have been now? We will praise him for his goodness; our lips shall bless his name. Our voice shall only be heard in thanksgiving, humble supplications, and expressions of endearment and love. Our Judge is omniscient; with him there is no darkness. He sees the humiliation of our souls; he beholds our gratitude, our sincere contrition: he knows our weakness, and will accept our feeble efforts to regain perfection. Embrace me, my dearest wife! Let us, by mutual tenderness and acts of kindness, endeavour to alleviate our calamity.' 'Adam ceased speaking. His words and tender caresses gave ease to my oppressed heart, and strength and activity to my enfeebled limbs. We proceeded to the bottom of the hill, where we found a grove of poplars, which extended to the foot of a rock.' Eve, then giving her husband a look of affection, was silent, and Adam thus continued.

'We advanced, my children, through the grove, and found in the rock a cavity that formed a grotto. 'See, dearest Eve,' said I, 'See the convenience offered us by nature: this grotto will afford us shelter, and this pure spring, that murmuring flows from its side, will slake our thirst. We'll here prepare our lodging: but my dearest

dearest wife, before we sleep, I must secure the entrance, to keep us from being surprised by nocturnal enemies.'—'What enemies!' returned Eve, with emotion: 'What enemies have we to fear?'—Hast thou not remarked, my love,' said I, 'that the curse of our sin has fallen on the whole creation? The bands of friendship are broken between the animals, and the weak are now become the prey of the strong. I have seen a young lion pursue with fatal rage a frightened roe. I have beheld a war in the air among the birds. We can no longer claim a right to command the animals: the spotted leopard, the brindled lion, and fierce tiger, no more fawn on us, nor play their wanton gambols in our sight, but cast against us frightful roarings, while their blazing eyes threaten destruction. We will try to gain, by our kindness, those among the beasts that are most tractable, and Providence has given us reason, which will teach us to secure ourselves from the most savage.

'Eve, with timid looks, keeping me in her sight, went to gather flowers and leaves to form our bed, and fruit for our repast. In the mean time I secured the entrance of the grotto with entwined brambles. My spouse, hastened by fear, quickly performed her task, and returning, rested herself before me on the tender grass.

'We soon after entered the grotto, and seating ourselves on our bed of intermingled leaves and flowers, began our frugal meal, seasoned, however, with mutual endearments and grateful converse; when a gloomy cloud suddenly obscured the declining sun. It spread over our heads with increasing darkness, and the black veil which covered the earth, seemed to presage the destruction of all nature. A tempestuous wind arose; it bellowed in the mountains; it overthrew the trees of the forest: flames darted from the clouds, and loud bursts of thunder augmented the horrors of this tremendous scene. Eve, struck with terror, threw herself, scarce breathing, into my arms, and clinging to my breast,



breast, cried—‘He comes! he comes! in flames he comes to bring the threatened death! how dreadful! For my sin he comes to give death to us, and to all nature! O Adam! O my love!’ ‘Here her voice failed, and she remained trembling and pale on my bosom.’ ‘Be calm my love!’ I cried: ‘compose thyself! We will with bended knees and contrite hearts adore our God, who, in terrible majesty, comes riding on the clouds. His thunders proclaim his approach: the darting fires mark his passage. O Thou Eternal, who with benignity and goodness tempered the insupportable radiance of Thy dignity, when I first came from Thy creating hand, Thou art terrible in judgment, yet suffer us not to be consumed by Thy wrath! Destroy us not, O God! in thy hot displeasure.’

‘We then prostrated ourselves at the entrance of the grotto, and with pale countenances and trembling lips offered up our adorations, expecting when our awful Judge would from the clouds pronounce by his thunders—‘Die ye ungrateful! and let the earth that bore you be dissolved by the fire of my indignation.’

‘The clouds now poured forth their torrents: livid flames no longer flashed from the heavens, and the thunder rolled at a distance, I raised my head from the ground, saying,—‘The Almighty, my dear Eve, hath passed by. He hath not destroyed the earth: we are yet permitted to live. He hath remembered his promises. Eternal Wisdom, Everlasting Truth, repenteth not. He will fulfil the designs of his mercy; and thy seed, O Eve! shall bruise the head of the serpent.’

‘We arose, and were comforted. The heavens resumed their brightness, and the setting sun spread a mild radiance through the sky, like the luminous track we used to behold in Eden, when legions of angels were carried above our heads on the flying clouds. Silence reigned over the moist fields: the herbage and flowers, still glittering with the drops from Heaven, glowed with more than usual beauty. The departing sun darted on us his last beams, while we celebrated with reverential  
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awe, and thankful love, the wisdom, power, and mercy of our Creator.

‘Thus passed the first day after our leaving Paradise. The ruddy evening gave place to the grey twilight, and soon the earth was only enlightened by the moon’s feeble rays. We now, for the first time, were chilled by the cold of the night, though a few hours before we had almost fainted under the ardent rays of the scorching sun at noon. Our beneficent Maker had condescended to gird our loins with the skins of beasts, before our leaving Paradise, to shew that He had not withdrawn from us His succouring hand; in these we wrapped ourselves, and laying down on our leafy bed, hand in hand, waited the approach of sleep.

‘Sleep, the relief of the weary, at length came; but it was unaccompanied with that soft ease, that sweet delight, which blest our slumbers while innocent. Our imaginations then presented none but smiling and agreeable images: inquietude, fear, and remorse, did not then keep us waking the tedious hours of darkness, nor mingle in our dreams with fantastic phantoms. The heavens were however calm, and our rest was undisturbed: but, oh! how different from that delicious night when I led thee, my spouse, for the first time, to the nuptial bower? The flowers and odoriferous shrubs charmed with new sweetness. Never was the warbling of the nightingale so harmonious: never did the pale moon shine with such radiance!—But why do I dwell on images that awaken my grief, now hushed to silence?

‘We slept till the morning sun had dried up the limpid dew. When we awoke, we found ourselves refreshed and fitted for labour, and enjoyed with delight and gratitude the harmony of the birds, who were celebrating with their sweetest notes, the renewed light. Their number was yet but small; for there were then no other animals on the earth, but those who, instructed by divine instinct, had, after the fall, fled  
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from Paradise, that the garden of the Lord might not be defiled by death.

‘We offered up our adorations at the entrance of the grotto; after which I said to Eve—‘We will, my love, go farther, and view this immense country: our All-merciful God has given us liberty of choice. We may fix our abode where the earth is most fertile; where Nature is most profuse of her beauties. Seest thou, Eve, that river, which, like a huge serpent, winds in bright slopes through the meadows. The hill on its bank seems, at this distance, like a garden full of trees, and its top is covered with verdure.’—‘My dear spouse,’ returned Eve, pressing my hand to her bosom, ‘I shall follow with delight the steps of thee, my conductor and guard. We will pursue our walks towards the hill.’

‘We were going on, when we saw, just above our heads, a bird fly with feeble wings, its feathers were rough and disordered, it cast forth plaintive cries, and, having fluttered a little in the air, sunk down without strength among the bushes. Eve went to seek it, and beheld another lie without motion on the grass, which that we had before seen seemed to lament. My spouse, stooping over it, examined it with fixed attention, and in vain tried to rouse it from what she believed to be sleep. ‘It will not awake!’ said she to me, in a fearful voice, laying the bird from her trembling hand—‘It will not wake!—It will never wake more!’ She then burst into tears, and speaking to the lifeless bird, said—‘Alas! the poor bird that pierced my ears with his cries was perhaps thy mate. It is I!—it is I! unhappy that I am, who have brought misery and grief on every creature! for my sin these pretty harmless animals are punished.’ ‘Her tears redoubled.’ ‘What an event!’ said she, turning to me. ‘How stiff and cold it is! it has neither voice nor motion: its joints no longer bend: its limbs refuse their office. Speak, Adam, is this death? Ah! it is.—How I tremble! An icy cold runs through my bones. If the death with which we are threatened is like this,  
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how terrible! What, dearest Adam, would become of me, if, like the feathered mate of this poor bird, I am left behind to mourn? Or what of thee, if death tear me from thy fond arms? Should God create another Eve to fill my forfeit place in thy loved bosom, she will not—cannot love like me, thy partner in distress and banishment!—‘Unable to say more, she wept, she sobbed, and her expressive eyes, tenderly fixed on mine, made my feeling heart partake her anguish. I pressed her to my breast; kissed her cheek, and mixed my tears with her’s. ‘Cease, dearest Eve,’ I cried, ‘these fond complaints. Dry up thy tears. Have confidence in the Supreme Being, who governs all His creatures by His infinite wisdom! Though we cannot penetrate into the designs of His providence; though his majestic tribunal is surrounded by darkness; we may rest assured, that mercy and love remain near his throne. Why, my love, should we anticipate misfortunes? Why should we, guided by a gloomy imagination, seek for them in futurity? Was our reason given us only to make us wretched? Shall we ungratefully turn our eyes from the repeated instances of the loving kindness and tender mercy of our God, at the hazard of plunging ourselves in misery by our blindness. It is His wisdom, and His goodness, that regulate and appoint what shall befall us. Let us, with humble confidence, proceed under his direction, and devoutly acquiesce in his appointments, without seeking to know what he hath not condescended to reveal.’

‘We now advanced to the eminence. Its gentle ascent was almost covered with bushes and fertile shrubs. On the summit, in the midst of fruit trees, grew a lofty cedar, whose thick branches formed an extensive shade, which was rendered more cool and delightful by a limpid brook, that ran in various windings among the flowers. This spot afforded a prospect so immense, that the sight was only bounded by the dusty air; the sky forming a concave around us, that appeared, wherever we turned, to touch the distant mountains.

‘Here,’ ‘said I,’ ‘my dearest love, we will fix our abode. This spot is a faint shadow of Paradise, whose blissful bowers we must never more behold. Receive us, majestic cedar, under thy shade! Ye trees of various taste and hue, refresh and sustain us with your delicious fruits! Never shall we gather the sweet produce without gratitude: it shall be the reward of our attentive care and laborious cultivation. O God Omnipotent, who reignest in heaven, look with a propitious eye on this our dwelling! Lend an ear of compassion to the supplications, receive with favour the praises, and thanksgivings, which we, Thy frail offending creatures, shall never cease to send up towards thy celestial throne, through the spreading branches of these trees! Here, my dearest wife, we shall obtain, by the sweat of our brows, our support. Under these shades thou shalt bring forth with pain. From hence will our offspring spread themselves over the wide earth. Here too, death shall one day visit us, and we shall be confounded with our original dust. O Lord God, our Maker, shower down thy blessings on the profane abode of us sinners!’ ‘While I thus uttered the devout breathings of my soul, Eve was prostrate on the earth by my side: her hands were elevated, her eyes swam in tears, and were raised towards Heaven in holy ecstasy.

‘I now began to instruct our habitation under the shade of the spreading cedar. I fixed in the earth a circle of strong stakes, and interwove them with flexible twigs. While I was thus employed, Eve was conveying the stream among the flowers: gathering ripe fruits, supporting, with small sticks, the bending stalks of the variegated shrubs, and pruning their luxuriant branches. Then it was that we began to eat our bread by the sweat of our brow.

‘I went to the river to fetch reed to cover our cottage: there I saw five ewes, white as the southern clouds, and with them a young ram, feeding by the side of the water. I approached them without noise, fearing they would fly me, like the tiger and the lion, who, before  
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our fatal transgression used to play with the kid or the lamb at our feet. But, instead of endeavouring to escape me, they suffered me to stroke their fleeces, and I drove them before me with a reed to our hill, where I intended they should for the future feed. Eve was busied in erecting a bower, and did not, immediately on my return, observe my little flock; but they soon discovered themselves by their bleating. She started at the sound, and dropped the boughs from her hand through fear; but soon recovering, she cried, with joy in her countenance—‘O Adam! they are gentle and fond as in Paradise.—Welcome, pretty animals! ye shall live with us. All ye want is here. Ye need not stray, for here are flowery pastures, fragrant herbage, and a clear spring. Your innocent sporting will give us delight, while we attend our trees and flowers. Yes, harmless creatures!’ ‘she continued, patting their woolly backs, ‘ye shall be my flock, and I will be your indulgent mistress.’

‘Our little dwelling was now completed, and we were enjoying the cool breeze at its entrance, and silently surveying the distant country, when Eve said—‘My dearest love, how beautiful is the prospect before us variegated! How fertile, how full of blessings is this earth, which we thought so barren! Let us, to the fruits and flowers which the hill already yields, add those that grow on its borders, and our abode will have a faint resemblance of Eden’s delightful shades. Ah!’ ‘she added with a sigh,’ ‘it will then bear but the same proportion of likeness to Paradise, as that does to the blissful seats of the angels, which the heavenly messengers, who in our happy days of innocence, condescended to visit us, described in such glowing colours.—O! thou garden of the Lord, how delightful were thy sweet retreats! how did thy gay tints charm the eye! how did thy luscious fruits, thy aromatic fragrance, feast the senses! Whatever necessity required; all the useful, all the agreeable, were there in rich profusion.—O my spouse! compared with that luxuriant spot, what is all about us but dry sterility? This earth,



earth, under the Divine malediction, seems unable to produce, in the same lands, that sweet variety, that happy diversity, that charmed us in Eden's bowers. We must now seek the different productions in distant places. I have seen too, that not only animals are the prey of Death, he stretches his wide domain: he tyrannizes over the whole earth, and makes rude havock in the world of vegetation. O, Adam! what fruits have I beheld drop from their branches, spoiled, and full of black rottenness! what flowers wither on their stalks! The trees are disrobed of their verdure by the despoiler Death. I have observed too, that young leaves supply the place of those that are fallen, and that the seeds of dead flowers, cast into the earth, produce new ones. We, Adam, must thus one day wither and die, and our children shall successively grow up and flourish.

'She ceased speaking; and I, deeply affected by her words, made answer—'Dear Eve! were our loss only the gay verdure, the fruits and flowers of Paradise, it would scarce deserve a sigh: but, alas! we are expelled from the sacred spot which our Maker blessed by his immediate presence. There, veiling his unsupportable radiance, he walked among the groves, while all nature celebrated the approach of the Deity, in reverential silence. Though formed of the dust, my prostrations were accepted. The Almighty condescended to hear his creatures, and vouchsafed to answer, with benignity, a frail worm. Alas! we have, by our disobedience, lost this privilege: guilty as we are, we can no more hope to converse with Infinite Purity. This, this calls for our lamentations and our tears. Will the God of heaven visit a land under his curse? Will the Most High dwell among sinners? He looks down from the seat of bliss; he regards, with an eye of compassion our penitence and tears, and his bounties exceed every hope our wretchedness could form. Even the bright spirits of heaven are his messengers: they execute his orders on this dark globe; but, alas! our polluted eyes are now unworthy to behold them! They perform the task

task assigned, without deigning to become visible to sinful man, and then soar, with hasty wing, from this seat of corruption, now fit only to be the residence of beings under the curse of their Sovereign.'

'Thus were we holding converse, and casting our melancholy eyes on the country before us, when a resplendent cloud descending, glided towards us, and rested on our hill. From it stepped a radiant form wearing on his face a majestic smile. We hastily arose; we bowed our heads, and the celestial messenger thus spoke—'He whose throne is in the highest heaven has heard your complaints.—Go,' said he, 'and inform those children of affliction, that My presence is not circumscribed by the circuit of heaven; it extends to all the works of my hands. Whence has the sun its invigorating heat? Who teaches the stars to run their courses? Why does the earth still bring forth its fruits, and day and night regularly succeed each other! Who preserves the various animals? In Me they live, move, and have their being. What keeps thee, Adam, from sinking into corruption? I am near thee: I sustain thee by My power; I guard thee by My providence; and know the secret breathings of thy soul, and all the purposes of thine heart.'

'The luminous sphere, that encompassed the angel, reached even to me. Filled with devout ecstasy, I lifted up to him my dazzled eyes. 'How great beyond conception,' said I, 'are the favours of the Lord! He beholds our wretchedness with compassion: he sends His angels to give us comfort. O effulgent spirit! I stand confounded and abashed before thee. How shall I, sinful man that I am, dare to speak to thee, the unoffending messenger of Heaven, arrayed in light and purity? Yet, O benevolent angel! permit me to mention the sad apprehensions and fears that oppress my heart. That God is every where present I readily believe. I see him in his works: I feel him in his goodness and tender mercies. That the Most High, a Being perfect in purity, should more intimately communicate himself  
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to a worm defiled with sin, I do not presume to expect. What I dread is, that when man shall be multiplied on the earth, he will be estranged from God his maker. I have fallen, my children may also fall—fall into more horrid depths, and thus, being more and more debased, their wretchedness will increase. The time will come, when I shall be no longer with them, to inform them, and give, in my own person, evident proofs of the loving kindness and compassion of the Lord. 'Tis true, the smallest insect will declare His beneficence: but if God continues to hide His face from man, will not the voice of Nature be too weak to strike his mind? Will not the idea of the Deity be totally lost, or at least confounded in darkness and obscurity? This thought gives my foreboding heart exquisite anguish. I tremble with horror, when my gloomy imagination represents to my view millions of creatures sunk in distress and guilt, who may execrate me as the cause of their blindness and misery.

'Father of men,' replied the angel, with aspect benign, 'He, in whom, and by whom, all things exist, will not forsake thine offspring. Often will they, by their transgressions, presumptuously affront the Majesty of heaven. Often will their sins cry aloud for vengeance. The Almighty will grasp His thunder, and display the terrors of his judgments. The guilty shall tremble in the dust: the sinner shall cry out in agony—Dreadful is the wrath of God! who can stand before it? But more often will He make Himself known in kindness: He will delight to shew favour to the repenting children of men. Mercy and compassion dwell always with him; judgment is His strange work. He will raise from among thy posterity men whose minds he will enlighten. They, assisted by the spirit of God, shall call their brethren to repentance. Sinners shall hearken, and forsaking the ways of sensuality and profaneness, shall worship a Being of spotless purity, in spirit and in truth. He will send among them prophets and holy persons, whose mission he will evidence  
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by miracles: these chosen of the Lord shall cure the diseased, raise the dead, and do many wonderful works. These shall make known the judgments of the Most High: they shall declare His condescension and grace; they shall foretel what will happen in distant periods of time, and the accomplishment of their prophecies will teach men that the Eternal over-rules and directs according to His good pleasure, and the merciful designs of His providence, events that appear, to short-sighted mortals, the work of a blind chance. Often will he speak to the sons of men by his angels; frequently in prodigies; and there will be some righteous persons to whom He will, with infinite goodness, more intimately manifest Himself: to them He will speak face to face: till at length shall be ushered in the great mystery of the salvation of mankind, when the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.'

'The angel was silent, and I, encouraged by the condescension and sweetness of his looks, replied—'O celestial friend! if thou wilt yet allow me, frail as I am, to call thee so; and, why should I doubt it? since thou canst not hate him whom the Eternal does not hate—him for whom the Divine clemency manifests itself with such splendour as strikes the heavenly host with admiration, and surpasses the power of words to express, when the adoring soul, humbled in the dust, attempts to pour forth its gratitude. Tell me, lucid spirit, if it be permitted thee to draw from the obscurity with which they are surrounded, those august mysteries—tell me what is the import of the promise: 'The seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head:' and what is meant by the curse denounced against man, 'Thou shalt die?' 'Nothing that the Most High permits me to reveal,' answered the angel, 'will I hide from thee.'

'Know then, O Adam! on thy transgressing the Divine command, God said to the happy spirits who worship before Him—'Man hath disobeyed Me; he shall die.' 'A dense cloud suddenly encompassed the

eternal throne, and a deep silence reigned through the whole expanse of Heaven: the celestial host were filled with consternation; but soon the darkness dispersed, and the praises of the Highest again resounded from the harps of angels. Never did God manifest himself with such lustre and magnificence, but in that memorable instant when His creative voice called the stars from non-existence, and His almighty word went on creating through the immensity of space. The adoring angels were in eager expectation of what was to follow this unusual pomp, when the majestic voice of God sounded through the arch of Heaven, uttering these words of benignity and grace—‘I will not withdraw My favour from the sinner. To My infinite mercy the earth shall bear witness. Of the woman shall be born an Avenger, who shall bruise the head of the serpent. Hell shall not rejoice in this victory. Death shall lose its prey. Ye Heavens, shew forth your gladness!’ ‘Thus spake the Eternal. The blaze of his glory would have been too strong for even the eyes of archangels, had not a thin cloud tempered its insupportable radiance. The blest inhabitants of heaven celebrated with joy this great mystery, and attuned their golden harps to the praise of the Father of Spirits, whose tender mercies are over all His works. How God will pardon the sinner without offending His justice, surpasses comprehension; but it is enough, Eternal Truth hath said it. We know, and thou mayest also rest assured, that Death, having lost his power, can only disengage the soul from its bonds. The body, that vesture of earth, shall return to the dust, of which it was formed, while the immortal spirit, refined from all defilement, shall be raised to Heaven, to partake, there with angels, archangels, and all the celestial host, neverending felicity.

‘Hear, Adam, the order of thy God!—‘I will be gracious to thee, and to thy seed. There shall be a sign between me and thee, as the seal of this great promise: thou shalt build an altar on this hill, and offer  
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on it a young lamb: I will, on My part, send down fire to consume the victim. This sacrifice thou shalt renew every year, and the flame shall annually descend to burn thine offering.'

'I have now told thee, first of men,' continued the angel, 'all that the Most High thinks proper to reveal of His inscrutable decrees. I am also allowed to shew thee, that ye are not so solitary on this globe as ye imagine. Curst as this earth is, ye are still surrounded by pure spirits, who are commissioned to be your guard and defence, and ordered to preside, with watchful care, over the works of nature.' 'The angel then touching our eye-lids, we beheld beauties that I shall not attempt to describe. No words could give ideas that would do justice to the bright magnificence of the scene. All the country around us was peopled with the children of Heaven, more beautiful than Eve when she first came from the hands of her Creator, and with soft reluctance, and modest grace, received her welcome in my arms.

'Some were employed in collecting the light mists that issued from the moist earth; they bore them upwards on their expanded wings, and converted them into mild dews and fertilizing showers. Others reclined near purling brooks, watching lest their sources should fail, and the plants they watered be deprived of their humid aliment. Many were dispersed through the open country, who presided over the growth of fruits, and spread on the opening flowers, zure, green, and red, with every vivid hue, and, by breathing on them, impregnated them with fragrance. Some peopled the groves, employed in various offices; from the glittering wings of these were wafted gentle breezes, which, passing through the foliage of the trees, hovered over the flowers, and skimmed along the surface of the brooks and lakes. Some among these celestial labourers, having performed the task assigned them, were sitting in the shade, joining in harmonious concert: the melody of their voices accompanied the sounding



strings of their golden harps, and they sang to the praise of the Most High, hymns, not to be heard by mortal ears. Not a few were walking on our hill, and among our bowers: in their gentle looks I beheld commiseration of our distress. But now our eyes again became unable to behold the heavenly effulgence, and the rapturous scene disappeared.

‘These, which you have just beheld,’ said the angel, ‘are spirits commissioned to watch over the productions of the earth; they are the appointed assistants of Nature, and held to promote and complete her various works, according to the invariable and immutable laws of the great First Cause. The Creator has given existence to innumerable orders of beings. Even this earth, though under the curse of the Most High, is full of beauty, and the admiring angels behold, on this globe, objects too sublime for mortal sight. The delightful employment of some of these children of heaven, is to watch over thy safety, O Adam! to avert from thee unforeseen misfortunes. They accompany thee in all thy ways: they assist thee in thy labours, and often turn even thy disappointments to thy advantage, bringing from an apparent evil a real good. They, with pleasure, behold thy domestic happiness. They are witnesses of thy most secret actions. A smile of benevolence shews their joy, when man, their charge, acts right: the frown of disdain and sorrow sits on their brow, when he forgets himself and his happiness. These, in future ages, the Lord will employ to distribute plenty through the countries. He will delight to bless, or to carry famine and desolation among rebellious nations, when it shall please Him to reveal them by His chastisements.’

The angel ceased speaking. He cast on us a look of mild condescension, and was lost to our eyes in a shining cloud. We prostrated ourselves on the earth with devout ecstasy, and humbly offered up our thanksgivings to our beneficent and all merciful Creator.

‘I immediately set up the altar, as the Lord had commanded, on the summit of the hill: Eve employed herself

herself in constructing around it a little paradise. She brought from the neighbouring plain the most beautiful and odoriferous flowers: these she planted on all sides of the altar, and, with cheerful labour, watered them, each morning and evening, from the clear stream that flowed near our dwelling.' 'O tutelar angels!' 'said she, in the midst of her labour,' 'complete the work of my hands; for, without your aid, in vain shall I plant, in vain shall I water! May your kind cares, bright spirits, give these flowers more life, more beauty, more fragrance, than they had in their native soil; for to the Lord of All, this inclosure is consecrated! 'I planted a spacious circle of trees around the holy altar, and their thick branches spread an awful shade, that disposed the mind to devout contemplation.

'In these occupations we passed the summer, exposed each day to the scorching sun. Autumn arrived, and repaid our labour with its various fruits. It drew near its close: the loud blasts of the north began to be heard, and the tops of the mountains were covered with an hoar frost. Not then knowing that the weak earth, which was exhausted by the profuse liberality of summer and autumn, wanted to recover her strength by the rest of winter, we saw, with grief, the saddened face of nature. In Eden we knew no change of seasons: mild spring, gay summer, and plenteous autumn, charmed there together. As the winter advanced, the face of nature wore exceeding gloom: the flowers withered on their stalks, and if any yet survived, around the altar, they seemed, with drooping heads, to mourn their approaching fall. The latest fruits fell from the trees, and the sapless branches cast their leaves. The clouds poured down torrents of rain, and the highest peaks of the mountains were covered with snow. We beheld this scene of desolation with fear and anxiety. 'Should this, my dearest Eve,' said I, 'be only the first effects of the curse pronounced against this earth, and God continues to punish, she will be stripped of the

the small remains of utility and beauty which her degradation has left her: small were they in comparison of the delights of Paradise: yet they were sufficient to soften our toil, and afforded us many of the conveniences and blessings of life; but if the Divine malediction continues to spread destruction on this earth how gloomy will be our days! What will become of our promised offspring? 'Thus we mourned our melancholy situation; but, encouraged by the promises of our God, we placed in him an humble confidence. We endeavoured to console each other, and to drive from our minds every thought of murmuring and discontent, and thankfully adored the Lord, in the midst of the dreary horrors by which we were surrounded.'

'We laid up for our winter support those fruits which had escaped corruption and rottenness: and, that they might be well preserved, we dried them by the fire. I covered our cottage anew, and made a closer fence around, to keep out the cold and the rain. In the mean time our little flock languidly wandered on the eminence, gaining a scanty support by nipping the short grass that still remained, or here and there sprung up afresh; and I, for their father relief, ranged the country to seek them fodder, which I carefully preserved, lest they should perish, if the rigours of winter increased.'

'Sad and slow passed our days, while the clouded sky poured forth rain, and the black winds chilled us with cold. But at length the genial sun reanimated the earth, and brightened the heavens, while gentle winds chased the moist fogs from the summit of the mountains. Reviving nature smiled at the return of youth: the fields were again clothed in cheerful green; innumerable flowers decked the pastures, and seemed to vie with the sun in lustre; the trees again began to shoot out their buds, and all nature was full of new-born joy. Thus, crowned with leaves and flowers

came



came amiable spring, that delightful morning of the year.

‘The trees with which I had surrounded the altar were pre-eminent in beauty. Eve saw, with inexpressible rapture, the flowers she had planted on the holy spot, recover their bloom. In vain, my children, should I attempt to give you an idea of our joyful ecstasy. We ran to the consecrated circle, filled with devout gratitude. The sun illuminated the sacred spot with his purest radiance. Every creature seemed to join in our praises of the Creator. The flowers exhaled their sweetest odours: the trees extended the shade of their blossoming branches over the holy altar; the winged insects that inhabited the tender grass chirped forth their joy; while the birds, on the spreading boughs of the trees, enlivened our devotion by their mellifluous harmony. We cast ourselves on our knees: tears of gratitude and joy burst from our eyes, fell on the grassy turf, and mingled with the dew of the morning. Our fervid prayer ascended towards the Lord of Nature, towards the God of grace and goodness, who had mercifully turned even the effects of his just displeasure to our advantage.

‘I now began to cultivate a little field upon the hill. I cast into the fertile earth some grains which I had preserved from the produce of autumn. I even enriched the land with seeds I had gathered in the distant country. Nature, change, or reflection, often discovered to me means to facilitate my labour. Often, too, ignorance of the seasons, and of the proper soils for the different productions, led me into errors. Frequently my imagination deceived me, and I was disappointed when I had high hopes that I had found the art of contracting my labours. I should sometimes have been without resource, had not the gentle spirits, who watched over my happiness, condescended to enlighten me.

‘One morning, as I cast my eyes towards the altar, I beheld, with awe, the flame of the Lord burning over it.

it. The rising sun gilded with his beams the ascending smoke. Enraptured, I called to my beloved—'See, dearest Eve!' 'I cried,' 'see the accomplishment of our promise! Behold, the sacred flame is come down on the altar! Let us go to it immediately. Every labour must now cease. I will, as the Almighty hath commanded, kill a young lamb. Haste, my love, and chuse the finest flowers to strew the sacrifice!' 'I took the best of my flock: but, my children, it is impossible to give you a description of what I felt, when I went to deprive the innocent animal of life. A trembling seized my hand. I was scarce able to hold the struggling victim; and never could I have brought myself to give it death, had not my resolution been animated by the express command of the Author of Life. The very remembrance of its endeavours to escape gives me pain. When I beheld its quivering limbs in the last moments of its existence, an universal tremor shook my own; and when it lay before me, without sense or motion, dreadful forebodings invaded my troubled soul. In obedience to the Divine command, I laid the bleeding lamb on the altar, and Eve scattered on it odoriferous flowers. We then prostrated ourselves on the earth before it, with reverence and fear, and offered up our humble praises to the God of Truth, who had thus solemnly verified his promises. An awful silence reigned around us, as if nature celebrated the presence of her God. In this perfect calm our ravished ears were charmed with the minstrelsy of heaven. The angels that hovered over us, joined in our devout praises. The flames soon consumed the sacrifice, and on its extinction, which was sudden, an aromatic odour, diffused itself through the far extended country.

'A little after this solemn day of reconciliation, I was going, at sun-set, to rest myself, after the fatigue of the day, near my beloved. I ascended the hill: I sought for her in vain in our cottage; I looked for her with anxiety in the shady bower. At length I found her, pale and without strength, at the side of the

spring—and thee Cain, my first-born, lying on her bosom. The pains of child-birth had seized her while she was employed in her ordinary labours near the Brook. She was bedewing thine infant face with tears of joy. At sight of me, she cried, with a smile—‘I salute thee, father of men! The Lord hath assisted me in the hour of distress: I have brought forth this son, to whom I have given the name of Cain. O thou dear first-born!’ ‘said she,’ the Lord hath favourably regarded the hour of thy birth: may all thy days be consecrated to His praise! How weak, how helpless is he that is born of woman! Mayest thou, dear infant, rise as a young flower in the spring! May thy life be a sweet perfume offered up to heaven!’ ‘I then took thee, my first born, in my arms,’ ‘I salute thee,’ said I to Eve; ‘I salute thee, mother of men! The Lord be praised, who hath assisted thee in thy distress!—I salute thee, Cain, first of human beings who gave pain to thy mother; first of the human race who entered into life to leave it by death.—O God, ‘continued I,’ look down from Thy throne, and regard with compassion this Thy feeble creature; Shed Thy gracious benediction on the morning of his life! It shall be my delightful task to instruct his young mind! I will shew him the miracles of Thy grace: I will teach him the wonders of thy love. Morning and evening his infant lips shall be taught to sound forth Thy praise.—O! dearest Eve, mother of men,’ ‘I cried in the transport of my heart,’ a race without number shall flourish around thee. This myrtle was, like thee, solitary, till the tender suckers sprang from the maternal root! When mild spring shall clothe it with new verdure, the first shoots will produce others, and, in time, this single myrtle shall form a little aromatic grove. In the same manner (let this prospect console thee in thy present weakness) in the same manner shall our offspring multiply around this eminence. We shall, from its summit, see their peaceful dwellings adorn the plain: we shall see them, if death delay its approach long enough

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enough to permit us—We shall see them lend each other mutual assistance, to gain the provisions, the conveniences, and the sweets of life. Often will we descend from this hill to visit our children's children, and under these fertile shades will we recount the wonders of the Lord, and exhort them to piety and gratitude. When they taste of joy, we will share with them; we will sympathize in their griefs, and give them consolation and advice. From the top of this ascent we shall see—with gratitude and joy we shall see, a thousand altars smoke around. Their burnt-offerings shall envelope us in sacred clouds, through which our fervent prayers shall ascend to the great Creator, in behalf of the human race. And when the solemn day shall come, when the flame of heaven shall descend upon the first and most holy altar, they shall assemble on this hill. We will lead them to sacrifice, and, in holy transport, we shall behold the fruit of our loins form around us a vast circle of prostrate worshippers.'

'Thus, O Cain! did I utter the sweet effusions of my heart. I kissed thine infant lips with the most tender joy. Thy mother then took thee in her enfeebled arms, when, having assisted her to rise, I led her to our dwelling,

'Strength and vigour soon began to animate thy little members. Laughter and gaily sparkled in thine eyes, and mirth played on thy cheeks. Already wert thou able to run with thy tender feet on the soft grass, and among the flowers! already thy little lips began to lisp forth thine infant thoughts, when Eve brought into the world Mahala, thy spouse. Full of joy, you skipped about the new-born, kissed her, and covered her with flowers.—Eve at length brought forth thee, O Abel! and afterwards Thirza, thy companion. With inexpressible joy we beheld your innocent pleasures. Our delight increased as we saw your young minds unfold themselves, and arrive, by little and little, at maturity. We employed our most attentive care  
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to cultivate your mental powers, to direct your thoughts to worthy objects, that your lives might diffuse the agreeable odour of virtue. Thus a variety of flowers, combined by art, form the fragrant nosegay. While you, my children, yet prattled on my knee, or chased each other through the grove in wanton play, I discovered that man born in sin needs cultivation, like the stubborn earth, curst for our transgression; and that vigilance and watchful care were necessary in the arduous task of forming the mind. 'To teach the young idea how to shoot,' to guide the pliant heart from the turbulence of the passions, to make the powers and noble inclinations of the soul bring forth their genuine fruits; virtue and piety, require all the teacher's art—all the parent's love.

'I have now, my beloved children, the happiness to see you arrived at your full growth, as the tender plants are by the head of time transformed into lofty and wide spreading trees. Praised be the God of heaven for His innumerable mercies! adored for ever be his name for his unmerited goodness! May you, my dear offspring, by your filial love, humble gratitude, and devout reverence, continue faithful to Him! and may the grace and benediction of the Most High always rest on your dwellings!'

Adam here finished his recital. A nymph, united by the soft hands of Hymen to her favourite swain, wanders with him in the early dawn. They hear the sweet notes of the nightingale, while all is silent around. Her voice seems the echo of their own fond thoughts, and through their souls is diffused a tender transport. The bird ceases her melody: but they still listen, with the ear of expectation turned towards the branches from whence she chanted her nocturnal song. Thus, though our general father ceased to speak, his children remained fixed in mute attention. The different scenes he had represented gave them various emotions: sometimes the gushing tear dropped from

their eyes, at others a lively joy spread itself over their features. They all returned their thanks to the father of men: Cain rendered his as well as the others; but he alone had neither smiled nor wept.



### BOOK III.

**A**DAM having finished his relation, Abel again tenderly embraced his brother, and they all left the bower, each pair taking their way to their separate dwellings, while the moon's mild rays enlightened their steps. 'O my Thirza!' cried Abel to his beloved, pressing her hand, 'what exquisite joy diffuses itself through my soul! My brother is no longer estranged from me; he loves me: his moistened cheek spoke his tenderness, while he gave me the fraternal embrace. How did my heart rejoice in the sweet effusion of his returned affection! Less delightful, less refreshing, is the evening dew that falls on the parched earth, after it has been scorched by the sun's burning rays. The furious tempest of his soul is calmed: peace and love are returned: they will again take up their abode in our humble cottages, and give new sweets to every enjoyment. O thou Beneficent Being! who has with infinite goodness watched over our parents, when they were the sole inhabitants of this spacious earth, keep far from the heart of my beloved brother every baleful and tormenting passion! May the storm never return: but may tranquillity, gratitude and joy, render every day delightful, like the past!'

Thirza with delight in her countenance, said—'Our parents, my love, felt not more joy at the return of spring, after the rigours of the first winter, than they experienced when they saw the tears of reconciliation drop from the softened eyes of our brother. Our affectionate father, our fond mother, seemed, in their transports,



ports, to have recovered all the gaiety of youth, and every thing around us smiled with new joy.' Thus did this amiable and virtuous pair express the sweet sensations that filled their hearts.

Mahala, Cain's spouse, observing that his brow still wore the gloom of discontent, pressed his hands to her lips, and, in a soft and tender accent, said—'Why, my love, dost thou seem so cold, so insensible, in the midst of such happiness? Is the calm that is restored to thy soul incapable of enlivening thine eyes with tender joy? Cannot thy heartfelt satisfaction render thy countenance serene? I should fear the cloud of grief, that has so long darkened thy days, had rendered thee unable to taste of joy, had I not beheld—beheld with ecstatic delight, content and transport animate thine eyes, when thou gavest our brother the fraternal embrace. O my beloved! the Eternal from His throne on high, and the benevolent angels, who surround us, saw with approbation the soft sensations that then filled thine heart. Suffer me, my dearest spouse! to press thee to my bosom: let my fondness again light up joy in thy countenance. Mayest thou lose all thy cares in this sweet embrace!'

Cain resisted not the tender caresses of his spouse, but replied—'Your joy, your excessive joy, gives me offence. Yes, I am displeased. Does not your transport say—'Cain is corrected: he was before, a man vicious and wicked—he hated his brother?'—'I was not wicked. Whence arose so strange an idea? Must I hate my brother, because I was not always weeping over him, or persecuting him with my embraces?—I never hated my brother—No never. I saw, indeed, with pain, that he, by his softness and effeminacy, stole from me the affection of Adam and Eve.—Could I be insensible to this? But, Mahala, it is not without cause that sorrow hangs on my brow. What imprudence in our father to recount to us the history of his shameful fall, and all the disasters of which he and Eve are the cause? What need was there for us to know,  
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and be so often told, that it was their fault that lost us all the delights of Paradise, and rendered us unhappy? Were we ignorant of this our miseries would be more supportable, and we should not deplore the want of enjoyments of which we could then have no idea.'

Mahala stifled in her heart remonstrances and complaints, and carefully read her husband's eyes, to see if she might venture a reply. Then mildly answered—'Suffer me, I conjure thee, my beloved, to weep! for I cannot restrain my tears. Suffer me to implore thee for thyself! I beseech thee to drive far from thee this gloomy melancholy that is again beginning to overcloud thy soul! Thou canst, I know, my love, thou canst disperse it, and restore to thy heart peace and serenity. Let not thy troubled imagination always present to thy view subject of misery and grief, where thou oughtest to behold Divine benignity and grace. O Cain, why should we blame our affectionate parents, for relating to us the wonders God has done for fallen man! They would excite in our souls a lively gratitude and firm confidence. They are keenly sensible of every thing that can be a subject of pain and grief to us, and it is barbarity to reproach them with our misery. Rise, my love, I entreat thee, rise superior to the vexations that would again intrude themselves into thine heart, and obscure our days with gloomy sadness!' She said no more, but gave her husband a tender glance, while her eyes swam in tears.

The smile of affection now tempered the austerity of Cain's countenance, and he replied, as he embraced Mahala—'I will, my dear, surmount the vexations that would gain an empire over me. I will not obscure thy days, or mine, with unavailing sorrow.'

Anamalech, one of the inferior spirits of hell, had observed the behaviour and discourse of Cain. He had seen with malicious joy, the signs of envy and wrath in his ruffled features. This malignant dæmon, though  
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of the lowest order among the rebel angels, did not yield, in pride and ambition, to Satan, the arch-apostate. Often, while in hell, he retired from his companions, whom he despised: often he remained in solitude among the infected rivers of sulphur, that flowed through the burning land, or strayed alone on the enormous rocks, whose summits were hid in stormy clouds. There, in secret, he repined at his ignoble indolence, while the blue flames, reflected from the tops of the mountains, cast an obscure and horrid light on the path made by his wandering feet. But when hell, with tumultuous roar, celebrated the praises and triumphs of her king, who, on his return from the terrestrial globe, elate with pride, recounted how he had seduced our general ancestors, and boasted his having forced the Eternal to pronounce against them the decree of death and wretchedness, then the black venom of envy swelled the rancorous breast of Anamalech. 'Must Satan,' he cried to himself, 'though accursed, enjoy in hell triumphs and praise, while I, unnoticed, rove in obscurity, through the dark corners of these gloomy regions, or am confounded among the vile crowd, who, with servile shouts, aggrandize him, and hail him victor? No: I feel myself equally capable of noble daring: I will astonish my compeers; I will force hell's fierce monarch to pronounce my name with respect.' Actuated by the prospect of rising to distinguished greatness among the infernals, he meditated baneful projects, and nourished in solitude inveterate hatred to the human race. His black mind formed various schemes for their destruction, and his horrid designs succeeded but too well. The miseries of Adam's offspring rendered the name of this vile dæmon great among the diabolical powers of the fiery deep. He it was who, after a succession of ages, incited a cruel king to massacre the infants of Bethlehem. He saw, with a malignant smile, men, barbarous as the outcasts of heaven, display a savage rage against those innocents. He received an horrid pleasure, while he beheld their  
little



little limbs dashed against the stones; which their spouting veins stained with blood. He was delighted to see them stabbed and dismembered in the arms of their distracted mothers. He hovered, with cruel satisfaction, over that unfortunate city. The cries of those tender victims were, to him, agreeable melody. He fed, with eager joy, on the heart-rending complaints of their inconsolable mothers. The mangled limbs of infants, trampled under the feet of their savage murderers, was to him a pleasing sight; and he felt an hellish transport, when he beheld their fond parents prostrate on the earth, in all the bitterness of anguish, tearing their hair, and beating their breasts, distained with the blood of their guiltless offspring.

This relentless fiend, revolving in his gloomy breast the actions of hell's fell monarch, disdained ignoble sloth. 'I will ascend,' said he, 'I will ascend to the earth.—I'll know the import of the sentence—'Man must die!' 'I shall accelerate his doom—I will kill.' He then, with hasty stride, passed through the gate of hell. He marked and trod the footsteps the arch-fiend had traced through ancient Night, and the tumultuous empire of Chaos. Thus a brigantine, equipped for theft, steers with full sail through the immense sea, and, stopping on the coast of Hesperia, surprises the tranquil inhabitants of some peaceful village; seizes the active youth, while fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and inconsolable wives, lament on the shore, pursuing, with their weeping eyes, the ravishers, who, with out-spread sails, soon escape from sight.

The detestable Anamalech long flew, with rapidity, through the gloomy empire of night, till at length he perceived a faint light on the frontiers of the created universe. As a malefactor, meditating some horrid murder, in the shade and silence of the night, proceeds to execute his bloody purpose, through the gloom towards the city, and finds it on all sides illuminated, is  
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struck with fear, and would gladly hide himself from every eye; thus the impure spirit was agitated with terror, while he traversed the immense sphere which surrounded the earth. On his arrival on this globe, his piercing eye soon discovered the abode of man, and he alighted in the shady grove.

'Here then,' said he, 'dwells man, heaven's new favourite. This earth is accursed, and far unlike the smiling garden where he first was placed. Delightful spot! now guarded by the flaming sword; for I beheld it, while I hovered o'er the earth. This they have lost; but what is left them is not hell. Perhaps, by plaintive supplications, they have softened the anger of their God: for, did not hell still follow me from place to place; did I not bear within myself an hell, I might, for aught I see, be happy here; but possibly their grosser bodies may be subject to pains, to grief unknown to etherial substances. Ah! I see some of the heavenly host placed as guardians over man, though under malediction, I must elude their care, escape their attention, or all my designs will be rendered abortive, and I shall become the sport, rather than the admiration of Satan, and the sycophants who surround his throne. Yonder is the family of sinners; but I see no signs of misery: their evils, perhaps, commence not till death. I'll know if their hearts are open to seduction: I will, by my wiles, engage them in new crimes that may accelerate their punishment. Satan succeeded, by an easy artifice, with the chiefs of this family, while they were yet perfect. Now they are degraded by sin, and the curse of their God, can it be harder to subvert them? No: I shall induce them to commit actions so black, that their heavenly guardians shall quit the earth with horror, and He who created them shall, by his thunder, exterminate the ungrateful race, or precipitate them into the burning lake: then, on our scorching banks, we shall taste of joy—shall triumph, while we behold these worthy inhabitants of this new world rolling in flames of sulphur, cursing their existence, and their

Almighty Maker. Ah!—I see one of them bears on his brow the marks of sullen discontent. He has a ferocity in his looks that gives me hopes. My first effort shall be on him. His companion weeps—I will learn the cause of her tears.'

The malevolent spirit, invisible to human sight, followed Cain and his spouse, meditating seduction and murder. When they were retired to their dwelling, the impure dæmon repeated after them, in malicious mockery—'Rise superior to the vexations that intrude themselves into thine heart! Drive far from thee these clouds of melancholy that would obscure thy days;' Then, quitting irony, to give utterance to the infernal malice by which he was agitated—'No,' said he, 'what is good shall never take root in thine ungrateful heart: I will destroy it. These clouds of melancholy thou wouldst disperse shall be re-assembled over thy head, thick and black as those which surrounded with eternal darkness the summits of the infernal mountains. My task will be no hard one. Thou thyself labourest to assemble them. I have only to assist thee: it will be to me a pleasing task to second thine own efforts. Yes, I will accumulate them on thy brow: desolation and misery, yet unknown to the human race, shall find entrance among mortals; thy days shall be filled with horror and darkness, and these darlings of heaven shall taste the cup of wrath, poured forth for angels.'

Cheerful dawn again began to gild the horizon, inspiring songs and gaiety, when Cain with his instruments of husbandry, was going to the field. Abel had already given him the salute of the morning, and was conducting his flocks to pastures, still moist with the dew of the night. Mahala and Thirza were advancing, hand in hand, towards the garden which surrounded the altar. They stopt to salute their brothers, when Eve came to them from their cabin, with gestures of desperation.—Both were seized with inquietude and concern, and approaching her, cried out, with emotion—



tion—'O my mother! You weep.—Why weep you?' Eve, at this question, redoubled her tears; then endeavouring to stifle her grief, she, giving them a look of affection, said, while her words were interrupted by sighs—'Alas! my children, have you not heard dreadful groans come from our dwelling? The sharpest pains this night have seized your father, and he now struggles with some disease that seems to penetrate even to his bones. He endeavours to conceal his anguish. He would prevent the sighs that escape from my heart. He suppresses his complaints, and strives to console me. But, O my children! the most poignant grief has taken possession of my soul, and my tortured heart refuses all consolation. When he reposes in most tranquillity, he seems lost in reflection: an instant after he groans with agony; a cold sweat covers his face, and the tears he had restrained burst in a torrent from his eyes. O my dear children! dreadful apprehensions oppress my heart. Support me, my daughters; support your unhappy mother, sinking under the weight of affliction. Let us go to your father.' Eve, followed by her lamenting children, returned to her spouse, weeping, and leaning on the shoulder of Mahala.

Filled with sorrow, they surrounded the bed of the sick. Adam then lay tranquil. His countenance and gesture discovered, that, in spite of suffering and pain, his soul was master of itself. He cast on his afflicted children a look of parental tenderness. He even gave them a smile of affection, and said—'The hand of the Almighty, my beloved offspring, is on me. My entrails are torn with anguish; but praised be the Lord, who regulates all by unerring wisdom! Perhaps He has ordained these pains to unloose the bands that unite my soul to this frail body. If it is now to return to the dust of which it is formed, I submit. I adore the dispensations of my Maker, and wait, with resignation and love, the fatal hour. I will praise Thee, the Sovereign of Life and Death, till this union is dis-

solved; my soul shall then, delivered from its vesture of earth, offer Thee more elevated praise. O God of Consolation! deign to be my support. Teach me to endure with patience my present pain, in firm hope of future happiness. But, above all, forsake me not, O my maker! forsake not an expiring sinner in the distressful hour of death! Abandon me not when my soul is dismayed by the last tremblings of nature!

He then cast his languid eyes on our general mother, who was weeping at his side. 'And thou Eve,' said he, 'whom my love as myself—and you, my dear children—add not to my grief by your sorrow and tears. How cruelly does your affliction distress me!—Cease, my beloved, cease these sighs and these lamentations. Perhaps the Lord may remove the terrors of His hand, and death may yet be at a distance. Perhaps I may again, even on earth, taste joy and gladness. I wait the good pleasure of my God, and resign myself to His will.—Do you also, my dear children—and you my tender spouse—acquiesce, with submission and devout gratitude, in the Divine appointments. Accustom yourselves, before-hand, to reflect, with holy resignation, on the instant when it shall please the Almighty to strip off this garment of earth, and take me from you.' The father of mankind ceased to speak. Sharp pangs again seized him, and he could only utter sighs and groans.

When his agonies were abated, he regarded all about him with silent attention; but his looks were more particularly fixed on Eve, who seemed overwhelmed by her deep distress: her sorrows augmented those of her husband, and, to console her, he again resumed his discourse: 'Alas!' said he, 'the death experienced by the first sinner will doubtless have something frightful in it, to those who shall behold it; but it shall be more terrible still to him who shall be the victim. May that merciful God, who has never abandoned us in our distress, succour me in that dreadful hour!—He will

do it—His past mercies are pledges that He will.—As for you, my children,’ added he, ‘go—leave me—reign me to the will of the Lord. Pray for me with fervour. This dreadful crisis may perhaps end in a sweet sleep, that may restore vigour to my unfeebled members.’

Adam was silent. His children stooped to kiss his trembling hand. ‘Yes, my father,’ they cried, ‘we will prostrate ourselves before the Lord: we will supplicate that sweet repose may repair thy strength, exhausted by suffering. O may our prayer be accepted! may the Lord remove from thee these pains by which thou art now tormented.’

With hearts pierced with grief, they left the cottage: Eve only remained. ‘I would sleep,’ said Adam, addressing himself to his wife, who sat near his bed, suffused in tears. ‘Why, my beloved, dost thou give way to thy grief? Thy tenderness, by increasing my pain, may chase repose far from me.’ At length he wrapt his face in the skins which covered him, to conceal from his companion the distress and inquietude of his mind. ‘Is this,’ said he to himself—‘is this that hour so full of horror? I fear it is. Great God, how terrible!—Abandon me not, O my Maker! forsake not, in the last agony, an expiring sinner! How sweet would be my consolations, even in death, if these sufferings, these fears, would exempt my unhappy offspring from the consequences of the curse pronounced on them for my sin!—But no—the same horrors will terrify? the same veil of darkness will extend over all born of woman. From a trunk impoisoned by sin, what can be produced but sinners,—sinners subject to death?—I have killed all my posterity. All, like me, must be torn from those they love—from those whose tenderness softened and endeared life, and gave it all its delights—O Eve! O spouse tender and dear! what anguish will rend thine heart! what tears wilt thou shed over my senseless dust! Frightful prospect! Will not my inanimate clay tremble, when the orphan, left without support



support, shall lament the loss of its father, snatched away by death in the midst of his course : or when decrepid parents shall be deprived of their sons, who were the comfort and support of their declining ages ; when sisters shall water, with their tears, the dead bodies of their brothers, the wife that of the husband, the lover that of the object beloved.—Spare then my memory, O my children ! Curse not my peaceful dust. It is just that the weight of the curse should fall on the last hour—the hour that tears us from this life of sin. Death, when he divides the soul from its covering of clay, will also draw it from a state of malediction. If, notwithstanding the little power its degradation has left it, it has struggled against vice, and endeavoured to raise itself to virtue, it shall enjoy never ending happiness in the regions of immortality. Ye ought not then, O my offspring ! to execrate my ashes. Our abode on earth is not properly life : 'tis but the dawn of life ; a troublesome dream.—Oppress me not then, ye mountains of grief ! 'Tis by dying I shall revive. I wait for that instant, firmly relying on the mercies of my God !' Such were the thoughts of Adam, when a sweet sleep overpowered his senses.

Eve sat drowned in sorrow by the bed of her sleeping husband, and, in a low voice, fearing to disturb his repose, vented the anguish of her heart. 'What evils do I experience !' said she. O curse, the consequence of sin, let thy burden rest on me ! I was the first sinner. Let a double weight of woe fall on my wretched head ! It is just : I was the first offender. Ah ! it is already on me. All the grief, all the distress of my husband, of my unhappy offspring, flow from me. Their pains, their sorrows, are so many gnawing worms that prey on me.—O my spouse ! if thou diest—How I tremble at the idea ? A general shivering seizes me : the cold sweat trickles down my face. Can the horrors of death be more dreadful !—If thou art going to die for my fault, O Adam !—if these agonies are to unloose the bands of life, hate me not ! Add not to my insupportable miseries,

ries, thine anger!—And ye, my children, curse not your unhappy mother! Guilty as I am, I deserve your pity. Ye upbraid me not, it is true; but, alas! every sigh, every tear, awakens my keen remorse, and is to me a cutting reproach. O God Almighty! lend an ear to my plaintive supplications, and remove his sufferings: or if they are the forerunners of death—if his body must now return to the dust, terrifying thought! separate us not! let me die with him! Suffer my soul to retire first, that I may not behold his last pangs! I was the first sinner.' Eve ceased to speak, and remained inconsolable, weeping by the side of her husband.

Cain, in spite of the roughness of his temper, had shed tears at the groans and discourse of his father. He went into the fields when he left the cottage, and thus expressed his concern—'I could not help weeping, when I was near the bed of my father; yet I hope he will not die. God grant that this good parent, whom I love, may not die! Yes, I could not help weeping; but yet I am not drowned in sorrow, like my brother. Before I shed tears on all occasions, I must lose my natural firmness, and become, like him, soft and effeminate. Will they still say that I am of a savage disposition? At least they will imagine that Abel loves Adam better than I, because I cannot weep like him. I love my father: he is as dear to me as to my brother; but I cannot command my tears to flow.'

Abel, penetrated with sorrow, went into his pastures. He prostrated himself on the earth; he bent his head on the grass, which he moistened with his tears, and addressed this prayer to the Almighty—

'With the most profound humility, I would praise Thee, O my God! Thou conductest the affairs of mortals with unerring wisdom and infinite goodness. Though depressed by grief, I dare presume to offer up to Thee my supplications; for thou hast permitted the sinner to implore Thy mercy. Thine unmerited goodness

ness has allowed us this sweet consolation, in the midst of the evils which surround us. I ought not, I do not hope, that Thou wilt change the purposes of Thy wisdom, in compliance with the desires of a plaintive worm. Thy ways, O Gracious God! are wise and good. To thy will I resign myself, supplicating only for strength to suffer, and for consolation in our pain. Thou knowest, O Omniscient God! thou knowest the desires, the ardent wishes of my soul. If these desires, if these wishes are not contrary to the designs of Thine infinite wisdom, restore us our common parent!—Restore to our afflicted mother the husband for whom she supplicates Thee—restore her him in whom her life is bound up, and whose loss would render her wretched!—Restore to us, his sorrowing children, a father tenderly beloved! Defer, O God, merciful and gracious! defer, if it be Thy will, his death to a more distant period. Speak, O God! and it is done: command, and it is accomplished. At Thy nod our evils will disappear, and joy and gladness, thanksgivings and praises, will resound from the humble habitations of sinners. Permit him who gave us life, to remain yet longer with us. Spare him, that he may still declare to us Thine infinite bounties, and teach our infant children to lift forth Thy praise. But, if thine unerring wisdom has appointed this the time of his dissolution, be not offended, O my Maker! with this excess of our grief. Pardon the disorder of my words! If he must now die, lend him, O God of Compassion—lend him thine assistance in the terrible hour of death, and mercifully forgive our cries and groans. Moderate, by Thy divine consolations, our affliction, that we may not offend Thee by our despair.'

Such was the prayer of Abel. He was still prostrate on the earth, from which he was roused by a distant sound. Sweet odours were wafted around, and before him stood a guardian angel, resplendent in beauty. On his serene brow he wore a coronet of roses, and his smile was gracious as the opening day. He said, with

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a voice



a voice mild as the breath of the zephyrs—‘The Lord has lent a gracious ear, O Abel! to the voice of thy supplications. He hath granted thee the desires of thine heart. He hath commanded me to assume a body, and to bring thee consolation and succour. The Eternal, who incessantly watches over his creatures, who regards with an eye of benificence the crawling insect, as well as the archangel arrayed in glory, hath ordered this earth to produce, in its bosom, salutary remedies for the diseases of its inhabitants, whose bodies, by the fall, are exposed to pain and sickness, which shall, by degrees, lead them to death and to corruption, the sad consequences of having disobeyed their Maker. Friend, take these plants, and these flowers; they are specifics to restore health to thy father; boil them in the clear water of the fountain: let him drink, and be whole.’

The angel having given him the salutary herbs, disappeared. Struck with inexpressible astonishment, he remained some time immoveable; then breathed the devout gratitude of his soul, in this short ejaculation—‘What am I, O God! what am I, that thou shouldst thus graciously regard my prayer? I am but sinful dust and ashes. I would praise Thee, O my God! but Thy bounties exceed all praise. The triumphant archangel cannot sufficiently exalt Thy name, yet thou hast deigned to accept the supplications of a worm.’

His lively joy lent him wings. He ran to his cottage, and with eager impatience prepared the odoriferous dilution. This performed, he flew to his father. Eve was still bathed in tears, and her daughters sat pensive by her side. They saw with surprise his eagerness, the joy which sparkled in his eyes, and the smile which sat on his lips. ‘Dry up your tears, my beloved!’ said he, as he entered. ‘Weep no more, O my mother! The Lord hath heard our prayers; He hath sent us succour. An angel hath appeared to me in the pastures. He hath given me aromatic herbs and flowers, gathered by his celestial hand. ‘Boil these,’ said he,

he,' 'in clear water, and restore health to thy father.' They heard his words with astonishment, and rendered thanks to the Lord, with gratitude and humble confidence. The sick drank the healing draught, and soon experienced its salutary effects. Adam now raised himself on his bed, and with ardent piety offered up his adorations; then taking the hand of Abel, he pressed it his cheek, and wetted it with tears of joy, saying—'O my son! blessed be thou, thou by whom God hath sent me succour; thou, whose virtue pleaseth the Lord; thou, whose prayers He accepts, and hath vouchsafed to answer. I again bless thee, my son—my beloved son!' Eve and her daughters then embraced him, by whom the Lord had sent him succour.

Cain at this instant entered the dwelling of his father. While in the field, he had been tormented with care and anxiety: 'I will return,' said he to himself—'I will return to my father; perhaps he needs my assistance. Perhaps he is already dead, and I have not received a last blessing from his lips. I will hasten to him—I love my father.'

On his entering, he saw with amazement their joy. He heard Adam bless his brother. Mahala, his wife, ran to him, and embracing him, said—'The Lord, my beloved, hath sent us succour by the hand of Abel.' Cain approached the bed of Adam, and kissing his hand, said—'I salute thee, O my father! Praised be God, who restores thee to our tears! but, O my father! have you no blessing for me? You have blessed my brother, by whom the Lord sent you help, bless me also—me, your first born.' Adam, giving him a look of affection, and pressing his hand between both his, said—'I give thee my blessing, O Cain! Be blessed of God, O my first born! May the favour of the Lord rest always in thee! May thine heart enjoy tranquillity and peace, and thy soul uninterrupted repose! Cain then embraced his brother. How could he avoid it? all had embraced him.

Cain

Cain left his father's dwelling; but it was to retire into the gloomy recesses of a thick grove, where, oppressed with melancholy, he repeated after Adam—Peace and tranquillity!—an uninterrupted repose!—How can I enjoy this tranquillity?—Where shall I find this repose! Was I not forced to petition for a blessing, while his affection made him, unasked, pour forth his soul in blessings on my happy brother? He has allowed me my rank of first-born; what advantage to me is my superiority; Misery is my inheritance; disdain my portion. It is by the hand of Abel the Lord hath restored health to my father. I am rejected. The bright messengers of Heaven appear not to me: they pass me with contempt; they honour me not with their regards. While I spend my strength in the labours of the field; while the sweat drops from my face, embrowned by the scorching sun, the angels hold converse with him, whose delicate hands are unsoiled by labour; who lies idle near his flocks, or, with unmanly softness, is shedding tears, because the shining dew glitters on the grass and herbage, or the setting sun tinges the clouds with purple. Happy favourite! all nature smiles on thee. I only feel the curse! I only eat my bread by the sweat of my brow. The whole weight of divine malediction falls on my wretched head. I am, in every thing, unhappy. Thus revolving in his melancholy brain gloomy ideas, the offspring of hatred and envy, he wandered in the thick shade.

The sun was retiring behind the azure mountains, and reflected on the clouds a glowing red, when Adam said to his wife—‘I will, my beloved, before the day is closed, render thanks to the God who has restored my health.’ He left his bed, full of strength and vigour, and repaired, accompanied by his daughters, to the entrance of his cottage. The departing sun diffused a mild light over the fields; Adam cast himself on his knees, and viewed with transport, the country thus enlightened. ‘Here am I,’ said he, with fervent effu-



sion of heart—' here am I, my Sovereign Master, prostrate before thy face, penetrated with a lively sense of Thine infinite goodness.—Ye agonizing pangs ! what are become of you ? Ye pierced my bones, ye scorched my vitals : yet, in the midst of anguish, my soul lost not her hope : she placed her confidence in God, and was not disappointed. The Almighty lent a gracious ear to the groans and cries of a sinner : he regarded the voice of a worm. Health returned : pain and sorrow were no more. Death shall not yet triumph over my dust : I shall still praise my Maker in this habitation of clay, this house of corruption. I will praise thee, O my God ! I will praise thee, from the early dawn to the rising of the evening star. While my soul is confined in this body of earth, it shall flammer forth its gratitude : but it will praise Thee in more exalted strains, when, disengaged from this obstructing dust, it shall rise triumphant and refined ; it shall then behold Thee face to face, arrayed in all the lustre of thy magnificence. O ye angels, resplendent in light, cast your eyes on this dwelling of sinners, this abode of death ! The earth shook from its foundations when it became defiled by sin, and its Almighty Maker turned from it His regards ; yet on this earth He now displays the wonder of his love. Attune your golden Harps to His praise. Exalt his name in seraphic strains, while man, weak man, can only list his rapture. I salute thee, O sun ! I salute thy retiring beams. When thy morning rays enlightened these fields, I groaned, oppressed by pain : when they illumined my dwelling, I saluted them with my sighs ; ere they have given place to the grey twilight, I am returning thanks to the Lord of Life, who hath removed my griefs. I salute you, ye lofty mountains, and ye hills scattered over the plain ! Mine eyes shall still behold, reflected from your summits, the glowing brightness of the rising and the setting sun.—I salute you, O ye birds, who chant the praises of the Eternal ! your songs shall still recreate mine ear.—Ye limpid streams, I shall again repose  
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my weary limbs on your flowery banks—again be lulled to rest by your soft murmurs:—and, ye groves, ye bowers, ye woods, I shall still walk under your refreshing shades: ye shall again shield me from the sun's too ardent ray, when, wrapped in profound meditation, I shall wander in your fragrant retreats.—I salute thee, O nature entire; but I worship and adore only nature's God, who supported my vile clay, when ready to crumble into dust.

The father of men thus praised the Lord, while the whole creation appeared attentive to his prayer, and seemed to felicitate his return to life. The glorious orb of day darted on him its last rays. The young zephyrs wafted on their ambrosial wings the aromatic perfumes of the groves and gardens, as if charged by the flowers to exhale their sweets to him. The feathered inhabitants of the woods saluted him with their softest notes, as actuated by a lively joy.

Cain and Abel came under the shade while Adam was yet on his knees. They saw, with delight, their father restored to health. The prayer ended, Adam arose from the earth; he embraced, and received the embraces of his transported children: he kissed, with fond affection, the moistened cheek of our general mother, after which, he, Eve, and their daughters, returned to their dwelling. Abel then addressing himself to Cain, said—'Let us also, my dear brother, render thanks to God Most High, who has restored to our tears our affectionate father. I will by the light of the moon which is now rising, offer on mine altar a young lamb. Wilt not thou also, on thine altar, make an offering?'

Cain giving him a gloomy and angry look, said—'Yes, I will present an offering to the Lord of what my barren fields afford.' Abel, with graceful sweetness, replied—'O my brother! the Lord our God counts as nothing the lamb that burns before him, neither doth he regard the fruits of the field which the fire consumes. It is the ardent piety that flames in the heart

heart of the worshipper, that gives its offering all its value.'

Cain returned—'The fire of heaven will perhaps consume thy victim: for by thee the Lord sent health to our father.—I am disdained: however will I make my offering. I am, as well as thee, penetrated with gratitude. Our father, who is restored to our wishes, is equally dear to me as to thee. Let the Lord do with me, miserable worm! according to his good pleasure.'

Abel tenderly threw himself on the neck of Cain, saying—'Ah! my brother, my dear brother! dost thou make the Lord's having sent, by my hand, relief to our father, a new subject of discontent? I was charged with this commission for us all. All prayed to the Lord: the prayers of all were answered. Banish from thy bosom, my dear brother—let me entreat thee to banish for ever—these gloomy ideas! The Lord who sees into the inmost recesses of our souls, can discover their unjust thoughts and secret murmur. Love me, as I love thee. Offer thine offering: but suffer it not to be defiled by any impure dispositions. May the Lord, O my brother! favourably accept thy praises, and graciously shed his blessings on thee.'

Cain answered not, but walked towards his field: and Abel, looking after him with a pitying eye, repaired to his pastures. Each advanced to his altar: Abel slew a young lamb, laid it on the altar, scattered on it odoriferous herbs and flowers, and put fire to the offering: then, warmed with fervent piety, prostrated himself before it, and with humble gratitude praised the Lord. The flame arose on high through the gloom of night, and enlightened the fields and pastures. The Lord forbade the winds to blow, because the sacrifice was acceptable.

Cain laid on his altar the fruits of the field, put fire to the offering, and also prostrated himself before it. Instantly a terrific sound was heard among the bushes. A furious whirlwind advanced towards the altar, dispersed



perfed the offering of Cain, and covered him with flame and smoke. He retired trembling, when a majestic voice proceeded from the darkness, uttering thefe awful words—‘Why trembleft thou? Why is pale fear feen on thy vifage? There is yet time: correct thyfelf! Repent and I will pardon thy fin! If thou doft not, thy crime and its chaftifement fhall purfue thee for ever. Why hateft thou thy brother? He loves thee: he honours thee with true affection.’

Cain, feized with horror, quitted the place of facrifice, a tempeftuous wind driving after him the infected fmoke of the offering. Appalled with terror, he wandered through the darkness: his heart trembled within him, and a cold fweat ran down his face. Casting his eyes around, he beheld the bright flame of his brother’s facrifice rifing in the air in fpiry waves. At this view, he turned afide his head, and gnafhing his teeth, cried—‘Ah! there’s the facrifice of the favourite;—Fly, mine eyes, this hateful fight! Another look would fill my foul with all the rage of the infernals. I cannot help curfing, in my heart, this darling of heaven and of all nature—I cannot help curfing him with trembling lips. But turn, unhappy wretch! turn thy fury on thyfelf!—Come, O death! O deftruction come, and put a period to my miferies, and my life!—Why, O my father, didft thou fuffer thyfelf to be feduc’d!—Why, O my mother, didft thou entail miferies on thy wretched offspring!—Shall I prefent myfelf before you, in the horrors of my defpair? Shall my agonies, my terrors, my infupportable wretchednefs, fhew you the diftreffes your fatal lapse prepared for your descendants?—Ah! no. Revenge not, unhappy man—revenge not thyfelf on a father, by bringing before his eyes a fpectacle of fuch horror! Seized with terror, he would expire in my fight, and I fhould, if poffible, be ftill more wretched. The wrath of the Lord lies heavy on me. He has curfed me. He difdains mine offering. I am the moft defolate creature on the face of the earth. The animals  
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of the field, the reptiles of the ground, compared with me, are worthy of envy—O merciful God! if it be possible, extend thine indulgence to me. Turn from me, O God! thy fierce anger: or again reduce me to nothing!—But what do I say? Oh, hard, obdurate heart! Correct thyself, he hath said, and I will pardon thy past offences. Chuse pardon or misery!—misery eternal! misery inexpressible! Yes, I have sinned; mine iniquities rise above my head: they cry for vengeance.—Thou art just, O God! Thy vengeance is also just. The farther we stray from the path of perfection and wisdom, the farther we stray from happiness. I must then be guilty, since I am unhappy. I will forsake these ways of perverseness. Turn thine eyes, O God! from my past offences! Preserve me from committing new ones! Take pity on me, O my God! or—reduce me to nothing!

#### BOOK IV.

**T**HE air was yet moist with the dew of night: the birds still slept in silence: the sun had not begun to gild the tops of the hills, or the hovering fogs of the morning: yet Cain, distressed and melancholy, had left his cottage. Mahala, unknowing she was overheard, had wept and prayed for him during the tedious night. The black traces of despair were too visible in his countenance to escape the observation of this affectionate wife. She raised to heaven her supplicating hands. She begged for him mercy and forgiveness. She entreated that the Divine consolations and grace might sooth and soften the heart of her wretched husband. Her lively grief, her intense devotion, as she feared disturbing the partner of her bed, were uttered only in sighs and tears: yet the inarticulate expressions of her sorrow had reached the ears of Cain, who, unable  
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to bear her grief, wandered in the early dawn. His murmuring voice resounded through the profound calm of the field like distant thunder. 'Night odious! night horrible!' said he. 'What black clouds surround me! what terrors! When my imagination began to be calmed, when gentle sleep had hushed my griefs, the voice of lamentation awoke me. Alas! I only wake to be re-plunged in wretchedness. Shall I never more enjoy repose? Why did she pray and weep for me? She yet knows not that my offering was rejected—Her tears increased my distress.—I cannot bear her groans—they add to my griefs—they chase peace from my heart. This day, like the last, must be passed in sorrow and bitterness. While a smile of approbation rewards every action of my brother, while he enjoys every soothing delight, terror and sadness pursue me. I love thee, Mahala—I love thee tenderly. Thou art dearer to me than myself. Why then shouldst thou, by thy lamentations, fill with anguish the few hours of rest my miseries have left me?

He stooped under a bush that grew on the side of a rock: 'O soft sleep!' said he, 'restore me here thy balmy blessings. Unhappy that I am, weakened by fatigue and terror, I invoke thee in my cottage. Scarce hadst thou spread over me thy downy pinions, when the voice of sorrow chased thee from mine eyes. Here is none to trouble my repose, except beings inanimate, influenced by the wrath of heaven, can drive quiet from me, even in this distant retreat.—O earth! which, by a curse too severe, requires such painful labour—Alas! I only labour to prolong a life of wretchedness—now, at least, let me on thy bosom find some moments of rest, to repair my exhausted strength. I expect no other happiness: I know no greater.' He was silent. He laid himself on the fragrant grass; and the power he had invoked wrapt him in his sable wing.

Anamalech secretly followed the steps of Cain. He was now at his side. 'A profound sleep,' said the malicious



licious spirit, 'has closed his eyes. I will continue near him, to accomplish my purpose, and accelerate his destruction.—Come, assist me, ye hovering dreams, disturb his soul with fantastic visions: assemble each image that can inspire him with fury and distraction.—Come Envy, with corrosive tooth, hot rage, and every tumultuous passion.' Thus spake the spirit impure, and with intent malign laid him near Cain. A furious wind arose, it howled in the caverns of the rocks: it shook with dreadful roar the bushes, and rudely agitated the hair of Cain. But in vain it howled in the caverns of the rocks: in vain it shook with dreadful roar the bushes: in vain it rudely agitated the hair of Cain: sleep sat heavy on his wearied eyelids, and he still kept them closed.

He beheld in a dream a vast field, on which were scattered a number of mean cottages. He saw his sons and his grandsons dispersed over the plain, where they resolutely exposed themselves to the mild-day sun, which darted his scorching rays on their heads. Assiduous at their painful labours, sometimes they gathered fruit for their subsistence; at others prepared the earth to receive fresh seeds; or, stooping, wounded their hands with pulling up the thorny brambles; lest they should choke the rising grain, and lessen the utility of their former industry. He saw also their wives busied in domestic labour. He beheld them preparing a frugal refreshment against the return of their husbands. Eliel, his eldest son, then appeared before him. He saw him lift with difficulty a heavy burden from the earth: he bore it on his shoulders, tottering under the load; the sweat streamed from his embrowned face, and sorrow and discontent appeared in his eyes.—'What a life of misery! said Eliel. 'How well is the prediction fulfilled, which said—'Man shall eat his bread by the sweat of his brow!' Did the Creator banish from his presence all the offspring of Adam? or did the curse affect only the children of the first-born? Too severely is it felt by us, the sons of Cain: our portion is labour and

and indigence; while in yonder fields, inhabited by the children of Abel, from which our unnatural kinsmen have banished us to these barren deserts, is concentrated all that can give delight to man. There the earth spontaneously pours forth her bounties. Those sons of luxury recline in fragrant bowers. Nature herself seems subservient to their ease and sloth. Every comfort, every pleasure, if pleasure is to be found on earth, is the portion of these voluptuous idlers.' Thus murmuring, Eliel slowly staggered towards the cottages.

Cain was now carried, on imagination's sportive wing, to a plain enamelled with a variety of flowers, watered by limpid brooks, which meandering ran with soft murmurs near aromatic bowers, under the shade of tufted groves. The banks were decorated with lofty trees, and the clear water reflecting the vivid colours of their several fruits, formed a new landscape. The streams, after thus roving through the flowery turf, finished their wandering course in an ample lake, whose glassy surface was smooth and unruffled. He saw at a distance a citron grove, where played the wanton zephyrs, fanning with their ambrosial wings the sweets around. The prospect was terminated by a range of lofty fig-trees, which spread their extensive shade over the tender flowers. In this delightful spot were accumulated all the beauties with which imaginative fable has decorated the charming vale of Tempe, or Cnidus's luxurious land; where rose, consecrated to Venus, a magnificent temple on lucid columns.

Cain saw in his dream flocks white as the falling snow, sporting in the meadows, or cropping the plentiful herbage, while the indolent shepherd, whose head was encircled with a wreath of flowers, lay reclined under the spreading palm, chanting to the sympathizing object of his passion an amorous lay. There boys blooming as the Loves, and girls sweet as the Graces, assembled under arches of interwoven honey-suckles and myrtles, where with agile feet they formed the

festive dance. The bright juice of the grape sparkled in golden goblets, and delicious fruits were spread on tables covered with flowers; while the ambient air resounded with vocal and instrumental harmony. Cain with regret beheld these children of dissipation. He saw a young man rise in the midst of the sportive assembly, and heard him thus address his brethren—'I rejoice with you, my jocund friends; I rejoice in your present felicity. Nature smiles on us; she has united in this delightful spot all that can charm the eye, or ravish the heart; but to conserve her bounties, we must again return to labour; and labour is troublesome and fatiguing. Shall our hands, formed to touch the soft lute, and sounding lyre, be rendered callous by the drudgery of the field! Shall our heads, which so well become these encircling roses, be again exposed to the sun's fierce rays? No, we will recline on beds of violets under the myrtle, while the hardy sons of earth, the brawny inhabitants of yonder plain, shall for us endure the toil of labour. The men shall till our grounds, their wives and daughters shall be the servants of ours. What say ye, my gay companions, is the prospect pleasing? You smile approbation. Lend me your assistance, my dear brethren, and ere to-morrow's dawn we will make it a joyful reality. When the sun has withdrawn his rays from the earth, and night has spread over it her mantle of darkness, we will march in silence to the cottages of these rustics.—We shall doubtless find them, after the rugged toil of the day, buried in the arms of sleep, and shall easily take them captive. It is true, our number is superior to their's, and you may wonder that I recommend silence, and chuse night for our expedition; but, my friends, the men are strong; hardship and fatigue have embraced their nerves, and despair may render them desperate. Let us then avoid a battle, in which, if victors, we must suffer some loss, and chuse the least dangerous method of effecting our purpose.' The young man was silent. The whole assembly were unanimous in his praises,



praises, and shewed their readiness to join in the infernal scheme by loud shouts of applause.

A new scene now struck the eyes of Cain. It was night, and the inhuman artifice was in execution. He heard cries of desolation and terror intermingled with shouts of insult and triumph. He beheld the fields and rocks illumined by the flames of the burning cottages; by this dreadful light he saw his sons and grandsons bound, and, with their wives and infants, tamely marching before the children of Abel, like a flock of bleating sheep.

Such was the dream of Cain. He was distressed, though asleep. When Abel, having perceived him under the bushes at the foot of the rock, approached, and with looks of affection, and in a voice of tenderness, said—Ah, my brother, soon mayest thou awake! I long to embrace thee, and to express the sweet sensations by which my heart is engrossed. I love thee, my brother: I see with pain thy uneasiness, and gladly would remove from thy soul the fatal jealousy that embitters thy days. Awake, O Cain! awake, that my heart may again know the pleasures of reconciliation—But soft, ye impatient wishes.—Breathe gentle, ye winds;—ye birds, cease your untimely melody, lest ye disturb the precious repose of my brother.—Perhaps his fatigued limbs require yet longer the restorative influences of sleep.—But how he lies!—how pale!—how wan!—His features seem distorted by fury.—Why do you distress him, ye visions of terror! Leave his soul to enjoy tranquillity, ye imaginary horrors. Take possession of it ye pleasing images. Present to his mind the sweet occupations of domestic life; the tender delights of the husband and the father. May every thing most lovely in the creation fill his imagination, and soothe his soul! May he awake calm and smiling as the vernal morn! May joy expand his countenance, and his delighted heart utter its gratitude to the Great Giver of every good in devout praise. He spoke no more, but stood stedfastly looking at Cain, while astonishment,

nishment, inquietude, and tender love, were visible in his eyes.

As a fierce lion couching at the foot of a rock, (who, though asleep, freezes with terror the trembling traveller, and obliges him to take a wide circuit to avoid the dreadful beast) if the murderous arrow, in its rapid flight pierces his side, suddenly starts, and, with dreadful roar, seeks his enemy—He foam—He rages—His blazing eyes menace destruction—The first object he meets is the victim of his fury; perhaps an innocent child, playing on the grass with the variegated flowers. Not less terrible rose Cain. His eyes were enflamed, and rancour sat on his pallid cheek. A storm of wrath was gathering—The cloud burst. He stamped his foot on the ground—Open, O earth! he cried; 'Open, O earth! and hide me—hide me from my miseries, in thy lowest abyss. My life is continued round or distress and torture; and, as if this was not enough, I see—insupportable prospect!—I see that my children shall one day inherit my miseries. But I implore in vain; thou wilt not open. The Almighty Avenger restrains thee. I must, such is His will—I must be wretched! and, that future evils may disturb my scanty enjoyment of present good, He himself draws aside the veil. Curst be the hour when my mother by my birth, gave the first proof of her sad fertility! Curst be the place where she first felt the pangs of child-birth! May all its products perish! May he that shall sow it, lose his grain and his labour! May sudden terror strike, even to the bones, all who shall pass over it!'

These were the imprecations of Cain. When Abel, pale as the sculptured marble, ventured to approach him with slow and unsteady step. 'My brother!' said he, in trembling voice.—No—O my God!—Horror freezes my blood.—One of the seditious spirits, whom the Eternal precipitated from heaven, has surely taken his form, under which he utters his blasphemies! —Where

—Where art thou, my brother?' I fly to seek thee—to bless thee.—Where art thou, my brother!

'Here I am,' cried Cain, in a voice of thunder: 'here am I, thou soft favourite!—Thou dear minion of the vengeful Eternal, and of all nature!—thou, whose viperous race are one day solely to engross all the felicity of this world! Yes, so it must be. It is fit there should be a tribe of slaves, as beasts of burden to the favourite lineage. Their delicate limbs must not endure the hardships of labour. Formed only for voluptuous idleness, the sons of sloth must recline in shady bowers, while—The rage of hell is in my heart—Cannot I—'

'Cain! my brother!' said Abel, interrupting him, with a voice and look that at once expressed his horror, affection, and astonishment: 'What terrifying dream has troubled thy soul? I sought thee in the early dawn, I came to embrace thee at the springing day. But how do I find thee agitated? How dost thou return my tender love? When, oh when, my dearest brother! shall peace, shall amity bless our dwellings? When will come the happy day—a day, after which our indulgent parents so ardently long, when fraternal affection and social joy shall be firmly re-established! O Cain! Cain! canst thou so soon forget the pleasures of reconciliation, of which thou seemedst so sensible, when, in a rapture of joy and friendship, I flew into thine arms. Have I offended thee, my brother?—Unknowingly have I offended thee then?—But, why dost thou cast on me such furious looks! By all that is sacred, I conjure thee to forget my involuntary fault, and receive my embraces.' As Abel pronounced the last words, he stooped to clasp the knees of his brother: but Cain started back, crying,—'Ah, thou serpent! Wouldst thou twine thyself about me?' At the same instant, with an arm strengthened by rage, he swung a massy club, and smote the head of his brother. The innocent victim of his fury fell at his feet. The bones of his head were crushed. He once raised



raised his dying eyes to his unnatural brother, and giving him a look of pardon and pity, expired. His blood distained the waving curls of his fair hair, and ran in a stream to the feet of his murderer.

Cain stood motionless, stiffened with horror. The cold sweat ran from his trembling members, while he beheld with agony the last convulsions of his expiring brother. The smoke of the blood he had shed ascended even to him. 'Curfed blow!' he cried, 'My brother!' 'Awake—awake! O my brother!—How pale!—His eyes are fixed!—The blood streams from his head!—Miserable that I was—Ah! what am I now?—Infernal horrors!'—

Thus he cried aloud, and furiously threw from him the bloody club: then with violence struck his temples. He stooped to the dead body, and endeavoured to raise it from the earth, crying—'Abel!—my brother!—awake!—Ah! what tortures do I feel!—How his head hangs!—how it bleeds!—how helpless!—Dead! O anguish insupportable!—he is dead! My crime is without remedy! I fly—whither fly? My tottering knees, will scarce bear me!' Having thus spoke, trembling, he hid himself among the bushes.

The seducer, with triumph in his look, remained near the dead. Elate with pride, he stretched his gigantic form to its full height, and his countenance was not less dreadful than the black pillar of smoke, arising from the half-consumed lumber of a lonely cottage, is to the inhabitants, who, returning from their peaceful labours, find all their conveniences, all their riches, the prey of the devouring flames. Anamalech followed the criminal with his eyes, while a ruthless smile spoke his exultation. He then cast on the bleeding body a look of complacency. 'Pleasing sight!' said he: 'I see for the first time, this earth wet with human blood. The flow of the sacred springs of heaven, before the fatal hour when the Master of the universe precipitated us from those seats of bliss, never gave me half this pleasure. Never did the harmonious harps of the archan-

gels give me such delight, as the last sighs of a brother murdered by his brother.—And thou, the noblest of thy Maker's works: thou last best effort of his creating hand, what a despicable figure dost thou now make! Rise, beautiful youth! Rise, thou friend of angels! This indolence in thine orisons ill becomes the worship of thy God!—But he stirs not. His own brother has left him waltering in his blood. No, that honour is mine. I guided the arm of the fratricide. It is by actions, such as Satan himself would boast, I shall rise above the vile populace of hell. I hasten to the foot of the infernal throne. The vast concave of the fiery gulph will reverberate my praises. I shall move in triumph through crowds of ignoble spirits, whom no hardy achievement has dignified, and look down with scorn on those who till now were accounted my equals. Inflated with arrogance, he turned once more to glut his eyes with a last view of the victim: but the hideous traces of despair instantaneously dissipated his ironic smile, and effaced the triumphant pride which sat on his expanded brow. The Lord commanded, and he was seized by infernal horrors: he was overwhelmed by a deluge of torture. He now cursed his existence: he cursed eternity replete with torments, and yelling fled.

The last sighs of the dying ascended to the throne of God, and demanded of Eternal justice vengeance on the murdered. Thunder was heard from the holy sanctuary. The golden harp ceased to sound. The eternal hallelujahs were interrupted. Three times the thunder echoed through the lofty arch of heaven. This awful sound was succeeded by the majestic voice of God, issuing from the silver cloud that encompassed his throne. It summoned an archangel. The lucid spirit advanced towards the seat of the Most High, veiling his face with his effulgent wings: and God said—  
 'Death has made his first prey on man. Henceforth be it thy function to assemble the souls of the just. I myself spoke to that of Abel when he fell. When the  
 righteous

righteous man is languishing in the cold sweat of death, be thou at his side. By assuring him of eternal felicity, support him in those moments of anxiety, when his soul, trembling at the view of his past life, dreads a separation from its dust. Thou shalt then calm his fury, and inspire him with confidence. Thou shalt turn his eyes from my rigorous justice, and fix them on my long-suffering and tender mercies. Hasten now towards the earth, to meet the soul of Abel. Thou, Michael, go with him, and declare to the murderer the sentence pronounced against him.' Thus spake the Eternal, and again the thunder thrice echoed through the lofty arch of heaven. The archangels, with rapid wing, passed through the celestial ranks. The gates of the Divine abode spontaneously opening to the heavenly messengers, they traversed the boundless expanse, on all sides resplendent, amidst suns without number, and alighted on the earth.

The angel of death called forth the soul of Abel from the ensanguined dust. It advanced with a smile of joy. The more pure and spiritous parts of the body flew off, and mixing with the balsamic exhalations, wafted by the zephyrs from the flowers which sprang up within the compass irradiated by the angel, environed the soul, forming it an ethereal body. It saw, with a transport till then unknown, the bright messenger coming towards it.

'I salute thee,' said the celestial spirit, while benignity and joy beamed in his eyes: 'I salute thee, O happy soul! now disengaged from thy encumbering dust. Receive my embraces! It is to me an increase of felicity, that I am chosen by the Most High to introduce thee into the realms of light and bliss, where myriads of angels wait to hail thee. Conceive, if thou canst, beloved soul; conceive what it is to behold God face to face—to have communion with him for ever. Thou art going to experience the riches of his grace, the wonders of his love. Thou wilt soon know the immense rewards with which he recompenses virtue.

§

O thou,



O thou, who hast first laid down thy covering of dust, to be cloathed in light, I once more embrace thee.'

'Permit me also to embrace thee, celestial friend,' replied the soul: and overpowered by the ecstatic sense of beatitude, it reclined on the angel. 'Delight extreme!—bliss inexpressible! While my soul was imprisoned in the perishing clay, from which it is now released, I meditated in solitude, by the mild and soft light of the unclouded moon, on the charms of virtue, on the glories of my God. These sublime objects, even then, elevated me above myself, and I experienced, without knowing it, a faint dawn of the felicity I at present taste. But how much more attractive now are the charms of virtue! How are my ideas of the Divine attributes exalted and enlarged! What new thoughts!—What are now the beauties of spring! O sun! where is now thy dazzling lustre? The enraptured soul again embraced the angel, and continued to utter its transports, 'Eternity now is mine. All sublunary cares are at an end. I shall for ever be employed in praising my God, who, with unbounded beneficence, bestows never-ending felicity on the soul that pants after virtue, and delights in the beauty of goodness. For ever shall I exalt his name; for ever shall enjoy ineffable bliss: for I shall see Him as He is.'

Thus did these two happy spirits interchange reciprocal endearments, and the sweet embrace. 'Follow me, my friend,' said the archangel—'Follow my flight. Let us quit this earth: nothing here can now be dear to thee, but the virtuous. Regret not to leave them behind; for, after a few more rising and setting suns, they too will partake of thy felicity. At present the celestial choir waits with ardent expectation thy coming. Hasten to embrace thy new friends, and join with them in incessant hallelujahs to the Eternal.'

'I follow thee,' replied the righteous soul. 'Into what a torrent of delight and felicity art thou conveying me, dear and respectable friend, whose nature is so

far superior to mine!—O my beloved kindred, whom I leave still embodied in the dust; who must still remain in this vale of tears; when the days of your lives are fulfilled, when the hour of your dissolution is at hand, and the celestial introducer of souls shall descend to meet you, I will accompany him: for at the foot of the Almighty's throne I will beg this grace. With what joy shall I see your pure and holy souls rise from this seat of corruption, from this reign of death!—And thou too Thirza, my dear and tender companion! when thou hast yet a little longer wept over my mouldering dust, and hast reared to virtue the infant that now begins to prattle forth its thoughts, thou must be the prey of death. What rapture! when thy soul, quitting the cold clay, shall fly into mine arms.'

Thus spoke Abel, and rising in the air, began to lose sight of the earth. As his eyes were taking a last look on the dwellings, whose inhabitants were still dear to him, he beheld his brother: remorse was imprinted on his countenance; his clenched hands were held over his head; he suddenly lifted up his eyes to heaven, then frantic with despair, struck with repeated blows his throbbing breast; he cast himself in agony on the earth, and rolled in the dust. Tears of compassion dropped from the eyes of the happy, and he turned aside from the frightful scene. His heavenly conductor was now joined by multitudes of angels: the tutelar spirits of the earth surrounded the celestial travellers; they congratulated the soul of Abel on its deliverance from sin and death; they embraced him in holy rapture; and having escorted him to the confines of the terrestrial atmosphere, they reclined on a crimson cloud, and, to the soft lute and silver harp, joined the melody of their celestial voices, chanting, in chorus,

'He rises! the new inhabitant of heaven rises to his native land.—Render him homage ye brilliant constellations, which roll in the immensity of space: render homage, with gladness, to the earth, your companion.

What

What glory to the opaque sphere to have nourished in its dust a being prepared for the joys of immortality!—Glow, ye fields, with brighter verdure!—Reflect, ye hills, a purer light!

‘He rises! the new inhabitant of heaven rises to his native land. Legions of angels wait his arrival at the celestial portals. With what rapture will they welcome their new companion to the seats of bliss! They will crown him with unfading roses. What will be his transport when he traverses the flowery fields of heaven! when, under the aromatic bowers of eternal verdure, he joins the angelic choir in their songs of praise, ascribing glory, honour, power and dominion, to the source of happiness, the sole principle of all good!’

‘Already have we celebrated the day when his soul descended from the hands of its Creator, and entered into its body of earth. Already, O festive day! hast thou been celebrated, and we will still celebrate thee. We saw his young mind improve in every virtue: it hastened to maturity and strength, like the lily in the spring. We have seen, with joy, his aspirations after perfection. Invisible, we have beheld the uniformity of his life, the consistency of his actions. We have joined in his devout praises, we have sympathized in his tender sorrow. His virtuous tears have given joy to the angels. Virtue was his motive and guide. For ever shall he enjoy the rewards of virtue.’

‘He rises! the new inhabitant of heaven rises to his native land. Receive him, ye sons of light! crown him with celestial roses! Honour him whom the Most High delighteth to honour! Yonder, like a faded flower, lies the dust he has abandoned.—Parent earth receive it in thy bosom: again receive the precious dust! Each spring it shall produce odoriferous flowers. Each year we will solemnize the day in which his righteous soul quitted the earth.’

Thus they sang; then, borne on their lucid cloud, descended to the earth. Cain wandered in despair among the bushes. He roved from place to place; but change of situation decreased not the horror that had



had lodged itself in his convulsed heart. 'Oh, that I could no more see the streaming blood!' he cried. 'I fly, but the blood follows me still—still it runs to my feet. Where shall I fly?—Where?—Miserable that I am!—His last look!—What have I done? The dreadful deed is the work of hell—I already feel its tortures! I have, with him, murdered his unborn offspring.—Ah! what noise is that among the bushes? Why sighs the dead?—Away, haste feet, far away from the pursuing blood—far away from the dreadful sight of death! Drag me away, ye trembling knees, sprinkled with a brother's blood, to hell!' At these words he walked with fast and unequal steps.

A black cloud alighted at his feet, from the midst of which issued an awful voice, saying—'Cain, where is thy brother?—' I know not—miserable! me! Am I my brother's keeper?' answered he, stammering and retreating back, pale as the lifeless corpse of Abel. Loud thunders now burst from the cloud; the grass and bushes blazed around him, and Michael the archangel stood before him, arrayed in terror. On his majestic brow were imprinted the menaces of the Lord. In his right hand he held the forked lightning, and extended his left over the appalled sinner. He spoke, and it again thundered. 'Stop trembler! Hear thy sentence. Thus saith the Lord—'What hast thou done? the voice of thy brother's blood crieth to me. Thou art cursed on the earth, which hath drank the blood of thy brother, shed by thy hand. To thee it shall be for ever barren, and thou shalt be a vagabond on its surface.' The terrified sinner was mute and immoveable; his head bent, and his eyes fixed on the ground, while his heart was torn with anguish. He attempted to speak; but only inarticulate stammerings came from his trembling lips, while dread still kept his eyes fixed on the earth. At length he cried, in a voice which spoke his anguish—'My crime is too great—ah! much too great, ever to be forgiven. Now, O inexorable God! thou hast cursed me on the earth; and  
—Where

—Where can I hide myself from Thy presence?—  
Banished from society—a vagabond—The first who  
meets me will slay me, and rid the earth of an infamous  
murderer.'

'A vengeance seven-fold more dreadful than thine,  
shall fall on him who sheds thy blood,' said the angel,  
speaking again in thunder. 'Dark disquietude and  
gnawing remorse are strongly imprinted on thy brow.  
By these marks shalt thou be known, and all, on seeing  
thee, shall quit the path made by thy wandering feet,  
crying—'There goes Cain the murderer!' The angel  
having thus announced the Divine anathema, disap-  
peared. Thunder again issued from the rising cloud,  
and a dreadful whirlwind tore up by the roots the trees  
and bushes.

Cain stood motionless. Despair glared in his eyes;  
yet fierceness was still seen in his bushy brows. The  
furious winds shook his erect hair. Wild fear, at  
length, forced from his livid and quivering lips these  
horrid accents, 'Why has he not annihilated me?—  
Wherefore not annihilated me, that no traces of me  
might remain in the creation? Why was I not blasted  
by his lightnings? Why did not his thunder strike me  
to the depth of the earth?—But his ire reserves me for  
perpetual sufferings: torment without end. Detested  
by my fellow creatures—all nature abhors me—I abhor  
myself. Already the attendants on guilt haunt me:  
shame, remorse, despair—Shut out from human society,  
banished from God, I shall, while on earth, feel the  
torments of hell—I feel them now—Cursed be thou,  
O arm, which so hastily executed the impulses of pas-  
sion; mayest thou wither on my body, like the blight-  
ed limb of a tree!—Cursed be the hour when a dream  
from hell deceived me—And thou, infernal fiend, who  
suggested it! Where art thou now, that I may curse  
thee? Art thou returned to hell? Mayest thou there  
suffer incessantly what I now feel! Nothing worse can  
wish thee.—This is your triumph, ye spirits of dark-  
ness! Gaze on, ye devils, and wonder at my misery!—

Spent

Spent with agony, he sat down on the trunk of a fallen tree, and remained, without strength or voice, motionless as the dead. Then starting, he cried—‘Ha! what noise is that? It is the voice of murdered Abel!—he groans—I see his streaming blood!—O my brother! my brother! in pity to my inexpressible anguish, cease to haunt me!’

He now continued sitting in speechless agony, sighs only bursting from his tortured heart. In the mean time the father of mankind, with his amiable spouse, having left their cottage, came forth to enjoy the fragrance and beauty of the early day. ‘With what majesty does the sun dart his first rays!’ cried Eve. ‘How they gild the flimsy mist that hovers over yonder field! How charming the appearance of the country! Let us walk on, Adam, amid the dew, till the hour of labour calls thee to the field, and me to our dwelling. O my beloved! this earth is still lovely. See, Adam, how all the creatures rejoice: each bush, each eminence pours forth its melody! The beasts too, how they frisk and bound, and chase each other! with what gaiety and life they welcome the morning rays!’ Adam answered—‘Yes, my love, the earth is still beautiful; it still bears visible marks of the presence of God, and of his infinite goodness, which our folly and ingratitude have not yet been able to exhaust. Yes, His mercy, His munificence, exceed the power of words to express, are too great for the rejoiced heart to conceive. Let us hasten, Eve, through those flowery fields, to the smiling pastures where Abel feeds his flock. Perhaps we may find that amiable, that dutiful son, chanting his morning hymn, and, in devout melody, praising his Creator.’—‘Dear Adam,’ returned Eve, ‘let us first go to the field of Cain. I have in this basket brought a little present for my first born. I have culled out some of the best of my figs, and a few bunches of my finest dried grapes. They will be an agreeable refreshment for him, when at mid-day he retires to the shade, faint and fatigued with labour. Let us go to him first, my spouse!’



spouse: for fain would I erase from his mind the idea that he is not beloved by us with the same affection that we love his brother.'

'How attentive, my dearest, is thy tenderness;' replied Adam: 'I will accompany thee with joy to the field of Cain. Let us carry him thy present, that he may not say all our concern and love are lavished on Abel. May the serenity of this delightful morning dispose his heart to the impressions of tenderness!' They now redoubled their pace, and walked towards the open country. 'How happy,' said Eve, as she was going on—'how happy should I think myself, if, when nature thus smiles, and awakens every sentiment of tenderness and joy, our first born receives us with affection! If his heart is open to the soft sensations of filial love!'

They now came from behind some bushes, Eve walking a little before, when suddenly stepping back, she cried, with a tremulous voice—'Who lies there?—Adam, who is that lies there?—He lieth not like one asleep—His face is on the ground—Those golden locks are Abel's.—Adam, why do I tremble?—Abel! Abel! awake—awake, my son! turn to me thy face—turn to me thy face! Awake, ah! awake, dear son, from a sleep that freezes me with terror!—They approached nearer.—'What do I feel!' cried Adam, trembling and retiring back. 'Blood! blood trickling from his temples! His head is covered with blood!—'O Abel! O my son!—my son!—my dear son!' cried Eve, lifting up his arm stiffened by death; then sunk, pale as the object she lamented, on Adam's throbbing breast. Horror and grief deprived them both of voice, when Cain, frantic with despair, came, without design, to the place where lay the dead body of his brother, and seeing near the corpse his father motionless! and his mother pale and lifeless in his arms, he cried out trembling—'He is dead!—I killed him!—Curled be the hour, O father of men, when thou begattest me!—And thou, woman, curled be the instant when thou broughtest

broughtest me forth!—He is dead!—‘I killed him!’ repeated he, and fled. Our first parents sat, pale and silent, without sign of life, except an universal trembling. Adam first recovered from his lethargy of stupid grief. ‘Where am I?’ he cried with broken accents. ‘How I tremble!—My God! my God!—Ah, there he lies!—Wretched father!—What horrors shake my soul!—How can I support the dreadful thought!—His brother killed him!—he has cursed us!—O Abel! O my son! My veins are chilled, my blood runs cold.—Ah, miserable parent! One son has cursed thee; the other lies before thee, embued in his own blood. What evils, what torments, have I brought on myself, and my wretched offspring!—Ah, fatal sin!—And thou too Eve, thou awakest not!—How my terrors encrease!—Art thou dead too?—Am I left alone, a prey to anguish?—Yet, O God, in the midst of desolation, I adore Thy decrees, I revere Thy justice—I am a sinner.—An icy coldness insinuates itself into my beating heart. My eyes fail.—O death! O my dear son!’ He then again cast a look on the dead body: the tears flowed down his venerable face, and with them ran the cold sweat.—‘Thou at last awakest, dear Eve,’ he continued: but, alas! to what inexpressible tortures dost thou awake! Ah! what distress is seen in thy weeping eyes, dear companion of my misery.’

‘Adam,’ replied Eve, in a fearful accent, ‘is the murderer gone? The voice of cursing thunders no more—I no longer hear the voice of his cursing. Curse me—me alone, barbarous fratricide! I was the first sinner.—O my child!—my child!—O Abel, my dearest son!’—She now sunk from the arms of Adam on the dead. ‘My son—my son!’ she cried, speaking to the insensible clay: ‘thine eyes are fixed, no more they turn on me. Awake, awake! Alas! I call in vain: he is dead!—That is death—the death with which we were threatened, when cursed by God after the fall. O insufferable torment!—I was the first sinner!—O my husband!

husband! spouse beloved and dear! thy tears rend my heart. It was I that seduced thee. Of me—of me, O weeping father, demand thy son's blood—Of me your brother, my wretched children!—Me—me curse, murderer of brothers! but spare your father—I was the first sinner!—O my son! my son! thy blood rises against me!—it accused me, unhappy parent! Thus lamented the mother of the human race, while her tears streamed on the congealing blood.

Adam cast on his wife looks full of tenderness and grief. 'Dear Eve,' said he, 'what exquisite pangst thou givest my bursting heart! Cease, I entreat thee, cease thus to torment me! I conjure thee, by our miseries, by our tender love, I conjure thee to cease thus reproaching thyself! We both have sinned; we both are guilty. The bitter consequences of our crimes are but too sad remembrances of our ingratitude and folly. But the Almighty, whom we have offended, the God who chastises us, still regards us with a pitying eye.—Yes, my God, we are yet allowed to supplicate thee in our distress. Thou hast not utterly destroyed the sinner. We yet live, Eve, and our souls are out of the reach of death. It can only strip us of this body, subject to pain and grief. Our immortal souls will, if we are virtuous, triumph over death, and enjoy permanent felicity in the realms of happiness and glory, where we shall behold the light of God's countenance, and incessantly praise him to all eternity. This, my beloved, ought to be our consolation, our great consolation; but—his murderer is his brother. Ah! my first-born killed his brother!

'Yes, dear son,' cried Eve, her tears still flowing; 'Death has delivered thee from solitude, pain, and grief. Thou art no more exposed to suffer. We should wish to follow thee. Alas! we must still endure tribulations and inquietudes, from which thou art now exempt. But can I cease to weep, while I remember thy virtue, thy piety, thy filial love!—O Adam! what a sight of horror is now that precious body! Where are



those smiles, the sweet emanations of filial tenderness, that used to be seen on his countenance? How faded, how livid, are his bloomy cheeks! We shall no more hear from those lips seraphic harmony! no more have our souls raised to God by his angelic converse! no more will they express the endearing sensations of his heart!—Those eyes, now fixed in death, with what delight and transport have I seen them shed tears of joy, when I have given him signs of the love—the inexpressible love that warmed my heart, charmed with his spotless virtue!—Ah, my son! thy weeping mother must for ever deplore thy death.—O sin, sin, dreadful are thy inroads! what hideous forms dost thou assume!—Abel—dear Abel!—I, thy mother, thine unhappy mother—exquisite woe!—am also the mother of thy murderer! Here her speech again failing, she remained motionless on the cold corpse, void of sensation. When Adam, with a deep sigh, cried—‘How am I abandoned! All around me is a gloomy desert. Nature seems to have changed her face. No longer she smiles on me, Alas! he is dead!—he who filled my life with soft consolation, sweet pleasure, and gladdening hope, is no more!—Dear Abel! is it true that thou art dead? Is it, can it be true, that it was Cain, that horror of nature! who—O God! thou beholdest our extreme desolation. Oh! pardon, pardon our lamentations! Forgive us, that we lie mourning in the dust like a worm! And what are we more in thy sight? Pardon us, though we mourn in the dust like the trampled worm, half crushed by the heedless foot of the passenger.’ Adam now stood pale and silent. At length he turned to the body of his murdered son, and stooping to Eve, gently withdrew her feeble hand from the corpse, and pressed it with ardour to his breast. ‘Eve, my dear companion, awake!’ said he, hanging over her: ‘Awake, dear spouse, awake! Turn thy looks on me: Cease to wash with thy tears the insensible dust! Sink not thus under the weight of thy grief! Has thy sorrow for thy son stifled all tenderness, all concern for me, thine husband?’

band? Turn dear spouse, turn thy look on me! It is just that we should feel, keenly feel, our loss; that the horrors of death should terrify us; that we should mourn the fatal consequences of our sin: but to be thus overcome by grief, thus overpowered by dejection, is criminal. It is as if we reproached Eternal Justice, as punishing with too much severity. O Eve! give not way to this culpable despair, lest Divine Mercy, irritated by our obstinacy, should deem us unworthy of consolation.' Eve immediately turned her face from the body towards Adam, and, raising her humid eyes to heaven, said,—'Forgive, O God! forgive my grief, pardon my tears!—Do thou, my dearest spouse, my love, my life, forgive my sorrow. My distress is beyond all words! yet thou still lovest me—me who seduced thee to commit the crime we now deplore. Thou hatest me not, though this frightful murder of one of thy sons by the other is the result of my transgression. Ah, Adam! let me weep in thine arms; let me once more weep on my child's body, and mingle thy tears with his blood!' She then pressed her face, bedewed with tears, on Adam's hand. Thus grieved and lamented the parents of the human race over the first dead; when Adam, casting his dejected eyes around, beheld at a distance one of the celestial messengers: the fragrant flowers which sprung up at each step indicated the light vestiges of his feet. His serene brow announced peace: consolation, amity, and affection, smiled on his lips and cheeks: and the sweetness of his eyes spoke sympathizing complacency. A white vesture, brighter than the clouds that surround the nocturnal planet, fluttered in waving folds on his beauteous form. The angel advanced towards them, while his presence seemed to enliven with fresher verdure the smiling country. 'Eve,' said the father of men, 'raise thine eyes, dry thy tears, suppress thy sighs! behold one of the children of heaven is coming to comfort us. See with what graceful benignity he approaches, already a ray of divine consolation has darted into my benighted soul; already

already my heart has lost part of the oppressive load under which it groaned.—I acquiesce, O my God! in thine appointments: I adore Thy judgments: with gratitude and love I acknowledge Thy mercies.—Weep no more, Eve! Rise! let us meet the friendly angel.’

Eve, supported by her spouse, arose, and the bright spirit stood before them. He regarded with attention the first prey of death; but soon turned his eyes on Adam and Eve, whose faces now reflected the luminous brightness of the angel, and, in a sweet and harmonious voice, said—‘Be blest, O ye who are weeping over the spoils of death in your son! May ye be blest! The Most High hath permitted me to visit you in your affliction. Among the angels who are commissioned to watch over and guard the inhabitants of this earth, none loved Abel more than I, I was constantly near him! when the orders of the Eternal did not oblige me to be absent. When his exalted soul, inflamed with the love of virtue, vented its rapturous sensations in tears of holy joy, or in devout hymns, which the tutelar spirits disdained not to repeat in their concert, I inspired him with such ideas of his future felicity as it was possible he could be susceptible of while united to his dust. Weep not for him: mourn not for him like the children of despair. He is happy: his immortal soul survives. Let this soften your grief. Death hath only detached it from a weak and frail body. Without interruption and incumbrance, he now enjoys whatever can delight a wise and good being. His happiness far exceeds all you can imagine, while you only see through the dark medium of the senses. He is with the angels and archangels before the throne of God. Yet weep, my friends, he well deserved your love. Lament your loss: but let his unspeakable gain soon dry your tears. You are not separated for ever. Soon shall the angel of death visit you also, soon will you be united to your beloved son, to part no more. The pale king of terrors will assume to each of you a different



different form: but you will receive him as becomes the candidates for future happiness, and welcome him as a friend long expected.—Listen, O Adam, to the order of thy God. Restore this corruptible body to its origin, the dust: dig a pit, and cover it with earth.’ Thus spake the angel, while benevolence and pity appeared in every gesture. Desolation fled. Despair was no more. Adam, whose soul was calmed and revived by noble and elevated sentiments, viewing the dazzling lustre of the angel, as he withdrew, said—‘Accept of our grateful thanks, celestial friend!—Praised, praised for ever be Thy name, O God Most High! Thy loving kindness, thy tender mercies, are not withdrawn from the sinner. Thou with compassion doth behold our distress: Thou commandest thine angels to enlighten our souls, and bring us comfort. No longer will we mourn in the dust—no longer will we despair, like the spirits of darkness; who are banished from Thine all enlivening presence. We are still surrounded by Thy beauties: still permitted to praise Thee, to supplicate Thy favour, to adore Thy wisdom, to celebrate Thy goodness. Thus enabled, shall we repine and murmur at Thy dispensations, if the thorns and briars of affliction are scattered in the way of our pilgrimage to the bosom of our father, the dwelling of our God? We cannot indeed entirely restrain our tears for the happy deceased: we must regret his being thus suddenly snatched from our embraces: but, alas! the unhappy criminal ought rather to be the object of our grief, the subject of our most earnest prayers.—O God! what an alleviation would it be to our sorrow, if we dared to hope that Thy mercy had not cast him off for ever! O my Maker! he unhappy—he miserable, is the first fruit of my loins—the first whom Eve brought forth with pain——Let us not cease, my dearest spouse, to implore the tender mercies of our God for him. We will not doubt his loving-kindness: we ourselves were sinners: we were unworthy of his infinite grace: yet he has encouraged us to confide in his

his promises. When all trembling we expected eternal chastisement, little did we hope for mercy. But let us not defer to execute the command of the Lord. I will carry this dear body to our dwelling! and there commit the precious dust to the earth. 'O Adam! O my love!' returned Eve, 'my soul emerges from overwhelming sorrow. Conscious of my own weakness, I support myself, by thy strength, as the flexible ivy clings to the firm oak.'

Adam now, by the assistance of his weeping spouse, lifted the corpse on his shoulders; and, sighing under the sad burden, slowly moved towards his dwelling, while Eve walked weeping by his side.



## BOOK V.

**N**OW Thirza, whose sleep had been disturbed by terrifying visions, opened her eyes to the bright luminary of day, and precipitately quitted her bed. 'What frightful images,' said she, 'have passed before me, while I slept! They resembled nothing in nature.—Welcome cheerful light! thou hast scattered them.—Hail, ye glowing flowers, sweet objects of my attentive care; your various odours, which the morning sun draws forth, will refresh my fatigued brain;—and, ye joyous inhabitants of the air, your soft melody will re-establish serenity in my soul. I will join your morning song. I will join with reanimated nature in praises to the Most High. Creator Almighty! Saviour Propitious! my soul, overpowered by Thy goodness, can but imperfectly express the immensity of Thy benefits, and the extent of its gratitude. Thy ever waking Providence guards Thy creatures, when covered by the veil of night, sleep weighs down their eyelids. May my grateful thanks arise to thee, O God! Accept from a feeble worm the tribute of praise.'

†

She

She now left her dwelling, and walked among the opening flowers, whose first sweets were diffused by the morning breeze—‘My heart still throbs,’ said she, ‘still anxiety is lodged in my breast. What mean these unusual fears? An interior trembling seems to shake my very soul. My mind is darkened, like the heavens, when black clouds spread through the expanse.—Where art thou, Abel? Where art thou, my beloved? Dearest half of myself! I haste, pursued by gloomy terrors, to lose them in thine arms. I fly to thee with the speed thou wouldst fly, if, benighted in a dark forest, thy feet were winged by fear.’

Having thus spoke, she redoubled her pace, when Mahala seeing her, ran from her cottage to meet her. ‘I salute thee, my dear sister,’ she cried: ‘whither art thou going in such haste, with thine hair disordered, without ornament, not so much as one flower?’—‘I go,’ replied Thirza, ‘to throw myself into the arms of my beloved. Unusual terrors have this night disturbed my sleep, and my labouring heart is still oppressed by sad apprehensions; which the serenity of this delightful morning is not able to disperse. But, though the blooming day, though the smiles of nature cannot dispel my fears, I shall lose them in the gladdening presence of my husband! I therefore run to cast myself in his arms.’

The spouse of Cain replied, with a sigh—‘Happy, happy sister! Alas! I have no such sweet resource: I should be lost to all consolation, were it not for a father who loves me, and a tender mother to whom I am dear; were it not for thee, my kind sister, and thine amiable husband. Yes, with you I lose part of the load of woe that Cain’s discontent heaps on my wretched head. To him, unhappy! all the beauties of nature are only sources of melancholy, and he continually regrets the labour which his fertile fields so abundantly repay. But, my dearest Thirza, above all, lament his unkind and causeless dislike to our gentle brother.’ Mahala now melted into tears. Thirza wept also, and tenderly embracing



embracing her, penetrated by the same idea, replied—  
‘Abel and I spend many anxious hours in bewailing his inveterate hatred. Our resource is in the hand of heaven. Often, in sleepless nights, we send our most fervent petitions to God, that a beam of His grace may disperse the dark clouds from his breast; that every baneful weed may be rooted out from his heart, lest they choke all principles of humanity and virtue. Ah, my sister! was thy husband kind and gentle, again would peace smile—again would pleasure bless our dwelling, and we should no longer with pain behold the brow of our venerable father wrinkled with care: nor the eyes of our fond mother swelled with weeping.’

Mahala, still in tears, answered—‘This, this is also the subject of my incessant prayer. When the earth is covered with darkness, while all nature is hushed, I bewail in silence the harsh obduracy of my spouse, and pray to the Lord to soften his heart. Sometimes the agony of my soul bursts forth, in spite of myself, in sobs and groans. Then he awakes, and, in a terrifying voice, accuses me of depriving him of sleep, and the only good he enjoys on this wretched earth, so severely accursed by the Almighty Avenger of sin. My dearest sister! this too is the employment of my mind, while my hands are busied in domestic labour. My innocent children, playing round me, observe my tears, and demand, with infantine caresses, why I weep? Ah, Thirza! Thirza! I am faded with grief, like a young flower, which the thick branches of some neighbouring tree intercept from the sun’s all-cheering rays. My unhappy husband, this very day, left our dwelling before the dawn. His looks were terrible. Never did I see so dark a gloom on his countenance. Anger flashed in his eyes: his brows were knit by rage. Frozen with horror, I heard him, as he went forth, curse the hour of his birth. This, my sister, was his salute to so fine a morning. ’Tis true I have not lost all hope; for sometimes (and thou thyself hast observed it) his  
§ virtue

virtue breaks through the gloom, and his mind is open to the soft sensations of social love. Then he acknowledges that he has injured us, asks forgiveness, and seeks reconciliation. But, alas! too soon the light withdraws: as in the tempestuous days of winter, the sun darts a cheering ray, and is instantly hid from our eyes by closing clouds. Let us hope, Thirza, that, as mild spring restores light and joy to all nature, so the heart of my unhappy husband may be restored to light and peace. For this we will incessantly petition heaven. I have always nourished this hope in the bottom of my heart.'

Thus spake Mahala. When Thirza, pale and trembling, cried—'What mournful sound is that?—It comes from yonder trees—it is not the cry of pain—from yonder trees—O my sister! Mahala!—alas! it comes nearer. O my God!'—Thirza was now sinking to the ground, but her alarmed sister supported her in her arms. Adam, with tottering steps, was coming from behind the trees, bending under the sad load of his son's lifeless body. Eve walked by his side: sometimes she turned her face, faded by grief, towards the bloody corpse; than hid it under her hair, dropping with her tears. Thirza continued pale and motionless in the trembling arms of Mahala, who was herself ready to sink under the weight of her she endeavoured to sustain: when a little recovering, they beheld the corpse of him they loved. The afflicted father had laid it on the grass, and was supporting in his arms his fainting wife, who, weakened by grief, was near falling to the earth. 'Where am I?' cried Thirza. 'O my God! where am I? How he lies! Abel! Why did I awake? Hateful light! Ah! unhappy that I am! Mahala! Ah me miserable! See, see, my sister, he lies dead! Sight Horrible! Light hateful! Why did I awake?'—'Thirza,' cried Mahala, in a tremulous voice, 'let us not give way to vain terrors: To me—to me also, the idea is dreadful as the forked lightning. Ah, she again faints!—Awake, Thirza—awake!—Let

us go to him: he is not dead! Thy voice, thine embraces, will rouse him from sleep.'

After these words, the two sisters leaning on each other, dragged their enfeebled limbs towards the body. 'Oh! my father! O my mother! how they weep!—what dreadful terrors seize me!' cried Thirza, as she approached near the corpse. 'Abel!—Abel!—my beloved!—my joy! my life!—my husband!—awake. Ah! unutterable woe, he awakes not!—Abel!—hear my plaintive cries, the groans of thy distressed wife!'—She then cast herself on the body, to embrace it, with extended arms; but at the sight of the blood and fatal wound, she, giving a terrifying shriek, fell on the earth, without voice, motion, or sign of life, pale and cold as him she mourned. Despair was seen in her open and fixed eyes. Near her sat on the earth Mahala, dissolved in tears: wringing her hands. Sometimes she raised her weeping eyes to heaven, sometimes she fixed them with eager attention on the bloody corpse. Adam, whose deep grief was augmented by the sorrows of his daughters, essayed to console them: 'O my dear children! O Thirza, O Mahala,' said he: 'would to God that my anguish could keep from pain the hearts of those I love! But, my beloved, hear me—listen to the soft sounds of consolation. While Eve and I were weeping over this dear body, an angel, replete in beauty, came to us. He was commissioned from the Most High to sooth our sorrows. 'Weep not!' said he; 'be comforted! He whom you lament still exists. He has only left this frail covering of dust. Disengaged from a mortal body, his soul is more happy than ye can conceive, while your souls are enveloped in their earthly covering. Ye are not separated for ever; in a little time ye shall be reunited? Ye shall enjoy with him torrents of delight, of which your gross senses can give you no idea.' Let us not, my Thirza—let us not, Mahala, profane the funeral of the happy by our inconsolable lamentations. Let us not offend the Almighty by our despair.'

Thirza



Thirza still remained without sense or motion, while the wife of Cain, elevating her joined hands above her head, thus expressed her grief—'O my father! why do you blame our tears? Can we forbear to weep—can we forbear to lament, while he lies before our eyes extended, cold and dead! O thou, our consolation! our joy! O Abel! thou art lost to us, and our sweetest employment will be to mourn for thee till the hour of death. Yes, thou art in possession of never-ending happiness and glory! thou enjoyest that beatitude after which thy holy soul so ardently panted: thou wilt for ever join with the angels in their song of praise to the Most High. We too hope to partake of thy felicity, when our All-merciful God shall call us from our sad exile, this house of sorrow, rendered more desolate by thy loss. Ah, Abel! ah, my brother, thou art lost to us, and our sweetest employment will be to weep for thee the wished for hour of death.—Where wert thou, Cain, my spouse, where wert thou when my brother died? Hadst thou even then given him the fraternal embrace, and sought his forgiveness, with what affection would he have cast his weak arms around thee! Though expiring he would have blest thee, and implored for thee the Divine consolations with his dying lips. What a sweet relief would this remembrance have been to thy sorrows! How would it have softened the griefs of thy future days!—But—O my mother!—what new woe makes thine eyes stream?—O my father! speak—speak, I conjure thee! Why this horror on thy countenance?—No answer!—O my tortured heart!—Where—say where, O my father!—say, O my mother! where is Cain, my husband?' Eve replied—'O my child! who knows where, pursued by Divine vengeance!—Ah, my God!—the unhappy—but what do I say!—I tremble to speak it—He—he—Ah me! unhappy mother!—Horrid—detestable ideas, tear not thus my wretched bosom! Ah, miserable parent that I am! why—he—' 'Ah, my mother!' interrupted Mahala, 'spare me not, I conjure thee, O my mother! On me—on

—on me let the tempest fall—I am already crushed; already torn by frightful apprehensions.’—‘Cain—O heavens! Cain has—killed him!’ cried Eve, ‘Ah, Mahala!—Ab, Thirza!—Cain killed him!’ Her excessive grief then took from her the power of speech.

Mahala was struck mute with terror. Her immovable eyes shed no tears. The cold sweat trickled down her pale face, and her trembling lips were discoloured. At length she cried out in agony—‘He kill Abel!—Cain, my husband, kill his brother! Where art thou fraticide? Where, where, oh! where has thy guilt pursued thee? Has the thunder of God avenged thy brother? Dost thou cease to exist! Where art thou most miserable? To what country of despair art thou fled, followed by the curse of God?’ Thus raved Mahala, tearing her hair.

‘Barbarous fraticide! vile murderer!’ exclaimed Thirza. ‘How couldst thou kill so kind a brother? who, doubtless, when expiring under the mortal blow given by thy cruel hand, regarded thee with eyes full of love? Ah, Cain! curst—curst be—’ ‘Oh my sister! O Thirza!’ cried Mahala, interrupting her, ‘curse him not! He is thy brother! he is my husband! Rather let us implore for him the mercies of God. I am sure, when falling in his blood, the holy victim of his fury cast on him an eye of compassion; and I doubt not but he now intercedes for him before the eternal throne. Let our prayers ascend from the dust, and join those of the happy. O curse him not, Thirza—curse not thy brother,’—‘Whither doth the excess of my grief transport me?’ answered Thirza, ‘I did not curse him, my sister: I have not cursed the unhappy.’ Then reclining on the corpse, she kissed the blood-besprinkled cheeks, the cold and livid lips. She remained long silent, indulging fruitless sorrow. At length she cried, with a faint and interrupted voice—‘Would to God, my beloved, I had, at thy death, kissed thy quivering lips! heard the last expressions of thy love, seen thy last tender look, and received thy last embrace? Oh that I had

had then expired within thine arms!—but, alas! I am left a prey to unutterable sorrow. Every object that used to inspire delight will now increase my woes. Ye shady bowers, ye now are desolate; ye can now only inspire me with terror: I shall think you ask for him, who in your sweet retreats was wont to embrace me in tender rapture. The murmuring fountains will inquire what is become of my beloved. Left forlorn, I can no more taste of joy. The shades, the streams, the hills, the plains, alike to me are hateful. Alas! no more I see, with fond delight, him that made all lovely. I shall, indeed, still behold him; but, oh distressing object! I shall behold these wan cheeks, these fixed and sightless eyes, this clotted blood, this dreadful wound. Flow, flow, my tears! for ever flow on this pale face. What dignity once appeared on this faded countenance! The charms of soft persuasion dwelt on these cold and stiffened lips. Every beauty, every grace, shone in his lovely form: but his soul, too pure, too holy to converse with mortals, to converse with me, is fled for ever!—Stream, my eyes, stream without ceasing, on this withered corpse, till my longing soul leaves its dust with his.

Thus lamented Thirza, while her tears ran on the senseless body. Eve's grief was increased by the sorrows of her daughters. 'My dearest children,' she cried, 'cease, I intreat you, cease thus to tear my heart! Your tears, your sighs and groans augment my miseries; they are to me the most cutting reproaches. It is I—it is I that have filled the souls of those I love with anguish! My folly, my guilt has undone us all! I, alas! introduced sin and death!—Forgive me, O my children! forgive your afflicted mother! I conjure you, by the pangs I suffered to bring you into the world, to forgive me! Cease to tear my heart by your immoderate sorrow!' Mahala and Thirza ran to her; they embraced her knees, and, with looks of duteous affection, said—'O our mother! our dearest mother! who brought us forth with pain! whose kind cares guarded  
us



us in helpless infancy! aggravate not our distress by thy despair! We mean not, by our complaints, to reproach thee, our dear, our tender mother. We love, we reverence, we honour thee, but we cannot command our grief: it will burst from our bosoms, and eyes in sighs and tears. How can we restrain these expressions of a love the most tender? They are the voice of nature.'

They still clasped their mother's knees, while their weeping eyes were tenderly fixed on her's, when Adam said—'O my beloved! let us no longer defer restoring this precious dust to the earth, as the Lord our God hath commanded. The lenient hand of Time will abate our grief, and dry our tears. Victorious Reason will teach us to conquer this unavailing sorrow. We shall long, ardently long, to partake of his happiness, as the bride wishes for the day that is to unite her to beloved.'—'Yes, commit this dear body to its parent earth,' replied Thirza, turning her pale and faded face to Adam: 'but suffer me, O my father! to weep a little longer, ere it is hid for ever, on the dear, the precious dust! Suffer me once more to press the cold clay to my breast!' At these words she threw herself with extended arms on the corpse.

Adam now began to dig a pit in the earth, while Eve and Mahala stood weeping near him. When the golden-haired Eliel and little Josiah, Cain's two infant sons, approached, hand in hand, to the spot where lay the body. 'Brother Josiah,' said Eliel, 'who's that sobs so loud? Let us go nearer, brother. Ah! that is Abel!—it is Abel our uncle!—How pale he is!—His hair is all bloody!—He lies like a lamb going to be burnt on the altar!—'My dear Eliel,' replied Josiah, 'see how Thirza weeps for him!—He don't mind her tears.—He don't look at her!—I tremble—I am affrighted—let us run to our mother. See, see, she weeps too!' They now hastened to Mahala, on the other side of the grave, and clinging about her, said—'O mother; why do you weep? Why does Abel lie

lie there?—Why is he all bloody, like a lamb for sacrifice?’ Mahala tenderly embraced the infants, while her tears ran on their little heads, and said—‘My dear children! death hath taken his soul from the body. It is carried up to heaven, to dwell there with God and his angels, where it will be for ever happy.’—‘Then he will wake no more!’ replied Eliel, bursting into tears; ‘he will never awake!—never! He that loved us so dearly, and used to set us on his knee, and tell Josiah and me such fine stories about God, the angels, and the wonders of nature.—Ah, brother!—ah, Josiah, we shall never more hear Abel sing hymns! He will talk to us no more! He will never, never awake! How our father will weep for him, when he comes from the field! How pale! how frightful.’ The terrified children now hid their faces in the folds of their mother’s vestment.

Adam having finished digging the grave—‘Wake thou,’ said he to Thirza: ‘wake my beloved! Let us obey the Divine command, and return the dust to its mother earth. Wake, my Thirza!’ he continued, and tenderly took her hand to raise her from the corpse. She had been in a kind of trance on the body of her husband, and now waked from the holy vision. ‘Yes, I have seen him,—I have seen him! she cried, as she arose. ‘He came to me shining in celestial lustre. ‘Weep not,’ he said—‘weep not, my dearest Thirza, I am happy. Soon shalt thou partake of my bliss in the abodes of felicity and glory, where there is no death to separate us.’ ‘At these words he disappeared, having cast on me a divine smile; and an heavenly light marked the traces of his feet.’ Thus she spoke, and consolation sublime illumined her visage.—‘Inter, O my father! inter,’ said she, ‘this covering of dust;’ and immediately went to her mother and sister. They all three hid their faces under their dishevelled tresses, while Adam wrapt in skins the body of his son. He laid it in a pit, and covered it with earth, and then said—‘Let us, my dear wife!—let us, my beloved children!—

dren!—adore the Most High before this grave of the first dead.' They now all prostrated themselves before the grave, little Eliel and his brother kneeling on each side their mother, and the father of men pronounced in a low voice this prayer, with his arms devoutly folded on his breast.

'O thou who dwellest in the highest heaven, God! Creator! Justice Eternal! Goodness Infinite? behold us prostrate before the grave of our beloved son. We sinners kneel before Thee in the dust. O may our prayer ascend to Thy celestial throne! Look with an eye of compassion on us, O God! in this valley of death, this abode of sin. Our iniquities are great, but Thine infinite goodness is still greater. We are polluted in Thy sight: Thou beholdest our impurities, yet Thou hast not turned Thy face from us: Thou still vouchsafest to look on us, in our misery with a propitious eye. Thou permittest us to implore Thee.—Thou hast not abandoned the sinner. Eternal praises rise to Thee! Thy works, O God, render Thee praise! The beauties of the spring, the serenity of the heavens, shew forth Thy beneficence: the loud voice of thy Thunder, the rattling hail, the howling storm, proclaim Thy power. Smiling joy glorifies Thee. Thy justice is also glorified by the tears of sorrow. We have beheld the son of Sin, frightful Death: He is come to our dwelling in a form most hideous. Guilt led him by the hand; the earth groaned, and black tempests gathered round the direful pair. The first fruit of my loins—ah! I tremble!—my first-born has imbrued his hands in his brother's blood! O God merciful and gracious! though I presume to supplicate Thee for him, turn not Thy face from me. O God of clemency, cast him not off for ever! When he moans in the dust for his offences; when he trembles at his crime; when, overwhelmed by torturing remorse, he weeps, he groans, and prostrates himself with deep contrition before Thee, O my God! look with a pitying eye on his misery: commiserate his despair, and  
affuage



assuage his anguish by Thy divine consolations. O my Maker! cast him not off for ever! Reject not, O God! reject not the presumptuous petition! May our prayers, our cries, ascend to Thy sublime throne, from this grave of the first dead! We have, according to Thy command, restored the perishing dust to the earth. Hear us, O Lord!—Lord hear us! while we cry unto Thee in behalf of our first-born. Let him not perish in Thy wrath! For this grace, O God! we will supplicate Thee at the rising and setting sun: in the silent hours of night, when all nature is hushed to rest, we will implore Thee for him. O God of consolation, cast him not off for ever! Eternal praises be rendered to Thee, who hast received the soul of the happy deceased into the regions of never-ending felicity! Death has seized his first victim. We shall follow one after another to the dark and silent grave; but adored be Thy loving kindness, adored be Thy tender mercies, we shall likewise follow him to the realms of immortality and bliss. O Thou who createdst the heavens! at whose word this world arose from nothing! they shall perish: the heavens and the earth shall pass away; but Thou art eternal. We dwell in bodies of the dust. This dust shall be dissolved; but Thou art unchangeable, and wilt raise to glory the sinner who deploras his crimes, and the righteous man who mourns that his virtues are mixed with imperfections, and his highest attainments sullied by human frailty. Thou wilt gather them together out of the dust, to bestow on them eternal joys, angelic purity; for—O promise ineffable! the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head.—Leap for joy, O earth!—Chant forth the praises of the Most High, all nature! We will glorify His name in the midst of calamity. Man is fallen; he is degraded from his original dignity: but glory be to God, he hath not cast him off—He hath not rejected him for ever: His mercy beholds the works of His hands from His seat of judgment. He fell, whom God created upright; yet when, after his fatal transgression, the sinner, full

of anguish, stood trembling in fearful expectation of an eternal curse, (and what less could he expect?) then—let men and angels celebrate the glorious mystery—then the Almighty pronounced that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. Mystery sublime! mystery profound! wrapt in an holy obscurity, which no finite being can penetrate: but full of divine consolations. The sinner is reconciled to God; the offender is restored to peace and hope. Shall man then lament in the dust? shall he groan in despair, if the dream of life be alternately filled with joy and sorrow? Death approaches; it shall break the shackles of the soul, and free it from the consequences of a just malediction.—Then those who, while clothed in dust, forgot not their original purity, who loved virtue, who loved God, who kindled in their hearts the seraphic flame, shall be assembled together in the mansions on high, to enjoy there incessant, eternal felicity.—I see them! the holy assembly are present to my view, numerous beyond computing, pure as the flame which descends on the sacred altar! They stand, surrounded by angels, before the throne. They behold the face of God. They delight in his goodness. Beatific vision! transporting prospect! How is my soul raised! how is my heart expanded! Raptures before unknown! O Goodness infinite! Grace inexpressible. Lost in thine immensity, the first archangel can but imperfectly express his sensations; man can only feel them.

Adam ceased to speak, but continued in silent ecstacy, prostrate on the earth, his wife and daughters still kneeling at his side. Nature herself observed the same silence; all was serene; not a cloud passed over them through the lucid sky.

Now came on 'mild evening, clad in sober grey,' while every breeze was hushed. During this perfect calm, Cain, pursued by guilt, was agitated by fear, horror, remorse, and sad dismay. He roved from place to place; he wandered in the deserts, till, spent with fatigue, he sat down facing the rising moon, and thus

thus the voice of his despair disturbed the peaceful silence that reigned over all nature: 'There, beyond the dark hill, the moon begins her course, spreading around a faint light. All under the starry expanse imbibe new life from invigorating sleep; man only wakes. My accursed hand has driven from his dwelling, peace and rest. The voice of grief and lamentation ascends from the cottages. 'Tis I—'tis I miserable! that have brought affliction to their abodes. The cries, the groans of my bewailing parents, rise to heaven as so many accusations against me. This day—this accursed day!—Hear it, O moon! turn pale, and hide thy beams! Hear it, ye stars, and set in darkness!—This day the earth has drank the blood of the first slain, shed by my unnatural hand. Henceforth withhold from me your precious influences, bright luminaries! Cursed on the ground I tread, banished from the cheerful face of man, hide me—hide me in gloomy darkness! I have shed my brother's blood! I have torn the heart of him that begat me! I have filled with despair the breast of her who brought me forth, and nourished my infancy! Hide me from the eyes of Nature! I have trampled on her dictates. I will fly—fly with my misery, sad companion! to some desert region, where no human foot has marked the faded grass. I will dwell among rocks and precipices, where putrid water trickles in tears from the steep into the swampy abodes of loathsome reptiles: where birds of prey build their nests; where savage beasts devour their bloody carnage. Alas! even these will abhor me; they kill no brothers! Shade me, darkness, from the cheering sky! shade me, some horrid gloom, from the sight of every creature; there let me lament my cruelty; there howl out my despair. When sleep overcomes me, terrors will present themselves to my imagination. I shall behold my murdered brother; I shall see his wounded head! clotted blood!'

Thus Cain bewailed his wretchedness. He ceased, and sat abandoned to mute grief. No bird of night disturbed



disturbed the awful stillness; frightened by sounds of human woe, they had fled in silence: a gentle murmur only floated through the air. Again he vents his sorrows; and casting his melancholy eyes around, he cries—'Pity me ye woods!—Weep for me, ye fields! No words can describe my misery, and pity is due to misery. O Nature, arrayed in beauty, grieve for me—for me, lost to beauty, and to happiness, Mourn for me, each creature! ye taste, ye feel the efficacious presence of a gracious God, to me no longer gracious! I feel His wrath: I tremble at His power. He is to me only God the Avenger, the just Avenger of my brother's blood. For ever will it cry against me: my punishment is endless.' He was now silent for some moments: then, with a deep sigh, he said—'I weep! Can such a wretch as I shed tears! Welcome precious drops; ye attest to me that my miseries are softened. The despair which had seized my soul is changed to plaintive grief—to weeping sorrow. Ah, flow my tears! Receive them, O earth! I am cursed on thy surface; thou hast drank my brother's blood; yet, oh receive these tears, that shew my unspeakable distress! What new emotion! How is my heart softened! My tears flow faster—Yes, I will—yes, while darkness hides me from every eye, I will away to the dwellings of my afflicted parents, to poor Thirza. I will go to all, and once more see them—once more bless them. Bless them! the angry wind would disperse the salutations, as they came from my polluted lips! Ah, fratricide, canst thou pronounce a blessing, thyself accursed? I will however, go and strive to bless them in their grief. I will weep before them, and in the dust deplore my guilt, and then—yes, then I fly for ever from their reproaching eyes. Fly from thee, Mahala! I fly for ever from my children!' Here his agony stifled his words, and he moved towards the cottages, watering with his tears the solitary way.

He was now passing a little grove, planted by the hand of Abel near the spring. Cain then remembered

that

that his brother, when he had completed this work, had said, with fond affection—‘Flourish, ye trees! spread wide your branches! May ye for ever bloom, that, under your refreshing shade, our descendants may, in affectionate converse, relate to their offspring what they will learn from us, saying—‘Here Eve brought forth their first-born. Here she soothed with her caresses, his infant cries, him the first solace in her sad exile; here she viewed him with inexpressible rapture. She called him Cain, saying—‘From the hand of the Lord have I received thee.’ The murderer passed by this monument of his brother’s tenderness with quickened step; a remorseful sweat covered his averted face: his trembling knees could scarce sustain his weight.

Now Cain had passed the terrifying grove, and drew near the cottages. The pale moon shed on them a feeble light through the trees, and melancholy silence reigned around. He cast on the dwelling his weeping eyes; he raised his hands to heaven; he rung them in speechless agony. Conscious guilt tore his now softened heart. Trembling, he stood amidst the dreary stillness. At length he uttered, in a low voice, this impassioned soliloquy: ‘How quiet deep affliction rests here!—Ah, that murmur!—Are they not sighs?—They came from the cottages—from the dwellings come those piercing ejaculations of sleepless grief! Here, here, ye once cheerful mansions, here trembling in darkness, stands the wretch who has made you the abodes of sorrow. Here, pursued by infernal horrors shudders in obscurity he who has chased from the habitations of those who gave him life, peace, joy, and every domestic sweet. Dare I breathe the air through which ascend the sighs of my mourning parents, my terrified wife, my widowed sister! Dare I appear in a spot consecrated to just grief! grief for my crime!—Be gone! pollute not the residence of virtue.—Yes, I go—I go far from you—But let mine eyes, haggared with despair, yet a little longer behold your dwellings. In pity to my unspeakable anguish,

§

guish, allow me to weep here yet a little longer. Suffer me to raise to heaven my bloody hands for your happiness. Then I go—Hail, hail ye—Ah, wretch! wilt thou profane their sacred names? Wilt thou pollute, with thy infected breath, titles that express the softest ties, the most exalted sensations of the human heart? Oh, that, with the gloom of night, your distress, your terrors might leave you, to dwell in my wretched bosom, fit companions in my wanderings, on an earth whose curse I have increased! O that I alone could endure the punishments due to my crime! May your memories never be disturbed by my horrid image. Oh that I myself could lose all remembrance of myself! Dreadful wish of extreme desolation!" Cain having thus spoke, remained still near the cottages. He groaned, he raised his eyes to heaven; when he heard the footsteps of one advancing slowly through the gloom. A cold shivering, like the agonies of death, seized his limbs. He strove to fly; but in vain he strove: he sunk down, trembling, without strength among the bushes.

Thirza, this first night of her sad widowhood, unable to sleep, had quitted her lonely bed. She left her cottage, and went to the grave of her husband, where seating herself on the damp grass, she wept among the clods. She viewed with fixed eyes the starry firmament, then turning to the grave, said—"Here lies all that made life desirable; all my repose, all my joy lies under this earth, which now imbibes my tears. Sleep has forsaken my wearied eyelids: no rest remains for me.—Flow on, flow on my tears, ye are my sole consolation:—my melancholy hours shall be spent in bewailing thy loss, my dearest husband!—shall be spent near thy precious remains in gloomy sadness! It is true, I have seen thee—I have seen my beloved arrayed in heavenly glory: but, ah! I am deprived of his sweet society, of his tenderness, his endearing care, through the remainder of a life of calamity and wretchedness. In vain I tried to rest on the conjugal couch: my spi-



rits forsook me; I almost fainted, while the sweet pledge of our love lay by me locked in the arms of sleep. The little innocent smiled in his guiltless slumbers. Alas! he knows not yet the woes of mortals—he knows not his own irreparable loss!—Ah, my infant! I deplore thy misfortune; for ever deprived of a tender father, an instructor of thy childhood, a guide to thy youth, and the friend of thy riper years. Thy wretched mother, a prey to keen distress, torn by heart-piercing anguish, will want the strength—will want the wisdom to supply thy loss. O my child, how are we bereaved? How is every comfort ravished from us!—Horrid reflection!—ravished from us by the hand of a brother! Where is he?—Where is the miserable?—Where has his remorse—where has his despair driven him?—O Thou Infinite Clemency! God Propitious! despise not my supplications, turn not from my prayer, while, with unwearied fervour, I entreat Thee for him. Hear him, O God of Grace and Consolation! when he cries to thee from the dust—when, in deep, penitence and sincere contrition of heart, he bewails his crime, and implores Thy mercy.

Her agony of soul now stopt her voice: but soon she cried, as she raised her weeping eyes to heaven—‘Bright star of night, often hast thou been witness of our chaste endearments, when thy soft light illuminated our path. Often hast thou been witness to his sublime converse, when he described the charms of virtue; the delights of an approving conscience. Thou now canst only shed thy beams on his silent grave. Buried in this dust lies every human excellence: the consolation, the hope, the joy of his weeping parents! Here sleeps to wake no more, my love, my life, my husband.’ She now continued long silent, abandoned to speechless grief. At length surveying the objects round her, she fixed her melancholy eyes on the fragrant enclosure, where she and her dear companion used to pass their most delightful hours. ‘Ah! lovely bower!’ she cried; ‘thou

now art solitary. In vain the pale moon pierces thy aromatic shades.—There, dear departed Abel! the ruddy evening saw thee pour forth thy soul in holy rapture. The remembrance of thine intense devotion, thy fervent piety, thy humble love, has lighted up in my heart a secret fervour. I will rise above this grief. The darkness of my soul is dispelled by the dear remembrance, as the rising moon chases from the horizon the gloom of night. O my beloved! in yonder sweet retreat, how has devotion animated thine eyes! How wert thou raised above mortality, when thou, in the joyful exultation of thine heart, saidst, ‘What an happiness it is, my dearest Thirza, to be virtuous! What a privilege to be permitted to supplicate, to love Him from whom all these beauties are but emanations! What unspeakable felicity, to be conscious that the angels that surround us approve our actions! What, my beloved wife,’ he added, taking my hand, ‘what delight is there in this beautiful creation, that can be compared to the constant assurance of the Divine Presence!—to the consciousness of virtue? To him who departeth not from his integrity, who panteth after perfection, death itself has lost many of its terrors. We know—let the sinner exult in the inexpressible mercy!—We know that it will only separate the body from the immortal soul, which, when escaped from its prison of earth, will wing its way to mansions of eternal joy. O my Thirza,’ continued the dear departed saint, ‘if I quit my dust before thee, before thee remove to bliss, short and moderate be thy grief! weep not long over my perishing clay. What are the days of this short life, compared with eternity! We shall meet again in the realms of purity and joy, to part no more.’—‘Dearest Abel,’ I replied, while my tears flowed, ‘neither if I first leave my dust, do thou give way to fruitless sorrow: shed not many tears over my senseless corpse. We shall, my love, be re-united: we shall together enjoy everlasting happiness: we shall meet—O  
† ecstacy!

ecstasy! never to part more.' O my soul, sink not under thy grief! Sublime are the consolations offered thee. Remember thy dignity—reflect on thine immortality—look beyond the present calamity—rejoice in the salvation that awaits thee! Didst thou perish with the frail body, where would be my hope?—What could assuage my sorrow? Well might I lament over this grave, well might I pray that an end were put to my wretched being—but—I shall live for ever! I will rise above this dispirited grief. Yes, my dearest husband! if thy enobled soul—if thy angelic mind still retains any love, any concern for my happiness, thou wilt be pleased to know that thy precepts, thine example, has inspired me with fortitude—has taught me to bear up under the unavoidable afflictions of mortality. Dear angel! if thou still hoverest over me, thou shalt be witness to my endeavours to repel this fruitless grief: but my tears still flow—I cannot yet command my sorrow. I must a little longer weep on this precious dust. I will erect around the grave an harbour of cypress: under the melancholy shade I will mourn my loss; but under it too will I contemplate, in holy transport, on the happy moment when I shall meet my beloved; when, like him, I shall be free from all impurity, all sorrow, all sin, and eternally out of the reach of death. This ravishing prospect will—it does abate my anguish.' She now arose from the grave, but instantly cried, sinking again on her knees—'O horrid reflection, our brother murdered him! O God of Goodness! hear my supplications: shew favour to the unhappy sinner; hear him when he cries to Thee: destroy him not, O God! in thy wrath. Save him, O gracious God! save him from eternal perdition. My petitions for his final happiness shall ascend to thee in the early dawn. I will pray for him without ceasing. He is still my brother.'

Cain, the prey of wild despair, lay trembling among the bushes. 'Fly,' he cried to himself, 'fly these holy dwellings,



dwelling, odious monster! Ah! I cannot fly! I am surrounded by infernal horrors. Leave me, furies, leave me! Carry me, trembling feet, from this seat of virtue. I profane the sacred place. Alas! I cannot fly: my strength fails: a cold shivering has seized my limbs. Oh that these were the last tremblings of nature! Unhappy that I am, I survive to feel encreasing anguish. How her lamentations pierce my soul! Oh virtue, how sublime are thy consolations!—all lost—for ever lost to me. No hope remains—I have sinned beyond forgiveness.—Ah! she prays: she prays for me—for me who have filled her heart with sorrow. Unexampled goodness! Ought she not rather to call down curses on my guilty head? O torture! her virtue, her piety heightens my despair. My miseries are insupportable. Not the apostate spirits in the lowest abyss of hell feel more horror. Thou pray for me, Thirza! Thy rash vows are all superfluous. No, God will not hear thy prayers—he is just. Now she retires from the grave of her husband, murdered by my hand. Dare I tread the same path? Dare I weep on the traces made by her feet? No—Retire, barbarous fratricide! Retire, bloody murderer, from the sanctified spot! Fly, wretch, fly! Having thus spoke, he walked with hasty steps; but suddenly stopping, he cried, ‘O Mahala! how can I leave thee! How can I leave for ever O my children! I will in the dust deplore my crime before you—before thee Mahala. Perhaps thou now sheddest tears of compassion for my misery—perhaps thou wilt bless me still. But what do I say? Cursed of God, who will dare to bless me? No, hate me, curse me, I deserve it—then I fly, abhorred of all, loaded with the curse of God, and of all nature. Misery extreme! and insupportable! I have no power to fly. I come, I come, my dearest wife, to mourn before thee my guilt and wretchedness. I will weep at thy feet—I will implore thee to forgive my having chased peace from thine heart, and filled my days with sorrow. Then—yes, then—I fly

—I fly from thee Mahala—I fly from you my children.

Cain now passed at a distance from the grave, and advanced towards his cottage. He frequently stopped as irresolute. At length he came to his dwelling, but stood long without, pale and trembling. Then, with tottering and hesitating step, he passed the threshold.

Mahala was sitting on her solitary bed. Her infants were crying round her: At the sight of her husband she gave a heart-piercing shriek, and fell on the bed senseless. The terrified infants grasped the knees of Cain, crying—‘O my father, help our dear mother. She is faint—she is sick with weeping for Abel—He is dead—Adam has put him in the ground, and covered him with dust. Why was you so long a coming home? You have worked a long while. Dear father, comfort our mother.’ Overcome by the conflict of his various passions, Cain could give no answer to the little innocents. He embraced them; he hugged them in his arms, while his tears ran on their faces. Then, unable to support his anguish, he fell on the earth, at the feet of his wife. The children now redoubled their cries, which awakened Mahala from her swoon. She saw her weeping husband on the earth—‘O Cain! Cain!’ she cried in a voice of despair, tearing her dishevelled locks. —‘Mahala,’ interrupted Cain, ‘my dear Mahala! forgive me—pardon the murderer of thy brother! This once allow me to weep before thee—this once let me cast myself in the dust at thy feet. Ah! I conjure thee to grant me this feeble consolation—this last hope of a misery that has no equal—only abstain from cursing me! Curse me not, O Mahala! I come to deplore before thee my misery and guilt:—then I fly far from thee for ever. I will hide me in the deserts. Cursed of God,’ followed by his wrath, I fly. O curse me not! curse not thy wretched husband!’

‘Ah! Cain!’ she replied, penetrated with the tenderest compassion, ‘though thou hast killed the best of brothers,

brothers, though thou hast heaped inexpressible miseries on my wretched head, yet I forget not that thou art still my husband. I pity I weep for thee.' Cain answered, casting on her a look of tenderness—'Fatal moment, when a dream from hell deceived me! These little ones appeared before me slaves to the sons of Abel. To save them from misery and bondage, I killed him—Curled moment! I murdered the best of brothers, and the bloody deed will for ever haunt my mind, and fill it with infernal horrors. My punishment is eternal. Yet, O Mahala! I would escape thy curses. Curse me not, my dearest wife!—Curse me not in my misery! This hour I fly—I quit thee for ever—I quit ye for ever my beloved children! I fly from ye cursed by God and man.'

The children lamented round him. They raised their innocent heads in agony. Mahala sunk on the earth, and reclined on her husband, 'Receive these tears—receive these expressions of my sincere forgiveness and compassion! she said, while she wept over him.—'Dost thou fly Cain? Dost thou fly to the desert regions? How can I dwell here, while thou art solitary and abandoned?—while thou art miserable far from me? No, Cain, I fly with thee. How can I suffer thee to be destitute of all relief in the deserts. What cruel inquietudes would torment me!—Every breeze I heard would fill me with terror.' 'Perhaps he is now,' I should say to myself—'perhaps he is at this instant in the agonies of death, without succour in some barren wild.' She was silent, and Cain, with a look of astonishment, cried—'What do I hear! Is it thou, Mahala—is it thou thyself, or does a dream again deceive me? It is—it is my dear, my virtuous wife! Thy words, Mahala—thy consoling words have softened my despair. Thou dost not hate me!—thou dost not curse me! It is enough. No, thou courageous, thou affectionate wife! thou shalt never share in the punishment due to my horrid crime—thou shalt not suffer



suffer for me the chastisements of heaven. Remain in this abode sanctified by virtue, where dwelleth the divine benediction. I will not render thee miserable. Forget me, Mahala—forget thy wretched husband. Abandoned by God, I shall wander without place of rest; but may thou be happy—may thou be blest.’—  
—‘No, Cain; if thou art miserable, I cannot here be happy,’ replied Mahala. ‘I fly with thee—with thee I wander—I will be desolate with thee—I go with thee to the desert regions. Our children shall go with us. I will there share thy misery: I will try to assuage it: I will mix my tears of compassion with thy tears of penitence. I will kneel by thy side. My prayers shall ascend to heaven with thine. Our children, prostrate round us, shall join their voices with ours. God will not disdain the penitent sinner. I fly with thee, Cain. Without ceasing we will pray—without ceasing we will mourn before God till a ray of His grace illumines thy benighted soul, and justifies our confidence in His mercy. Hope in God, Cain! He will hear the prayer of the penitent sinner.’

‘O thou,’ cried Cain, ‘by what name shall I call thee? Thou art to me as a gracious angel! A beam of divine consolation has darted into the obscurity of my soul! O Mahala! O my wife! now I dare embrace thee. O that I could make thee sensible of what I feel! but words cannot express my gratitude—cannot express the tender emotions of my heart.’ At these words he pressed her to his breast; then embraced his children: but soon returned to his wife, and again clasped her to his heart.

Now this tender mother, this heroic wife, soothed her infants, and wiped away their tears. She took her youngest child to her breast, another little one held by the hand of his father, while Eliel and Josiah, full of life and gaiety, tripped before them. They left their cottage. Mahala, with weeping eyes, beheld the dwelling of her parents, and of Thirza. ‘Be blest, be blest,’  
said

said she, 'O desolate family, whom I abandon. Soon will I return from the place of our habitation, to supplicate your blessings for me—for my dear, my penitent husband. I will solicit for him a pardon.' She now went as irresolute, when instantly exhalations, more balsamic than are breathed from all the flowers of spring, surrounded the fugitives, and the voice of an invisible angel from over their heads, said—'Go, generous wife. I will in a dream inform thy tender mother of thine heroic courage; I will tell her, thou art gone with thy penitent husband, to implore mercy for him from the sovereign Judge.'

They now walked by the light of the nocturnal star. They lost sight of the dwellings, and advanced into the desert regions, where had never been imprinted the foot of man.



THE  
DEATH OF CAIN.

BOOK I.

“**R**ISE towering muse on eagles’ wings sublime!”  
be thine the task to celebrate him who in his  
fury sacrific’d his brother—and mingled his blood with  
the dust of the earth;—the first born of men—the gift  
of the Supreme—the mark’d of God—the deluded of  
the malignant enemy of our race—even Cain!—’tis him  
my enthusiastic muse would sing, and for which pur-  
pose I her invoke.—Let the divine transport, ye celest-  
tial powers; be shed on him who in poetic numbers  
penetrates the region of possibilities, to cull those flow-  
ers that in marvellous sort captivate the understanding  
—or in sublime beauty should enchant the coyness of  
reason. Be Wisdom the guide to assort those grand  
materials of the structure—that by judicious arrange-  
ment may construct the whole in harmonious agréments.  
Let the winged imagination take its flight and explore  
the heights of Heaven—or the depths of Hell—yet  
Prudence shall direct her steps.—Be present, O thou  
celestial director! let nothing receive a lasting impres-  
sion without thy approbation—’tis thee, benign virtue,  
I ask to aid my plan—’tis thy sentiments only that can  
win upon the heart of understanding; ’tis to thee the  
wise will only yield;—thy guidance is security, and thy  
approbation the will of the Most High. Fain would I call  
the beautiful symmetry of unclad Truth—were it not  
partly beyond the system of my plan—for mists and  
darkness lie enfolded on my theme—which probability  
and elevation of ideas can only present to view. I only  
5 P consecrate



consecrate to an universal admitted fall of the first-born of men, the occasion of my deeply melancholy song:—sacred Religion, with her pure rites, I must omit—and only offer in her stead the innocence of Adoration, that celestial heart that in our sublunary world is but known by name;—’twas she that gave the precepts to fair Religion, who was long unknown after the period of my theme. O may the sublimity of my topic animate my lays to imitate the strains of the divine GESSNER,—whose conceptive scopes stand unrivalled as they measure unlimited! May the noble subject of restoring fallen man to the mercies of his Creator, find a refuge amongst men.

’Twas now the solemn hour of night, when chimerical operations work upon the fancies of mortal men, delusively to entrap the guarding senses; the midnight cock had thrice essayed to wind his shrill pipe, but as oft wanted the sonorous sound of uttering voice; the melancholy bird of dark retreat, the owl, had with an affrighted screech returned to her haunt; the wolves, tigers, lions, and all the fierce inhabitants of the forest, were prowling through the gloomy shades of wooded copse to find provision amongst the phytivorous or insectivorous brood of sleeping creatures; in this dismal hour of awful darkness, the devouring animals shrunk into their retreats; the pale lamp of the moon seem’d to be suddenly extinguished; the murmuring brooks forgot their sounding falls, and in silence trickled through their furied paths:—all nature seem’d now enwrapt in solemn silence—not a breeze disturbed the leafy arbours of the groves—and deep Melancholy only had domain at this sable hour of sadness;—the twinkling of the nocturnal star was now so faint as only to give direction towards the east—when Cain, and his faithful spouse, accompanied by their little ones, journey’d, “through the desert regions, where had never been “imprinted the foot of man.”—

Behold the fugitives of Sin—the votaries of oppressing sorrow!—directed only by the glimmering of a  
§
star—

star—a faint resemblance of light. The most wretched of beings deliberately following the footsteps of his affectionate wife and tender offspring; whilst they escaped the hooks of thorny furze, the son of Guilt and Shame, with frightful hauntings of terror, horror, and wild dismay, was torn of every extending branch of thorny substance, so that with a smarting generally diffus'd o'er his wretched person, he felt exquisite pain. Anon the vivid flash of forked lightnings blaz'd along the horizon; the loud and awful clap of deafening thunder roll'd o'er their heads; the darkened skies seem'd to ope in twain to emit a sulphurous and loathsome stench!—but hear, you sons of men, the division made between the innocent and the guilty; 'twas Cain alone that saw the dreadful face of the heavens, or heard the horrible crash!—to Mahala, Eliel, and Josiah, (the wife, and children of the despairing and forlorn patricide,) the moon seem'd only under clouds, and no other interruption seem'd to be given to their journeying onward.

Hail innocence! thou spotless garment of celestial purity;—'tis from thee alone we reap the fruits of solace in the approvings of a serene conscience;—for of all the rufflings of a wearied spirit under the frowns of an evil world, none can disturb the peace and tranquil state of the interior, or spiritual part of man, unless guilt has occupied the seat of innocence.

To Cain, whose mind was as Etna's incindred gulph, fill'd with dreadful furnaces of floating lava, every idea was of chaotic irregularity—frightful inundations and horrible cataracts flooded in upon his imagination;—and in a hoarse lamentable voice he cried—whither am I straying?—alas! to fly from the presence of a just offended God—and from woeful and afflicted parents, is but a light of that deceit which implanted the odious passion of envy in my breast, and has wrought all this never-dying sorrow within my soul!—burst your horrible ethereal exhalations, you rolling globes of fire, and let your instantaneous crush sink me into annihila-

tion;—for surely the Eternal has loaded me beyond the burden of a fallen creature! Am I the first who transgress'd thy laws? Surely I'm not. Yet behold those on whom thy sentence is pass'd—alive—calm, and under the influence of pleasure, until my curs'd fall brought untasted bitterness into their cup!—oh can the rebel legions who've forfeited the joys of eternal bliss, share a keener hell than that within my breast?—No—they cannot! I am curs'd of God—abhor'd by angels—and hated of men! my breast the seat of gnawing remorse and never-dying pangs of a miserably tormented conscience.—I'd fly, but what avails my flight? can I fly from a wounded spirit?—I'm confident I cannot. Oh wretched man that I am—who shall deliver me from this body of guilt? On so saying he threw himself into a close thicket of prickly brambles—the noise whereof gave occasion to Mahala to turn her eyes around, and missing her husband, scream'd aloud, and laying down her infant care—ran back several paces beyond the tuft wherein the wretched son of Misery was envelop'd. For some minutes the frantic wife of Cain sought her husband; and in a voice of lamentation exclaim'd—alas! my beloved partner, whither art thou fled—I pray thee consider thy afflicted wife who hath left a retreat of safety and certain refuge, to share thy hardships in exploring regions of unknown usage?—her wandering steps directed her to the spot where her mangled husband lay, who in sad sighs, and groans of anguish, gave her notice of his excruciating pain of body as well as of mind. With eager steps and trembling hands she drew forth the wretched man of sorrows. O my dearest spouse, she cried—how could'st thou thus torment thyself and me!—my love—my life—my distress is beyond all words! yet could'st thou love me—nay, if thou hat'st me not, I am content.—O Cain! my belov'd partner, why should'st thou thus provoke the wrath of heaven to crush us beneath its lofty arch? thou art well vers'd in the science of wisdom, should thy inclinations bend to her direction: ah my husband!

haste



haste from hence to yonder flow'ry turf whereon I sat my two younger female infants—the elder of our care are gone perhaps beyond the limits of our search—alas! my dear, my heart doth shrink beyond its usual motions of terrific dread—methinks I hear the voice of my youngest infant's cries within my ear. Oh! my husband, how palid are thy cheeks through the loss of blood!—thy footsteps seem filled with purple liquid: alas! I feel thy weight more ponderous than a lively pulsation requires—what means thy short sighs of catching the vital air? O just heavens!—my husband!—he dies! good God!—dead!—oh!—

The wretched first-born of men now lifeless fell upon the earth, nor could all the strength of Mahala break his fall.

The wife of Cain in sad dismay, now swoon'd away upon the body of her spouse;—nor did either awake until the messenger of the eternal power touched them with his celestial wand:—arise, said he—thou daughter of dust! I accost thee first; be it thy care to sooth the malign stubbornness of thy husband—be a guard to watch o'er his errors—be ready in reproof—but withal be temperate and mild—thy troubles are not a few—thy days will be many nevertheless—be satisfied—resignation to the will of heaven is of thee particularly required;—strange will be the occurrences of thy time—but a period remote will give thee consolation, and an ample reward for all thy pains.

To thee, O man of pollution, the dread sovereign of the universe reserves a portion which I am not commissioned at this period to reveal—but so far I will direct thee, that from thy partner shalt thou receive instructions for thy government. Thy days will not be numerous—nor thy time in an earthly pilgrimage abounding with peace, joy, or happiness: thou art a murderer upon the face of the earth, and as such an one shalt thou be punished. Thy cares shall be many; thy expectations shall be baulk'd; grief shall not depart from thy brow; and in sorrow shalt thou eat thy bread;  
and

and the most acute bitterness shall be mingled with thy drink;—guard off thine enemy; thy visions of sleep shall direct thee by wise interpretation and careful application. Thou art chased out from the society of men, and from the presence of the Almighty—yet know, O thou son of dust and ashes! that in the Omnipotent is thy strength, and in him alone thou liv'st, mov'st, and hath thy being.—Be exact in the ways of justice, for from the omnipresence of God nothing can be hid; nor can the most remote of thy cogitations be concealed from his omniscient view of thine heart. No more am I permitted to disclose, as to thy spiritual government; and only add, that this thy course of direction takes thee to the barren wastes of Nod, on the east of Eden, the paradise from which thy disobedient parents fell; but to thee, O man, it is not permitted to repine for their transgression, for had thou been placed in their stead, thy breach of the divine ordinance would not have been less. Arise—pursue thy journey; sorrows are upon thine eye-lids; the baleful exhalations of the atmosphere are no longer terrific—behold the day breaking forth from the eastern horizon—rise up and join thy wife—Mahala receives those consolations which the all merciful creator permits her to impart to thee, who to ages of unborn miriads shalt be a bye word of odium.

So spake the angel of God—and ere he expanded his azure wings, gave Mahala a tender look, in which he announc'd peace, consolation, amity, and affection:—a serene smile sat on his lips and cheeks, and the sweetness of his eyes spoke sympathizing complacency; and disappeared under a cloud of celestial radiency.

Cain was by the messenger of heaven melted into tears; his heart received impressions he had not known before; and in inarticulate sighs embraced the sorrowing partner of his woes. His unusual tenderness and melting softness charm'd the susceptible soul of the gentle Mahala, so that in raptures of pleasure she received his kind embrace. Renewals of love's endearments were exchanged,

exchanged, and for a time they forgot their cares and numerous troubles.

Now the rosy tints of Aurora were visible on the extensive lap of Nature, and the purple cloud-capt mountains appear'd in gorgeous apparel as heralds of the glorious ascending luminary of day, who was almost above the horizon, beyond the lofty towers of aspiring cedars which intersected the eastern view; but Sol's golden mantle had ting'd with radiant spangles of illumination the higher pines, ere Mahala disengaged the encircling of her snowy arms around her husband's neck—nor was Cain remiss in forming a periphery of his hands about the slender waist of his affectionate spouse, when recollection awak'd their slumbering faculties and gave care their charge, who anon roused the tender mother of the infant children who were without her maternal direction or assistance.—

My best belov'd, cry'd Mahala, 'tis time we should succour our dear offspring, who must be impatient of our stay and long delay; for ere I saw the celestial herald, mine eyes beheld our children on yon eastern mount, when after some hours reckoning I heard the younger's voice in plaintive tones, which bring to my memory various suggestions of their safety, as I can't perceive them now, although the face of day is clear and luminous.—Let us depart hence, my cheering conductor; thy footsteps shall be my guide to follow; and indeed my heart is under such a palpitation of disorder as to be ominous of ensuing grief: words are wanting to convey my ideas, for I feel more than I can express.

Well, if 'tis the will of the Most High, that our afflictions shall increase—let's not repine at his high command—for know, O Cain! that a sparrow of the cottage eave, cannot fulfil her anxious cares in supplying her callow brood, without the permission of the great Creator of the world.

This is a truth I firmly believe, for our dear lost brother, Abel, had the precept from a guardian angel of his soul's repose, who oft times revealed unto him the  
wonderful



wonderful works and careful ways of the God of Providence ; therefore the innocent are sure of protection from surrounding foes, unless the divine plan requires their dissolution.

Mahala ceased to speak, and on looking stedfast at her spouse, she saw his brow clouded with deadly sorrow, as inward workings of the mind—she therefore with anxious haste entwined her arms around his neck, and thus she spoke ;

Alas ! my husband, what means the lowering that so heavily clouds thy aspect—say, whence arises thy disorder—anguish is painted in thy looks—pray reveal unto thy languishing wife, the cause of thy bitterness of soul?—

The depressed man in sad discomfiture spurn'd away the tender partner of his bosom, and with frantic looks thus replied,——

Know'st thou not that I slew this soft favourite of God and man, merely because he insulted my low estate, and claim'd a prerogative to dictate precepts that were to form my manners into certain examples ? I say, thou know'st that for this cause I acted the murderous deed!—alas ! what do I say—the imp is gone—oh ! what a wretch am I!—can'st thou forgive my disordered sensation?—for he who formerly rais'd envy and ranc'rous spite within my breast, this instant whilper'd with a horrid grin, that thou would'st upbraid me with our brother's-death—he's just this moment left me—oh ! I blush to name the horrid imaginations with which the fiend that moment impregnated my unsettled brain—'twas no less a crime than to add thy precious blood to the already blushing earth, as if thereby I should gain a serenity of mind!—O Mahala ! pray to the great supreme to heal my putrid wounds, the stench whereof will I fear embrue my days with agonizing woes that will lead me down to the everlasting pains of the fallen enemies of the Most High, the majesty of heaven.—O my dearest ! what a deadly arrow assails my heart, the malignity whereof restrains my  
fluid

fluid liquids of circulation from their wonted course—assist my enfeebled strength—oh!—I sink into slumbering death!—

Mahala almost frantic with surprise, and nearly bereft of sensation, now rush'd forth to receive her fainting husband within her arms, and in sorrowful distillation of tears from her overflowing eyes and aching head, kiss'd the lips of the now apparent deceased partner of her love, whilst a torrent of the briny waters were sprinkled o'er his face; and in exertions of her whole strength endeavour'd to raise his head that now had slipt from off her lap on the green mantle of the flow'ry herbage of the extensive copse—when, as he thus gained the repose of the earth, an hidden thorn of a new dropt shoot of eltic wood entered the vein that surrounds the frontiers of the brow of human creatures, which caused a sudden flow of the precious liquid, and recall'd sensation—and again the pulse beat their secondary motions of revolving time, and instantly he raised his head,—when thus in awful plight the affrighted wife of Cain in terror cry'd aloud, O my husband! and with efforts thrice, but all abortive, endeavoured to staunch the flowing gore; she then rent slipt from off her garments to bandage round the wound; but ere she accomplished what she had so oft endeavoured to effect, her patient lost such a quantity of the animal system of life, the invigorating warmth of human beings, that he sensibly felt a weakening coolness in his frame, and with difficulty arose from the earth whereon he had lain; yet was so far recovered from the acuteness of pain that assailed his heart and lungs, that the loss he had recently sustained he saw was salutary to restore the serenity of peaceful health.

Ah! my belov'd, said Mahala, is the calmness of reason restored to thy soul? If so—then am I happy to congratulate you from thy narrow escape of sin and death; for upon thy fall to the earth, the wicked spirit which had assaulted thine ear, was in a whirlwind chac'd behind our backs through the thickest

part of the wood by an angel in shining armour. O Cain, what a dreadful sight! I saw the fiend rush by in the mighty whirling of a disordered cloud of smoke; dread, horror, and agonizing pain were painted on his brow: whilst the celestial agent hastened in a radiant cloud, with a burnished sabre, to confine the hideous spirit with a mighty chain.

O thou hallow'd fair, thine eyes are open to the secrets of the great Creator of the world!—O my dearest!—continued Cain—pardon my afflicted state—and ask it of the Most High—as I dare not look up to the throne of his righteousness—for when I attempt to open my lips in pious ejaculations, I find them clos'd against a relaxation of the guilty paths I tread, and in no wise can I find an hour of solemn or determinate resolves, so numerous are the hovering spirits of Apollyon's train. Say, my gracious and affectionate spouse, art thou satisfied, that from my distempered brain arose those evil words that recently were used?—

My belov'd husband, says the affable spouse of the miserable fratricide, let the memory, with words, for ever be forgotten. Thou art well regarded, O my dearest spouse! but must for the present avoid longer conference on those points that are held out; for thou know'st that our dear children are to be sought after, and our journey pursued ere we can descant on topics of repose—yet be assured that in all my devotional invocations of the supreme power, my prayer to him, who can only heal thy malady, shall be with humility of spirit earnestly required, when in his own due season, thy wretched state may find another course, whereby a permanency of harmonious numbers will glow upon the serenity of thy cogitating mind;—let's hence: our command from the Almighty's messenger forbids our sojourning more time than now we have taken, ere we arrive on the eastern plains of Nod; that will only be some few days in sultry fatigue, before we can gain the resting arbour of those uncultivated groves.

Thy



Thy words I duly shall regard, said Cain—I'm ready to attend thy search—yet my prophetic soul—(if any such I do possess) says our labour will be in vain.—

How so? says Mahala with eagerness;—explain thy words!—

To search without finding our offspring—replied Cain.—

Mahala, without enquiring further, follow'd her husband.—

Soon they arrived on the summit of the hill—in vain they sought their tender care within the valley of the circumjacent mount.—Thus they spent the day in fruitless toil, and with redoubled anxiety saw the sable curtains of night drawn along the eastern skies ere they desisted, so great were their suffering feelings for their infant young—for, now the dusky west put on the thick mantle of darkness, and shrouded all the hemisphere with a pitchy fleece.—'Twas at this advanc'd hour, the wretched first-born of men and women, sat them down beneath the o'erspreading of a lusty palm.—They now were only seated, when the pouring torrents of cristalliz'd waters descended in copious quantities of rain.—Anon the horizon receiv'd a quick illumination from the vivid flash of ethereal fire.—The surrounding wood that was fully stock'd with sturdy plants, in awful silence receiv'd the liquid draughts, not even resounding the voice of thanks upon its leafy tongues.—Dismal howlings presently were heard—the wild inhabitants of the desert rang'd unto their retir'd grassy bed, and in ravenous sort assail'd the unguarded pair, who held no weapon of defence; the lion foremost, with many voracious animals in the rear, thus they them attack'd. Whilst the petrify'd pair lay half dead with fear, a sudden flash of a dreadful sulphurous cloud of combustible fire struck the beasts of prey with such extraordinary fear, that with surprising speed they hasted from their sight and vanish'd into the woods.

The rising day gave direction to the sojourners to pursue their route; and so in continuation spent seven more before they entered the confines of Nod.

At length weary'd with fatigue, and worn out with grief, the unhappy pair arrived on the plains of the eastern land, when they sat them down, and in a few paces distant descried the mark given of the promis'd land by the archangel Uriel.—Spent with heavy toils, their wretched limbs in pain, they presently clos'd their eyes in sleep of soundness.

## BOOK II.

**A** LAS! what avails a foreign clime to the gnawings of a self condemned wretch, whose conscience bears the sting of the never-dying worm.

In vain doth the polluted wretch, whose hands hath been embued in innocent blood, endeavour to flee from the bickerings of guilt, remorse, and inward horror!—the murderer's sleep is sickled o'er with frightful spectres of dreadful aspects that prey upon his senses, making even his wakeful postures subject to startings of fear and pusillanimity!—hence the wildness of chimerical illusions drawn from sources of atrocity.—Fade ye evergreens—ye tow'ring cedars—ye blushing blossoms of scaly palm—be dry ye winding rills, who sang the ditty of the dying sacrifice to sin—O ye birds and beasts who saw the sight, be for ever mute—thou earth who op'd thy mouth to receive a brother's blood, be for ever barren—hah! who comes here? So spoke the awaken'd fugitive from his terrific dream—when the fair partner of his woes, in pleasing slumbers was traversing imaginary regions of unparallel'd bliss—her sportive fancy, in pleasurable sort, held the illusive dream as exquisite delight, and in transports of joy op'd her eyes; but to paint the contrast between ideal, and  
reality

reality of scenes, requires the most attentive skill; for as the wanton fawn who sports in the adjacent thicket to her painful dam, meets with fearful surprize in a sudden skip within the wolf's retreat, so was Mahala's visionary joys, instantly chang'd into embitter'd pangs of meagre distress, and agonising doubts; with an eagerness of a fond wife, under the corrosive influence of rigid calamity, she raised her head, and on enquiring, her spouse gave a detail of his visionary disquiet of mind, in the following words;—

Be not distemper'd, my dearest beloved, and much esteem'd wife—my dreams were beyond the extremes in nature, and presented scenes of the horrid kingdom of the infernal chief;—methought I was freed from the gross and cumb'rous body of clay which now cloaths my spirit—and for my horrid and detested crimes of murder and malignity of heart in my impenitent course of life, deliver'd over to the torments of the enemies of God, in which I was to partake a large proportion; for such was the eternal doom pronounc'd by the angel of death, when he delivered me to the implacable tormentors! O my dearest, how I rejoice to find it was but a dream!—to paint but a faint idea of the remembrance, that still remains upon the foliage of my imagination, would affright thy virtuous and unpolluted soul;—In fine, I saw the regions of eternal night, without any intermission, to consist of blackness, of burning and consuming clouds, that were closely enfolded in pitchy winding of living fire, yet so strange in its nature, as to emit no luminous spark; but in extreme heat surpass'd the pow'r of our fiery globe, which warms this earth from an unmeasurable distance—yes, my belov'd! the fire was that of penetrating keenness, which from a liquid lava that flows along those dreadful confines, that every pore of my spiritual form received exquisite torments, which was attended by the insults, scoffs, mocks, and torturing cruelties of infernal spirits; amongst the croud there was none more active than Anamalech, that vile fiend who raised within my breast



breast a desire of revenge against my dear and much lamented brother. This dæmon exulted in his conquest over the life of man—when the mighty host of deformed spirits of this place of misery and black despair, shouted with dreadful yellings their approvings of his deed—then I perceiv'd by the deadly blue flames which emitted from their mouths, that the surface of this extensive domain of Satan, had various caverns of liquid fire, which served as springs to supply the lake of sulphurous fire, whose stench was intolerable, and painful in the extreme to my senses—when also I beheld the wretched sons of iniquity, shackled with ponderous chains of living fire in various forms of loathsome animals—nor were any without the insignia of a monstrous serpent of poisoning breathings, as emblematical of Satan's artifice to deceive the first created of human species—anon the whole assembly in agonizing remembrance of their celestial joys, curs'd each other—and then their own existence, and fearfully tore from off their hideous heads the bristly hair of living snakes in frantic despair, and acknowledg'd the supreme power to be only just and great in thus punishing their guilt, and continuing their eternal deaths!—then again they severally relapsed into their rebellious apostacy; nor were any of them able to find a moment to repent, for the time of it was wrested for ever from them: and in hideous forms and in wild disorder they attack'd each other in furious fight with infernal weapons of frightful shapes;—again, when torn and mangled by each other, they wept in strains of unutterable woe—the terror, grief, shame, torment, and conscious reflection of the inhabitants of those regions of eternal death, fail all description!—Nor is there a minute to alleviate their woes—for a routine of evils continually succeed each other; and to make their misery complete, the Paradise of God is clear to view, wherein eternal joys are dealt out in abundance to the bless'd inhabitants of that abode.—O Mahala! from the place of torment, even the gulph of eternal misery, the abyss of the damn'd,

damn'd, I beheld my angelic brother Abel; I saw him on the verge of a coral rock that jetted out from between the confines of celestial reservoirs of pure water, and ambrosial walks of shaded sweets which sent forth fragrant effluvias, as the beautiful and godlike inhabitants, in words of musical accents chaunted forth in the praise of him who by his word created the numerous worlds: my feelings were then without bounds in excessive motion—I felt, I saw, I heard, and in my wild transports of sorrow, sunk beneath my burden of eternal wrath, when I was roused into sensible feelings of pain, to add to my torments of mind; so that my misery wanted nothing in the measure of its completion!—But mark my converse with that ever bless'd spirit, my dearest and once affectionate brother,—as he sat on the confines of Paradise—be wise unto salvation, and make proper use of this vision. On so saying he waved his hand, in which I could perceive he held a sceptre entwined with myrtle and olive sprigs; and then with a sweetness of countenance peculiar to the celestial spirits, he bow'd in graceful attitude as though he'd still render me reverence and love!—on losing sight of this beautiful scene of heavenly joys, I suddenly awoke in the utmost degree of fear and terrific hauntings, and now have made known to you the sum of my visionary travail, wherein I've suffer'd so much in spirit, that I'm exhausted almost, and seem to bear in mind as though I actually underwent the singular occurrences of this awful visitation of spirit.

Here Cain ceased to speak, and Mahala, with a benignity of aspect that resembled the purity of celestial adoration, with a collected state of spirits, thus she spoke:—

Thy name, O Great Creator of all things, be forever blessed!—to thee alone, O wise and gracious God of Mercy! is our thanks to be render'd—to thee are our praises and oblations to be offer'd, for thy grace and mercy in sparing us, thy sinful creatures.—O thou just and perfect being of infinite goodness! be pleased  
to

to accept of our unfeigned and humble thanks for all the favours thou in thy bounteous care art pleased to render unto such undeserving creatures.—May thy mysteries be rightly understood and faithfully interpreted by us in the sights of supernatural worlds, wherein we have beheld wonderful appearances.—It is our duty to offer thee the tribute of thanks and praise for our preservation from so many recent dangers, and crouding evils—yes, O Mighty Mover of the Heavens! 'tis thine to accept, and has promis'd to our parents to receive, the humble addresses of their offspring; which name we in reverential awe beg leave to adopt; nor cast us off, O our Maker! in this desolate and uncultivated land—but grant unto us a remission of our sins, and by thy providence protect us from future causes of baleful guilt, so that at the hour of dissolution the angel of our ministry may present us spotless before the footsteps of thy throne.—Merciful father of all, we repose our cares within thy ordering decrees of human affairs, and only hope that by an humiliating resignation to thy will, to find the solacing rest that peace in faith can fully supply.—Be gracious and merciful, O God, to this sinful mortal who has fallen within thy just displeasure—even my husband, who received me at thy command. Grant, O righteous father of beneficence! that by a perpetual sense of his crime, and a sincerity of heart to bewail his deeds, which are clouded with the transgression of thy high commandment, he may be enabled to wash away the stains of guilt which pollute his soul,—that we may in thy kingdom join our dear and much belov'd brother Abel, there to rest the unlimited ages of eternity's boundless expanse! if thy creatures have found favour in thy sight, by our visions of sleep, fulfil O Almighty! a further assurance by future revelations—this may'st thou grant, O Lord God! if it be thy divine pleasure, and in thy own name, and for thy sake alone we humbly request it—for which, and all mercies vouchsafed unto us, may our hearts for ever continue to be humbly thankful for thy name's sake, to whom



be thanks, praise, and glory, now and for evermore. Amen.

Mahala here ended her invocation of the Deity, and arose from her knees.

Cain in a transport of delight, with which his gloomy aspect was illumin'd (for the first time in his life) with a sincerity of heart, fell prostrate on the earth, and in a loud voice spoke as follows:—

O thou who rulest the unlimited expanse, and givest life and being to the unnumbered creatures of thy hand, and in thy view can'st behold the span of time and the infinity of eternity, be merciful unto thy fallen creature—and compassionate his deep distress. O Almighty power! I am now convinced that under thy displeasure can'st none of thy immortal creatures enjoy a state of happiness, for such may I esteem the human race, as after this mortal tabernacle is put off, we shall live for ever in the state our deserts merit, as a reward of works done in our pilgrimage on earth. To thee, O father of our souls, shall we only cry, for 'tis thine to save and help—'tis thee alone can pardon and deliver—and of thee, O gracious God, I crave pardon and forgiveness—nor let me in the multitude of words ask amiss—but mercifully incline thine ears to the supplication of my soul, and refresh it with thy grace, and give it rest in a surety of hope, that my sins are pardoned, and my peace with thee is fully established; and further, replenish my soul with thy holy council, that I may not depart from thy statutes, nor inculcate vice through the crafts or deceits of evil that reigns in my flesh, or that the malignant spirits, who are the minions of the grand enemy of our nature, who so craftily deceived our parents in thy transcendant garden of delightful Paradise may suggest—but grant these my petitions, O righteous God, for thy name's sake. Amen!

Cain having closed his prayer to God, Mahala tenderly embraced him—and said,—now of a truth I know the divine influence hath been shed on thee, for

in my visions of sleep, the bright agent of the Most High reveal'd the secret of thy returning strength in the Deity;—nevertheless, be humble, patient, and fully resigned, under all the dispensations of thy Maker, for from those must the experience of thy faith under trial result, and by which shalt thou secure unto thyself that celestial joy which the presence of the dread Sovereign of the Universe can only give, when thou shalt with myriads of holy angels, adore in extatic transport, and with astonish'd fervor, in the realms of eternal light, where joys can have an end, even the city of the great and eternal Author of all that lives, moves, or has a being!—For thou know'st 'tis from his word alone this great world, and all the surrounding orbs had their source; for, at his command, chaotic matter divided itself into light and darkness;—cold and heat, yet wanted a further command to divide those parts again, wherefore, those subdivisions were at his command thus ordered, which they respectively obeyed—for, as yet, was nothing on the first day of creation, but light and heat above, and cold and darkness below.

The second day, or measure of God's commandments, commenced with the form of the firmament, and the reservoirs for the waters.

The third day, or measure of God's work, was the earth and seas formed, as also the rivers and lakes, and likewise the herbs and fruits of earth.

The fourth day, or space of God's work, were the sun and moon created, and not before; for the three preceding measures, which are accounted as days, were but periods for measuring of time by God's commandment; for, as yet were not the luminaries created; on the fourth day was the matter collected for their creation, when they were severally commanded to revolve in their orbits, and to render service unto man, whereby we are instructed into knowledge, that as God had not yet made the creatures that were put into subjection to man, nor neither had formed the mould of our father, in whom was formed matter for our mother Eve.

—We

—We were viewed in our generations as a multitude, and as creatures who should be frail in our nature; hence our fall was inevitably preordained, or otherwise a life of immortality in the flesh would have required no such gross nutriment as that which now sustains our nature, nor would our composition have been of perishable clay.

The fifth day was employed by our God in supplying the sea with fishes, and the air with fowls.

The sixth day were all other creatures that have life, at God's word created, in the early part of the morning.

But at noon, as the glorious luminary, the lamp of Heaven had ascended his highest point of the arch of his diurnal motion through the heavens, just at his greatest altitude, he was commanded to rest there, until the Lord God of Heaven had gathered an handful of the dry dust from under a sycamore-tree, and breathing upon it, and with his hands directed the form, the same was that production of whom we are descended, even Adam;—for, as soon as he received a being, the Lord saw the perfection of his work, and laid the new creature to sleep in the shade, and extracted the rib, out of which was our mother created!—wherefore do we lack understanding?—What need we further instruction than to search into the treasures of our God? for unto them that seek, shall wisdom be given, and by them that search, shall understanding be found.—

The creatures of the earth, like unto us, possess the five senses of God's mighty power, inasmuch as they can taste, smell, hear, see, and are capable of the sensation of touching,—therefore, those were not our greatest perfections in this organized body of flesh, for as the angel in the vision of my dream, with empyreal extacy, gave the glory to the Most High, that we were created with two other senses as superior to all the rest, namely, understanding and speech; the first to direct our faculties and passions in the perception of ideas, or



actively by judging of the propriety, which we denominate by the powers of willing or abstaining to be reason, for herein do we surpass the brutal creation, who have no guide but nature, or animal propensities.

Again, the other sense of conveying our ideas by words, which our maker has defined speech, is, in itself, a blessing of communication that the inferior world can in no wise partake of, and is, of all others, the greatest surety of an immortality of the spirit which the Lord breathed into us at our first formation, and is to follow in all our posterity:—But, my beloved, to end the particulars of this relation which was revealed to me in last night's sleep, the angel hath assured me that this is the seventh day wherein the Lord rested from his work of creation, and will reveal his dread commands in ages to come, that it is to be kept holy during all the then succeeding ages until the end of time, when we shall put on the eternal rest and peace of our God in the world of beatific visions, where unmeasured ages shall pass away unnumbered in sabbaths of praise, thanks, and worship of him who is the only source of glory, power, dominion, love, joy, and happiness.

Here Mahala, with a pious ejaculation, ended her discourse; when the penitent son of Sin and Sorrow, thus exclaimed:

O thou blest'd of God, be ever happy, be ever wise—for thine is the revelations of the highest to know; let us, therefore, according to thy word, make the sabbath to commence—yes—let us set this day apart for ever—let us teach our progeny its sanctification:—but as the shower is now beginning to fall, this open spot affords not shelter; I can perceive yonder spreading palm to be a place of refuge from the storm's rage.

Cain and Mahala being retired to the shelter of the palm-tree, there communed with each other spiritual matters, and spent the day in prayers to Almighty God, so far was compunction seated in the breast of the  
mourning

mourning fratricide; to bring about which, the affability and persuasive doctrine of truth and pure maxims of sincerity of heart, the wife of his bosom, did not a little contribute. So far 'tis plain that any person endowed with purity of understanding in the knowledge of celestial things, may, with certainty, convert an erring partner, whether husband or wife. For, as the hard and impenetrable marble is worn by the gentle dropping of a soft light liquid, so is the ferocity of human creatures tamed by gentle and soothing advice and admonition; or, as the lion in the forest who can force down the lofty pine, and take his prey within the sight of an associated army of enemies, without fear, and regardless of all obstructions, yet, by the subtilty of the herdsman's net, is conquered by weak cords that have nothing to recommend their suretyship but a variety of knotting: for the number, when altogether exerting their strength, do with ease secure the noble animal, and subject him to fear and death; so that the shepherd is with ease master of the forest king, who lately made the numerous wild inhabitants quake at his roar, is now no more a terror, but dies ignominiously without attacking even the simple sheep-dog who attends his master to worry the fatigued and panting animal. Just so was the hard and rugged brows of Cain overcome by the soft and gentle rebukes, admonitions, councils, and tenderness of his wife—for indeed his fierceness was overpowered by the sacred tenets infused into his troubled conceptive faculties by his innocent partner; who, notwithstanding her little knowledge of the pangs of guilt, yet had words of spiritual truths so as entangle him in a net of knowledge of that which was certain death to his carnal inclinations; for if he had not died in the flesh, he could not be quickened in the spirit—a maxim that can never be out of rule with all the tribe of innumerable transgressors, notwithstanding the vague pretence of specious sophistry.

In many instances was Cain convinced, and gave eager hearing to Mahala; but yet he could in no wise

efface the terrific mark of God imprinted on his forehead—in vain he endeavoured to wash away the frightfulness of his physiognomy, but as oft found it was impracticable—for the stains of heinous crimes can in no wise be made clean, unless purged by long and continued habits of repenting sorrow and contrition of heart; therefore the casual repentant cannot remove so easily, as he would fondly indulge his imaginations, until the Deity views the heart as cleansed from pollution; for a man's pretensions to be virtuous, good, or penitent, have no efficacy to importune his conscience to be silent in her severe lectures of reprehension. So it was yet with Cain; he knew not the proof of his stability, for light and darkness alternately had guidance of his paths: nor could he ascertain his resolves for a single day, so new was the profession he had learned, and so precarious are the various paths that lead out of the road of spiritual life, to that of endless destruction; for the enemy of our nature is more assiduous to gain over the reclaimed sinner, than he is to seduce innocence; so great is his desire to plunge human beings into the curse of his everlasting doom of terror, horror, and torment, beside the unrepentant state of being an enemy to God!—How fearful is such a case, and how much to be dreaded is such a situation!

The land unto which Cain had arrived was pleasing to the sight, and had plenty of fruits and streams to water it; nor were materials wanting to build a hut; nor neither did the lonely pair decline industry—for a few days after their arrival, upon the gently rising plain which lay between two lofty mountains on the north and south, and a meandering brook of crystal waters that enclosed the eastern borders, and then with a solemn voice of echoing murmurs ran down precipitately several steep and craggy rocks that were of pebbly greet, and therefore full of hollow sockets, wherein the flooded pearls of dashing waves threw out, with impetuous force, their copious stores, which, mixing with the tumbling sheets, made the cascade shower  
of



of pearly dews, adding beauty and grandeur to the works of nature, and, of course, sublimely great. The other point unto the west had woods of awful and stupendous height, whose copse and spruce were impenetrable; for unto Pison, the great river of Eden, was this mighty forest planted by the hand of God.

'Twas here Cain, and his helpmate, raised their hut, and first laid open the soil to receive the seeds of the earth; and in less than a year saw themselves possessed of another son, which Cain gave the name of Enoch, and in his name he called the new residence he had now possessed; and without further occurrence saw a second year completed.

### BOOK III.

**H**APPY are those who early seek the altar of devotion, whereby they ensure unto themselves the favour and guidance of the Most High; for unto those that are thus endow'd with true wisdom, will the great and glorious works of the omnipotent power be revealed; and he shall thereby flourish in the land as a willow tree adjacent to the stream: his words shall clothe him with true regard from angels and men, and in the end of his days shall he rejoice in the arm of the Almighty, for in him is his strength and his refuge; nor shall he be forsaken in the hour of dissolution, for his hope is on high, and lives beyond the dark mansions of the grave; and in faith of such assurance and true belief, he lays him down in peace, and smiles at the slumber of death; for he hath lived in charity, and dies in such love, so that he cannot feel the sting of death; nor is the grave a victor over him, for he soweth in corruption with a certainty to reap incorruptible fruit in that day when the world shall be judged in righteousness;

righteousness; for he is sure his reward will not be withheld, and in him whom he trusts cannot be shaken; for his kingdom is without measure in its duration, as is his mercy in plenitude to those who earnestly seek it, and is found of all those that search for it.

As the hart is refreshed by the cooling reservoir in the shaded banks of the slow-moving level of a deep cut rill, whose source is little more than continued drops, yet by passage through the plain, fills the hollows up to its level; when she retires from the sun-burnt cliff to evade the darting rays of mid-day sun, or the hard breathing toil of fleeing from the relentless hunter's eager chace, when the flood alone can save her from instantaneous death, and gives the wearied animal new vigour to elude the dangers that portend, so were the joys of Cain and his spouse, when from the hand of Heaven a female was added to their family. Herein, said Cain, shall my name be perpetuated; for until this time did I doubt the goodness of Heaven, and held suspicions that my name would be blotted out from amongst those who should replenish and multiply the sons of men.

Mahala was far exceeding her husband in devout praises unto the Lord, and in her enraptured extacy fainted away into an heavy swoon.

The unexpected sight allay'd the exulting joys of Cain, and instantly he sunk into extreme sadness:—Alas! he cried, am I such an unfortunate wretch as to be the sport of time, and the partaker of the bitterness of many deaths!—O whence had I this torment! I have been from my early days, until now, a mourner, and a man of sorrows. In vain do I seek repose, for sin and death are constantly at my door; my deserts are such I shall not be freed from continual tribulations, for in error is my understanding bewildered, and from evil I cannot separate the imaginations of my heart. O wretched man, thy blessing seems to forerun thy curse!—Hah! is she still alive?—Heavens!—Hoa! my dear Mahala!

He

He then embraced her in his arms, and administered a spicy fruit, whose aromatic effluvia soon restor'd the signs to animated strength, and gave Cain a second joy.

Ah! my dear, said Mahala, wherefore dost thou re-pine?—Although deprived of strength in offices of external sensation, yet I distinctly heard your words, which were not befitting thy situation, nor as a finite being of transitory existence in this life; for thou know'st well that the decrees of Heaven are just and faithful, and therefore upon what pretext are thy complaints?

Thy sorrows for my seeming dissolution were unbecoming, for thou didst not seek a remedy, or try an experiment to save a fleeting breath, but yielded thy dislike to the will of the Most High.

Cain, unable to answer to her charge, in sad silence groan'd without a reply. Again she resumed her admonition; when he in sullen silence withdrew, leaving his son and new-born daughter to Mahala's feeble care.

No sooner was Cain from the presence of his wife, whom he conceived to be in error, than he strayed into the unknown paths of the extensive forest, which bounded his meadow'd plain—and in a deep vaulted furrow took his way onward, not knowing whither, nor considering to what an end, or upon what pretence, he strayed through the dismal haunt.

Life in the highest arch-angel, and in the lowest reptile, is one and the same in its original essence and source, which is God; and it is the difference in the subject, or recipient, that alone varies the form of it. Man has a threefold capacity, or recipiency, one above another, which no other creature has, and therefore is receptive of the spiritual and rational, as well as of the animal life. The exercise and improvement of the faculties open the two former; but where they continue shut, he is no better than a sensual animal (as is to be seen in too many; not only among savages but nominal Christians) though the root of his nature being in the



eternal world, thence he must be of immortal continuance in existence, whether of good or evil society.

They who attain no higher than the rational life in this world, may be great scholars, and able to speculate highly, to reason deeply, and talk profoundly on dark or abstruse subjects; but if they advance not to some sense of spiritual things, or to a conscientious discharge of religious duties according to the light he receives from above, they can't reach to the spiritual life here, and it is to be feared will remain so through the unmeasurable space of all eternity; for no new principle remains to be opened to the soul in the other life: for according to the word of truth, as a man falls, (i. e. as he dies) so is he to remain during the boundless existence of eternal life—therefore here only is that great work to be performed; for according to our actions does it appear to our own view, (our consciences) whether we are in the direct road to Heaven or Hell.

Agreeable to this thesis, and like to a man in a state of intoxication, who, during his inebriety, considers not whither he is bound, nor does he fear the gulph or cataract to which he is warily advancing, until some considerable slip, or accidental fall, restores to him his absorbed senses, which were until then incapable of direction, he rouses from his lethargic state of sensation, and looking around with surprize, beholds his danger, so were the faculties of Cain benumbed with gross ideas of supposed wrongs proceeding from his loving spouse, who loved him as her better half, yet he, by erroneous measure, saw her in another light, therefore judged her severe and harsh. Anon the rising boughs of tufted bay-trees, with a loud rustling of the leaves, disclosed the combat of a terrific view. A tigress robbed of her young by the lion's voracious appetite, had, in the fact, convinced herself the potent chief of the quadruped race was guilty of the murd'rous deed, and in a furious rage of wrath and unrelenting flexibility, attacked the barbarous despoiler of her tender care.—The lion thus assail'd, in a plight not prepared for a contending

contending match of powerful exertion in brutal strength, was, by the vigour of the tigress, sadly hurt ere he was in a condition of preparation ready to return the salute. Added to this misfortune of being surprized by the painful dam of the wild brood of cubs, the mate of the sorrowful female came to her assistance, and, without enquiring the cause, (as evidently he could not) nor yet looking to any matter that might lead him to a discovery, instinctively assisted his mate, who, both together, ply'd the royal brute with a sufficient match to his great skill in fight and mighty strength.

'Twas here Cain was convinc'd he was in the mouth of danger—he fled aside, but scarce knew which way to run, for the forest echoed with the mighty roar—the fight was desperate as doubtful; but at length the straying mortal lay the lion victorious, at the same time saw the poor animals expiring in defending their lawful right!—Is this justice? says the son of Adam: if it is, then what are wrongs?—But scarce had he spoke these words, when the lion, through loss of blood, and dreadful rents, and wounded flesh, fell down lifeless near the spot.

Ah! said Cain, I see my error—I draw conclusions precipitately—my temper is hasty—I must curb that dangerous fire that too oft has kindled my soul into a flame—I see a lesson in the dark recesses of the crowded forest—this brute, who was the conqueror and the aggressor, was not long triumphant; he perished in his guilt!

My parents were kind and tender to me when I had robb'd them of a goodly son; yet I felt no inclination to confess my guilt, otherwise than by aggravating vaunts of wickedness in the hour of my frantic sadness;—No, I did not lessen the horror of the deed by applying balsam to the wound I gave their hearts, but relentlessly quitted the plains of Salem, wherein they now inhabit, and fled thither from God's presence and their rebuke:—Alas! how vain are my attempts; for

as the lion, who with superior force overcame the injured animals in this forest, and then fell a victim to his untimely passion of preying on the innocent young, so shall my guilt be pursued by punishments that shall fall heavy on my head at an unexpected and unguarded hour.

I am now convinc'd of my hasty resolves to be erroneous and partial; I shall return and ask forgiveness of my excellent wife, who only is kind to me in admonishing me to flee from sin; therefore I shall henceforward endeavour to deserve her kindness.

Cain sought the path under the vaulted shrubs, and contracting brambles, without effect, and with laboured difficulty got to the verge of the forest ere it was dark, and at length arrived at his dwelling, quite wearied and spent with fatigue.

Mahala, on account of her recent travail, was very weak; and agitated by the abrupt manner of her husband's departure, was very much indisposed; and feverish symptoms were evident in the glowing blush of heat on either cheek; the swelling eye-lids and dimness of sight, heated fluids, quick pulsation, and a difficulty in respiration, were omens too obvious to be overlooked.

Cain saw his affectionate companion in this plight, but, thro' his indiscreet route, was so fatigued that he was incapable to give her any assistance.

Here let us leave the strangers in Nod, and look towards Salem, to behold the condition of our first parents, and their offspring there.

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ADAM and Eve no sooner lost their son and daughter, than they sought around in the adjacent woods whither they supposed most probably would be the retreat of their sorrowing son, who so wickedly had slain their beloved Abel.

Thirza, the disconsolate widow of the first of men  
that



that death assumed dominion over, was restless the whole night; and hearing the sighs and lamentations of her sister Mahala, her curiosity had such influence over her watch, that she was guided solely to know the issue of the lonesome haunt she saw her kindred hastening to get unto, as the thickest part of the dismal shade was their direction.

By Cain's voice and gloomy observation, she heard and understood distinctly that towards the east of the flow'ry plain was the route destin'd to the unhappy family.

Further, the oriental radiant star of night was the guidance of Mahala and her spouse, as onward they hastily directed their footsteps over the eastern lawn which led into the russet covering of the forest wilds. This intelligence gained, she quickly returned unto the cottage of Adam and Eve, whom she found in postures of devotion; and with fervency of zeal imploring the mercy of Divine Justice to spare, pardon, regenerate, and make unto them and himself a happy man, their unfortunate and first born wicked son, even Cain, the murd'rer of his brother.

Many were the pious entreaties of Adam unto the Most High, to look with compassion on him, the work of his hands; therefore, not to cast off for ever the erring of a weak unguided mortal, whose certainty in this world was only death; that the concomitants of man's life were, by his transgression, a body of evils, whose only productions were various sins—therefore, as mercy was given unto him, to let the same grace shine upon his fallen son, who, under a conviction of his guilt, an humble and contrite heart might restore him, by mercy, unto the practice of purity of living, under a convinced state of his malediction and unheard-of malefaction.

Eve, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, invoked the awful Majesty of Heaven to look unto her the miraculous work of the Great Supreme, that as she had fall'n into sin through the subtilty of Satan  
under

under his artful disguise, whereby evil became hereditary, and her offspring were thereby constantly under its influence, she besought the Dread Sovereign of the universe to grant that mercy unto her first born son, as he was in his almighty goodness pleased, and did vouchsafe to grant unto her when she had so wickedly broke the commandment which she received at the mouth of the Most High and Omnipotent God,—that the sin and folly of her rash and unthinking son was but an offence against their precepts only, for from the high arch of Heaven the murd'rer had received no command; therefore humbly intreated the Almighty to pardon that sin which the enemy to his nature, and the corrupt state of his flesh, had seduced him to commit.

Eve now was silent; and Thirza advanced with fresh excitements to grief and sadness painted on her aspect, when Adam and Eve with soothing tenderness endeavour'd to add comfort with their words unto the mourning widow of the fallen saint; but with some expostulation she gain'd permission to ease her breast by shedding a torrent of pearly drops, which ran from her lovely eyes as diamonds sparkle before the radiant sun; for each successive tear, with all its saline clearness, stole from the beauteous orb, which was its productive fount, as a gem of the most curious workmanship, and quickly encreas'd their distilling pow'rs so as to cause the dropping flow to be a spontaneous flood of pearly liquid, which overflow'd the most charming visage nature ever beheld.

As soon as she had recover'd the use of the organs of speech, the innocent fair gave a relation of all she knew, and what were her conjectures relative to the flight of Cain.

Her parents address'd her as to the particulars of what she had recounted, and were of one opinion with her, nor were the surmises of any of them different.

Meanwhile it was deliberated upon by Adam, Eve, and Thirza, whether he should not follow their track, lest they should fall into some unforeseen danger in the

unfrequented wood, and there be lost through want of means of food, or assistance to guide them out again.

The council closed.—Eve and Thirza were to await the return of Adam to be acquainted with the particulars he should of consequence be acquainted with, if he was so fortunate as to overtake them, his children, who were hurrying from his rebuke, and also from the presence of the Almighty.

Adam with hasty steps forsook the plain; and on the entrance of the wood was directed by the nocturnal star, which was partly towards the East, and with eagerness of foot soon travelled many miles.

About the morning watch Adam reach'd the flow'ry bank whereon the children of Cain were seated, and directing his speech unto Josia, who, with Eliel, were impatient of delay, enquired where their parents were? When, ere Eliel or his brother could reply, an angel in azure robes, ting'd with celestial purple, announced unto Adam, that he (Adam) should conduct the children safely unto Salem, and no more enquire concerning Cain or Mahala; for at a time remote from that he should see the state of his children, who were then directing their course towards the land allotted them by the Most High.

Presently after the angel disappeared in a refulgent cloud of radiance.

Adam, without more words, or any further expostulations, left the lonely spot, and, with a young infant on either arm, and one on either side, return'd to the beautiful plains of Salem, where he was received by Eve and Thirza with impatient joy for his safe return; and on his recital of the vision of the sacred spirit, they all with humility of heart and sincere tongues prais'd the Lord.

No sooner were the children returned safe, than Thirza claimed the protection of the infant charge of Cain and Mahala, which her parents readily granted her.

Shortly after was born unto Adam another son, whose birth



birth was given instead of Abel. His name was, by Adam's vision, to be called Seth, or a renewal; meaning that he was given instead of the deceas'd. This was a child of promise; for from his lineage sprung the lion of the tribe of Juda, in the fulness of time, as was appointed by the Most High; nor was there a greater type to shew the redemption of fallen man, than God's goodness in raising up the seed of Adam to produce that race of whom Shiloh was to proceed; for in Abel was the blessing, and in Cain the curse; yet unto Abel was the curse here, by sin, but a blessing early through righteousness in the world of spirits, made perfect through mercy and grace—and unto Cain the blessing here and the curse hereafter revok'd; inasmuch as by grace he found a day of acceptance to atone for his sins, and an assurance of salvation through faith, whereby he received a lively hope to inherit the promises.

With attentive care Thirza brought up the children of her sister; nor were Eve and her tender husband wanting in their parental kindness to provide for the rising family.

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Now we shall return to Nod, or the land of disguise, wherein we left the wife of Cain in her weak and helpless state of illness; but through the blessing of that night's refreshing draughts of cooling liquor, which was the produce of some fruits brought home by Cain from the forest wherein he had been, Mahala instantly recovered, and next day was freed from the sorrowing of a sickly bed.

In days and weeks of care, and months and years of trouble, Cain and Mahala saw their progeny increase to seven daughters, for from this time had Mahala twins. Yet unto Cain was born no other son than Enoch; for from him was to spring a multitude which should replenish the world exceedingly: yet, in the fullness of  
time

time their evil caused an inundation of the deep, and the reservoirs of Heaven, to give the whole of their collected waters at once, and by their iniquity in doing that which pleased their sight, and restraining themselves from nothing that was sensual or unclean, they became as mighty giants in the earth, and in process of time drew down the vengeance of the Most High to destroy the world for their lakes; inasmuch as they had, by their crying sins, tainted the whole race of mankind, and none was found faithful but one man, even Noah, and through his righteousness was his family saved to perpetuate the world.

Cain having with daily expiation for his sins offered with a contrite heart a continual prayer, and at length attempted to offer unto God a sin offering and an offering of peace, in which Mahala assisted with a purity of heart and a peculiar joy, for the grace of the Most High to bring to a sense of his guilt her once suffering and accurs'd partner, now through mercy accepted of God, for his altars shone with brightness, and his offerings were consumed in a pillar of a towering cloud, emblematical of God's gracious favour, so that Cain, with his heart and voice raised in melody to God, gave thanks unto him whose it is to give life of health and plenitude of grace to preserve man from the errings and strayings of his warfare in this state of probation.

Be thine the task, O man of guilt, who has received from the hand of the Almighty a commission of peace, to rest in comfort through the assurance of the seal of pardon granted at the Christian sacrifice for sin, in the commemorating the body and blood of the Lord Jesus Christ, who has, by his precious blood, wash'd us from our pollutions, and will, if we seek his spiritual kingdom, present us before his father spotless and without a blemish, to be numbered with his saints and angels; to be his children and not his slaves; to be of his household and not his servants; to be his brethren and not his remov'd relatives!

O Christian people, who are under the easy yoke and light burden of redemption, be wise unto salvation; for unto every one is given the means to purchase life and immortality, and to avoid sin and everlasting death.

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BOOK IV.

**I**N sorrow let the perpetrators of malediction mourn the foulness of their crimes; for from a compunction of soul is the penitent known: of this a tender and a wounded conscience bear perpetual record; otherwise the convert, under his disguise of sanctity, is at best but the wretched impostor of hypocrisy, the constant agent of sin, and the forerunner of death; unto whom is reserved the blackness and darkness of his dreadful state, during the innumerable ages of eternity.

Let the secure take heed that he stands fast, and let the beguiling son of fraud know, that the mockery of his cunning is to none more dangerous and destructive than to his own wretched soul, who must for ever mourn the folly of a wicked and unthinking mouldering tabernacle that is composed of dust and ashes, made up of such perishing materials as to be only the tenement of a day—a mere vapour—a shadow—a span of no continuance, but to fall into corruption from whence it had its original; for man is produced from dust, therefore to dust shall he return.—Wherefore all the railing for worldly grandeur and ostentatious pomp? The rank of title, the empty vaunts of simple mortals, but a day of childish toys that secures no lasting peace, no profitable hold whereto we can resort in the hour of trouble, the trying time of danger, when the pale and grim-visag'd king of terrors slides back the curtain and presents the hour-glass already run down; 'tis now the condemn'd mortal, whose doom is announc'd, will frankly own, that



that in the croud of flatterers who were wont to fain and raise monuments of immortal infallibility in their adulatory encomiums, there were none honest nor sincere who possess'd unadorn'd truth, for all their mock respect is now upon the eve of dark oblivion, never to be again remembered.

Alas! the compliment of my lord, his grace, or even majesty itself, is of no avail; for the fleeting soul disembodied, and now disencumbered with grosser matter, is ready to appear naked before the eyes of its original source; the fountain of life, even the father of spirits, whose it is to reward the immortal part, as in its days of probation in a sublunary and transitory dwelling in the flesh it doth merit as the product of its measured span of time.

Behold miriads of angels present all in waiting, ready to accomplish the order of the Deity! Think, O my soul, upon thy state; art thou ready to be call'd to-night unto the dreadful hour of divine inspection?

Thus, in some measure, was the soliloquy of Cain, as Mahala entered his tent, with a countenance different from what she heretofore had assum'd since their departure from the fertile plains of Salem, where she was wont to accept the chaste embrace of gentle Abel; for although Cain had no idea of the rank or distinctions of future ages, yet he had a lively sense of the frailty of the flesh, and of the doom pronounced against the life of man; therefore were his cogitative faculties busied upon the state of mortal uncertainty, as also that of the certainty of life immortal; for of those particular matters had he heard his parents frequently converse, who had at an early period inculcated precepts of practical application into him.

He was in his contemplative parts perhaps more sublime than our degenerate days will give us scope of imagination, which no doubt made his conceptive properties more fully charged with untainted breathings of sceptic doctrine, than our polish of religious days can pretend to; for he was conversant with the state of his

dark account with the great author of his being, and was in full confession unto the Deity, giving evidence against his deeds, as Mahala entered.

No sooner had Mahala given him the morn salute, than she entertain'd him with the visions of her sleep. I am convinc'd (said she) that still doth part of our offspring live whom we had suppos'd devour'd of the voracious animals in the wood, when in our journey from Salem hither.—And then with a long detail of particulars, she narrated the facts she judg'd would corroborate the circumstances of her assertions; to which Cain paid due attention.

After various inferences drawn by either, the result whereof was thus concluded;—that in a future day, they would together visit the land of their nativity, and exchange forgiveness and pardon with the first created of men, his partner, and their offspring then resident there—alluding to Adam, Eve, Thirza, as also others who were their brethren, that since their departure might have been risen up to mature estate.

This conclusion drawn, as the ultimatum of their intentions, Cain and Mahala were now determin'd on the errand to return once more to Salem, but not to remain, and only as sojourners in the land, pay their visit thither.

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NOW it was that Cain began to seek for a spot of inheritance to settle the posterity of his progeny; and to that intent had selected the rising mounts of seven gently-swelling hills that grac'd the midland plain.

Enoch, now grown up to man's estate, his father gave unto him three of his daughters to be his wives, which he took unto him and rais'd up a name unto his father; therefore was Cain rejoic'd, and call'd the city which he had rais'd in some part, to be finish'd only by the rising generations of his offspring, after the name of his son, so that it was afterwards known by the name

name of the city of Enoch, or Chanock, until the deluge.

This was a male that was born unto Enoch of his wife Camuelah, the first-born female in the land of Nod; therefore was an indulgence given that she might name the son she was grac'd with as the first fruits in the land of her nativity; and the child was called Irad, signifying the first fruits;

From whom sprung a great nation; as Mehujael, the son of Irad, was the father of Methusael, of whom Lamech was born, whose wives were Adah and Zillah. The first produced Jabal, the father of those who possessed flocks, and maintained their nation in a continual camp; and unto her who was the second, or last taken wife, (Zillah) was born Jubal, the author of melody, for he was the first who taught music unto his children; from whom sprung the science; so that all nations afterwards were charmed with their dexterity in that art of harmonious sounds, called music.

Also unto Zillah was born Tubal-Cain, the first who wrought as an artificer in brass, iron, and wood, whereby carv'd and molten images were engrav'd.—Hence idols were invented.—This was him of whom the ancient writers report, that Lamech was by far more guilty than his grandfire Cain, for he slew his brethren to inherit their possessions; but for the foulness of his crimes he found not a place to repent, therefore was he mark'd with the dreadful aspect of Cain; for to him had terror and wild dismay painted his countenance with fear, so that none could look upon him without admiration, and being fully convinced he was the wretched man who had shed innocent blood.

Cain having at length finish'd as much of the city of Enoch as he judg'd would be necessary for his progeny during his own life, and made outlines of those buildings he wish'd to be completed, as in course should be wanted as they increas'd in number. To regulate the customs of this city, the founder had ordain'd such laws



laws as he conceiv'd would be most salutary for their internal safety and united benefit.

But what avails man's statutes and compulsory laws, where the divine precepts have not been the fundamental maxims of its structure? Like to the inexperienced seaman, who rests himself on shore within the track of the flowing tide, and in his silent slumbers of fond indulging dreams, awakes in frightful surprize to find the flood assails him on every side, and sees no method of escape, and in his vain exertions sinks beneath the surging wave, so were the edicts of Cain compos'd, with a tender regard of mutual interest and brotherly love, with affectionate regard for parents, and a tenderness for children; yet were no commandment given to fear and serve the Lord, nor rules of conduct in that respect, which arose from the want of talents to effect that work, and plainly shew'd the Lord was not with those who were to occupy therein.

Many were the attempts of Cain to instil knowledge and respectful awe of the supreme within the growing faculties of his son and daughters, as also of their offspring; but in this he fail'd; for they were now become a headstrong race: nor were they longer subject to the maternal regard and kind admonitions of their mother.

Cain was now sensible that the new settlement allotted to his offspring would be in time a city of idolatry and wickedness; for many estrang'd notions, from the doctrine of him and of his enlightened spouse, which were regarded as fables and themselves as fabulists, were broach'd as orthodox, to be by their respective relatives attended to: nor were the host of Heaven exempted from their evil doctrine, so much were they prone to stir up the wrath of Heaven to bring them to destruction.

In this falling off was the now penitent manslayer convinc'd the visitation of wrath which hung upon his head was now transplanted and transposed with his offspring to increase in abundance:—nor was Mahala less convinc'd; yet she wanted knowledge of the actions of her household to be acquainted with their perverseness;

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nor did she suppose their evil suggestions and inventions could devise so many parts of idolatry as those they practis'd. And as they daily encreas'd in strength and years, so were their various schemes of iniquity magnified.

Mahala being resolv'd to visit her native land of Salem, reminded Cain of his promise; to which he, with becoming regard, gave attention. They therefore begun to adjust their household ere they departed thence.

Cain, with a parental tenderness, summoned all his offspring to hear his words; which they, with some entreaty, attended to hear.

Now being seated on a raised scaffold, with a solemn and manly aspect, he entreated them, who were his children and his auditors, to hear with patience the whole of his discourse, and to be edified thereby; for unto them would advice be shortly wanting; and by due respect unto his words, perhaps they might for the most part avoid the temptor's snare, who was now become a lion in his way, who fear'd his strength, yet waited to conquer the tender shoots of his inexperienced progeny; and thrice calling aloud unto the assembly, he begged them to be silent whilst he talk'd unto them for their edification; and with a solemn air he thus began:

O my tender children, in the subtilty of the enemy of your souls, little are you acquainted; which to guard against I shall briefly relate unto you the remaining part of the experience of my days, with an history of those transactions which the remembrance of, still weighs down my soul into the dust; for with a bitterness of anguish do I feel the pangs that arise in my breast by reason of the indiscretion of my youth. Formerly I related the particulars of the creation of my parents unto you, which you seem'd to attend to with becoming respect and awful attention; but then I left untold the cause of my journeying to this distant land. And now be inform'd, O my children, that disobedience and regard-

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less attention to my parents' commands, were the first inlets to those vices which gave rise to all my troubles. My parents were equally attach'd to the respective persons of their family; yet I saw with eyes of discontent and envy a partial kindness towards my only brother, and by degrees was wrought to seek his life, as the only means to establish my peace; so artfully had the fiend deceived me to perpetrate the horrid deed of slaying my brother, for which cause I hither fled. Here the whole assembly were mov'd with indignation against their parent, and shew'd their dislike to his conduct; but not in such sort as to raise his apprehensions into exertions for his safety. However, after some clamour of discontent, the noise subsided, and he thus continued:

Yes, my children, I was guilty of murder; even of fratricide; and was further tempted to add crimes equally atrocious, but was restrained through the goodness of our Creator. So now enforce this precept, that none of you be doubtful of parental tenderness, nor urge for partial regard above thy brethren.

It would little avail unto your government and direction to be acquainted minutely with my temptations; but in my precepts may you, through grace, find some guidance when I am remov'd far from hence, or am mingled with my native dust; for unto that condition must we all return.

In your youthful desires you may be inclined to indulge your appetites, but be always under restraint by your reasonable faculties to curb those passions that would put you under subjection; for, of all others, those are the most dangerous. Had I been under those circumspect rules, I should not have been an outcast from my native land.

I again intreat you to avoid those loose desires that may endanger your liberty; and in your joining together, be faithful unto each other; and as soon as your seed shall be increased, let no nigh kindred be seen to meet in the solemnity of husband and wife, but get you



you as far apart in kindred as you can with propriety extend.

Here Cain added various precepts and wholesome advice in his rules and maxims in the orderly conduct of his offspring, which took him many hours in the serious narration, admonitions, and councils.

However, upon concluding his discourse he found many dissatisfied; whilst others were refractory, and disregarded the words of the narrative, or of his most wholesome councils, or of the wisdom which, by his years and long experience, he was capable to utter, in his remarks upon various parts and particular passages of his subject, yet he found but few inclined to adopt any of his maxims, and fewer still seemed to give credence to the words of his laws, but were directed solely by their carnal minds.

Thus Cain endeavour'd to inculcate the seeds of grace within the rising plants of his production, but with what success we shall not pretend to recount, as in this regard he fell within the error of his improper indulgence to his son Enoch and his daughters, who were now all become the wives of this restive son of Cain.

To set bounds unto the unsettled situation of the roaring billows, might be with equal success attempted as to guard against the excesses of Enoch's sons and daughters, who were with their father heedless of the commands or injunctions of parentage, therefore slightly regarded all the words that were, with a fond regard for their welfare, so laboriously aimed to render them service by their common father, Cain, ere he set forward for the land of Salem; and more particularly, dissatisfaction arose upon the disclosure of Mahala's fond suggestion of her children that were born there, being still alive, and that her desire was to add them and their increase, if providence had so decreed that they were still alive, and should be found of her.

Murmurings and discord ensued on hearing of this news; for no roots of kind and tender affection or brotherly love grew up with this seed which sprung up in the

land of Nod, for unto all was the diabolical principle of covetousness and selfish inclinations to protract the rise or progress of the welfare of strangers, or even of the nearest affinity, if their respective interests clash'd with that of those they supposed to be within the orbit of their circumscription.

Such were the natural endowments of race of Cain, who were partakers in multiplied degrees of their father's curse, although he found grace to repent of his fall; yet his lineal descendants did not escape the contagion, but grew up as lions of the forest, to destroy the peace and happiness, and prevent the well-doing of all others who were inclined to lives of less vicious exploits than themselves.

In fine, Cain and Mahala were reduced to straits ere they could, with any decorum, appease the tumult of their offspring in Nod, or get them to comply with their intentions of visiting the land of Salem.

However, after solemn protestations on the part of Cain and Mahala, that none of their offspring, born in Salem, should be convey'd to Nod on their return, but should sojourn there, and come thither again without any increase or addition in their family.

Having now adjusted the several matters that were found necessary previous to their departure, early upon the first day of the week did Cain and Mahala begin their journey towards the land of Salem, and were solely grieved to see their numerous family acting only as commanders over them, by enjoining under penalties, to act according to their directions, and to find that no trace of filial duty was in their composition.

Having directed their course to the close-tufted forest, they entered the confines of the dismal dwellings of all the fierce quadrupeds, yet with an assurance of God's grace and favour they travell'd onward; with hearts to Heaven to implore a continuance of that blessing, they continued their journey through the trackless deserts and lonely wastes of unknown climes.

## BOOK V.

**B**E propitious, O ye powers divine! unto all those who by their truth in seeking for the blessing of a serene conscience, shall tread the paths of religious humility, who vaunteth not herself, and is not puff'd up with the emptiness of vanity, whose swelling words are but as a blast of wind never to be relied on. Be kind ye celestial ministers unto all your care on this terraqueous sphere; let not thy charge be forsaken, O bless'd spirit, in that he stumbleth from thy direction; be thou kind and indulgent, nor report aught in thy passion that may appear in the records of the last day against thy pupil, whereby his account may appear unsettled, and the balance not in his favour.

From the wicked no good proceedeth, nor can the bitters send forth sweetness. Shall the raven be held in estimation with the dove? or will the wolf be accepted of as the lamb? surely none of those things can come to pass!—therefore, why is the known position of man's knowledge blindly look'd into? for unto men are the treasures of the earth revealed; else, whence the progress of brethren in human knowledge proportion'd in acquisition unto the labour of the student in those arts they would be proficient in? so that unto all are the capacities and means of knowledge given to obtain the precepts of wisdom and the practice of virtue; to shun vice and to abstain from folly; yet the inherent nature of frail man is guided by his appetites, and he is a slave unto his sins, his errors, and his passions.

As the tree is known by its fruits, whether good or evil, so are the offspring of the good and evil man distinguish'd; for unto the former, the favour shewn unto the parent is not forgotten in the child; but in the latter, the wrath kindled against the father continues to blaze in opposition to the son; for of the father's iniquities which he hath committed, shall the son's visita-



tions be in recompence; so that justice shall be satisfy'd in such generations.

Then it is no matter of surprize to find the evil seed performing evil deeds, for in the days of gross imaginations and a bitterness of heart were the children of Cain begotten, nor did return with all his heart unto his maker until a latter period; hence it may be inferred, this generation were inheritors of their father's curse, which to themselves, by evil works, they greatly magnified, and had a manifold increase.

The children of Salem were now risen at early dawn, ere the grey mantle of the ruffet morn had been put off, when Aurora and Tithonis were preparing their purple robes and blushing coifs to celebrate the rosy fragrance of the sweet scented breathings of Nature's unexhausted stores, in flow'ry meads and blossoming bowers of variegated hues, to prepare the sacrifices of the annual commencement of Adam's covenant with the Great Supreme, as an atonement for the sins of his people.

In commemorating this anniversary feast, Adam always, with due reverence, assisted. About the time of Sol's ascension from his watery bed of nocturnal repose, within the oriental circle of eastern longitude's greatest extent, wherein the luminary of day trims his lamp to give light and heat unto the world of living creatures, who only exist through such daily refreshments, and are cheer'd by such salutary effects, did the father of men come forth from his cottage unto the vast plain of Salem's extended borders; and perceiving that his offspring were, with a becoming and zealous piety, attentive to make ready the altars with the sacrifices according to their numbers and respective genealogies. None were more diligently employ'd than Seth, who now was grown a man of mature years, and unto whom was born a numerous offspring. Thirza was also attendant on the preparation, and hail'd the presence of her father. To thee, said she, I bow my knee, O my father! how  
fares

fares thou, my parent, and how doth my mother retain her health?

Adam embrac'd his daughter and reply'd, my child, I would say well, but thy mother's state forbids me to include her with myself, for she has spent a night of uneasiness about thy elder brother and thy elder sister, Cain and Mahala; but why she is thus oppress'd, seems to me quite strange. As she is acquainted already with God's command as to their situation being a secret to us, and that we are forbid to pry into it, yet she seems confident of being seen of them within this day!

Ah, my father, said Thirza, my mind has been like to my mother's, so agitated in my sleep, that my loving spouse, the tender partner of my bosom, was in sorrow for my state of health, and would not have come hither unless I was able to bear him company, for of such fantastic flights were my senses also persuaded. Seth now drew near; and with reverence bow'd unto Adam to receive his father's blessing; when Adam received him in his arms, and with all the expressions of satisfaction, resulting from piety and love, gave the son his benediction. My dearest wife, said Seth to Thirza, whither art thou going from my presence? surely no sudden illness hath attack'd thy lovely person! speak, my belov'd, nor let me sink under my suspense; for my soul starts back at the idea of any danger that can affect thee!—Not so, my dearest husband, cry'd Thirza, I'm not with illness (I thank the Supreme) afflicted, nor is evil inflicted on me, but I haste to salute my mother, and pay her my morning duty; and if thy commission's given, I shall include thy respectful duty also. Yes, my belov'd, reply'd Seth; let my reverence be attendant with thine on our mother, and tell her, that by the prophetic visitation that at times falls on me, that in my heart I have seen Cain and Mahala come forth from the land of Nod, where they and their offspring have become a nation, and in future ages shall be call'd the land of Canaan, deriving its name from  
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our brother; although at that period none of his posterity shall inherit the earth, yet shall a people of innumerable count succeed them in that land, who shall spring from Cainan, or the second Cain, who shall also bear his curse; and his posterity shall be called Canaanites, who shall feel rods of iron and shackles of brails, and be in a fullness of time extirpated from off the face of the earth, and be driven into an heap of dust, there to remain until the day of wrath, when mortality receives eternal life.

Seth ceas'd to speak; and Eliel and Josiah, the sons of Cain before the curse, (who were of Thirza's household, and acknowledg'd by her as the children of her bosom) were come up with their wives, the other two daughters of Cain, Jemuna and Halilah, the children found by Adam in the land of Zaara; these adopted children of Thirza, with becoming reverence enquir'd the cause of her uneasy hurry towards the cottage of their grandmother?—Thirza readily explain'd her uneasiness of mind, and then with a fervent prayer invoked the Deity in behalf of her absent relatives; the pious children all joined in her zeal and warmth of devotion; but ere she had remov'd herself from the present posture, her mother, Eve, came forth in seeming health and in an unruffled state.

All hail our mother! cry'd the numerous offspring—be propitious, O thou Divinity unto these our parents, and let their days be many, and their years crown'd with the calmness and the serenity of an even mind, but only known to tranquil hours! Thirza then, with her usual tenderness and duty, embrac'd her mother; when Eve gave salutation unto her and all her children, and bless'd them before the throne of Heaven, and invok'd the care of the Most High to watch o'er their ways, to secure them from peril and danger both in body and spirit; and then with a benignity of aspect sat her down upon a bed of fragrant flow'rs that now had op'd to salute the morning sun: and in the company of her daughters waited to see the performance of the holy rites,



rites, to keep in remembrance the blessings of the Most High.

Meanwhile Thirza was not wanting in speaking the words of her own vision, as also the prophecy of Seth concerning Cain, to which Eve was all attention.

The ceremonial of the rites divine were scarcely finish'd, when afar off on the point o'er which the sun was in his path travelling towards the west, but was now within the south-east division, nor within several degrees of his perpendicular height, therefore bore an eastern view by south from the plain of sacrifice, the wear'd son and daughter of Adam were seen marching slowly towards their parents and brethren.

The sons and daughters of Cain and Mahala, by Adam's command, set forward with the numerous train of their offspring to meet with welcome the returning pair, who were happy to obey the immediate summons on such an extraordinary occasion.

Eliel, Josiah, Jemuna and Halilah, ran with speed to receive the blessings of their parents; which the parents, although wear'd with fatigue, readily granted, and embrac'd them with tears of joy, affection, love and tenderness, and then gave thanks unto the Lord.

Being advanc'd unto the plain, Adam and Eve hastily attended the coming of their children, seeing they were flow of foot through the toil of many days, and with parental kindness bless'd them both; nor was there any thing wanting to make this interview affecting, for Cain was in all respects the prodigal returned; he was convinc'd, and under the most true repentance for his former deeds; and on his knees, with humility of heart, begg'd forgiveness not only of Adam, Eve, and Thirza, but from all his kindred; and then embrac'd each with true affection, duty, love, and tenderness.

Mahala follow'd her husband in embracing her relatives; and ending the salute retired with her parents, attended by her husband, being thither accompani'd by Eliel, Josiah, Jemuna, and Halilah.

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Refreshments being had, the family seated at ease, Cain and Mahala gave an history of their transactions, and the occurrences and vicissitudes that had taken place since their departure out of the land ; and particularly dwelt upon the heart-breaking recollection of the disobedience and undutifulness of their posterity resident in Nod, and the little hope they entertained of their reformation from the evil of their ways, notwithstanding their joint attention to inculcate precepts of filial duty and piety in their growing years, and early instruction towards edification.

As soon as Cain ceas'd to speak, he felt a tremor all over his person, and a debility in strength, insomuch that he was incapable to rise without assistance ; but this sudden illness was look'd upon as no other than that proceeding from fatigue, therefore he was convey'd to bed.

The prisoner who is conscious that his crimes deserve the punishments his most severe sentence can inflict, and when under the order of execution as a malefactor, endeavours to persuade his conscience to be friends, and to invite those comforts that lie beyond the grave, and are within the receptacles of atonement which must necessarily be sought for on the demise of his body, which is the only bequest that mortal part, or external man can give to the immortal part, or internal man (the soul), and with resignation awaits the hour appointed to call him to pay the debt of nature with that of his atonement for his guilt, so were the thoughts of Cain occupied ; for he expected the visitation of justice, and he was certain of his deserts being only to be those where evil was to be requited ; and as he had shortened the days of his righteous brother, he was certain justice would not sleep to let him enjoy a long day, if his pardon was sealed in the realms above.

The night pass'd without any dangerous symptoms ; but the ensuing day bore evident marks and certain signs of decaying nature ; his respiration was with difficulty, his pulse in unequal measure, his limbs con-

tracted in their joints, his head and heart fill'd with heat and pain, and his whole frame disorder'd exceedingly, and sensible of sickness in the extreme.

Cain was attended by the hand and heart of his ever faithful and loving wife; she felt each sigh and groan of his within her bosom, yet she could not alleviate them in either; her grief was beyond all description.

Adam, Eve, Thirza, Seth, Eliel, Josiah, Jemuna, Halilah, and all their offspring were in tears for the sudden sickness of Cain, and on their faces prostrate before Heaven intreated the Most High to restore their beloved, lost, yet now return'd prodigal, to health and peace. But as they cry'd aloud before the Lord, Cain, with a strength unknown to him before, arose from his bed, and then falling on his knees before the Great Creator of his soul, thus exclaim'd—

I thank thee, O merciful God, that thou hast vouchsaf'd unto me a time of humiliation and repentance of my sins, whereby I have a lively hope in thy mercy to pardon my transgressions; and to receive me into thy presence without stain or blemish to pollute or defile thy holy sanctuary. Grant I beseech thee, O Lord, that in this day of my dissolution I may be able to shew assign unto all those my kindred here present, that I am accepted of thee, and that the repentant sinner may have hope in that hour he departs from his iniquities, and that he may expect a day of acceptance to commence from that conjuncture, and that he may begin to look up to the throne of thy mercy for grace to continue, and lastly conclude the work of his salvation to the end that he may live and not die—to be thy child and heir, and not thy foe and outcast—this I beseech thee to grant, if it be thy divine pleasure, so that I may at my death leave an example to my posterity which my singular case of malefaction shall convince them there is no crime beyond thy grace and mercy to be pardoned.



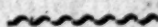
Cain arose from his knees and laid him down again upon his bed; then calling for a turtle dove, commanded it to be made ready, and offered as a peace offering in the sight of his relations, which was consumed with glorious marks of acceptance before the Lord, to the unspeakable joy of Mahala, his parents, children and brethren; after which he embraced them each with tenderness and affection; then taking his belov'd wife by the hand, he thus spoke:—My belov'd and tender wife, I am now going to eternal rest, and shall presently receive the welcome of myriads of the glorious hosts of angels, and exchange embrace with my dear brother Abel. Know, therefore, that grief for my decease will be no service to my clay, but only hurt thy composition; and as thy eyes have beheld my salvation through hope, faith, and love, let me be had in remembrance as thy friend gone before thee to the banquet, and rest with content; and be it thy only care to follow me whither the Lord hath called me; for through my sins are my days shortened, yet this act of justice of the Lord's is my eternal gain, and in all sinners' cases will this maxim of the Most High be always attended to. Our children in Nod leave to the direction of Heaven—Remain in Salem. Our parents will advise thee—so farewell, until we meet in the world of happiness.

On so saying, he drew up his knees in the bed, and expired without a groan.

Notwithstanding Cain's admonition in his tenderness and love to his spouse to refrain from immoderate grief as one having no hope, yet she could not avoid the impulses of nature, but wept in bitterness for her departed husband; nor were the whole assembly without grief on the occasion.

Eve particularly was next in sorrow unto her daughter Mahala, as she considered the works of her evil hour in bringing sin and death into the world by her transgressions, and saw her first-born a prey to those corruptions she had instituted, therefore was she grieved the more, inasmuch as she had no abettor, but brought  
her

her husband into the culpability of her transgression, which was to fall on all her posterity, and should only be redeemed through her seed, which God had promised in Eden.



## CONCLUSION.

THE body of Cain was the following day remov'd from the place of his decease, and with a becoming solemnity interred beside that of his brother Abel. Thus were the remains of the two first-born of men incorporated with the earth for the appeasing of that new appointed sovereign of human life, that king of terrors, Death; for as he had absolute dominion, he gave Sin an invitation through the medium of the father of lies, the old serpent who beguiled the inhabitants of Paradise, consequently their frail offspring were liable to his attacks.

Mahala was restrained by the council of her parents to remain in Salem, and was blest in her children there; and to the end of her life enjoy'd the grace and loving kindness of the Most High.

The children of Nod were the perverse generation the holy scriptures mention; for whose account the world was destroyed by a deluge, and only the seed of Seth preserved in Noah.

From this example 'tis hop'd the acting agents of sin, and the corrupt in mind, will be convinc'd that this life is but a probationary state, and agreeable to the race they run here, the same rewards and punishments will be given as their works in the flesh deserve; whether by repentance they insure the former, or by negligence they receive the latter. As the time is precious, it behoves the transgressor to redeem it, and work while the day remains,

remains, for in the night no man can work; so that in the grave there is no repentance; for unto the uncertainty of time and repentance is the whole of an endless eternity of joy or sorrow depending. O my brethren, let no deceits hinder your eternal happiness, but be wise unto salvation!—Amen.

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

**A** Certain person in his journey from Jerusalem to Jericho, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of robbers, who not content with taking his money, stripped him of his raiment, beat him in a deplorable manner, and left him for dead. While he continued in this miserable condition, utterly incapable of assisting himself a certain priest happened to travel the same road; “and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side.” So little compassion had these ministers of religion for a brother in the most deplorable circumstances of distress, that they continued their journey, without offering to assist so miserable an object, notwithstanding their sacred characters obliged them to perform, on every occasion, the tender offices of charity and compassion. It was a brother, a descendant of Abraham in distress; and therefore those hypocrites could offer no reasons to palliate their inhumanity. Their stoney hearts could behold the affecting object of an unfortunate Israelite, lying in the road, naked and cruelly wounded, without being the least affected with his distress.

Though these teachers of religion were hypocrites, and wholly destitute of grace and charity, compassion glowed in the heart of a Samaritan, who, coming to the



the spot where this helpless object lay, ran to him; and though he found him to be a person of a different nation, and one who professed a religion opposite to his own, yet the hatred which had been instilled into his mind from his earliest years, and every objection arising from the animosity subsisting between the Jews and Samaritans, were immediately silenced by the tender sensation of pity, awakened by the sight of such complicated distress; his bowels yearned towards the miserable object; though a Jew, he flew to him, and assisted him in the most tender manner.

It was the custom in these eastern countries for travellers to carry their provisions with them; so that this compassionate Samaritan was enabled, though in the desert, to give the wounded man a little wine to recruit his spirits. He also bound up his wounds, pouring into them wine and oil, placed him on his own beast, and walked himself on foot to support him. In this manner he conducted him to an inn, took care of him during the night; and in the morning when business called him to pursue his journey, recommended him to the care of the host, left what money he could spare, and desired that nothing might be denied him; for whatever was expended he would repay at his return.

Having finished the parable, Jesus turned himself to the lawyer, and asked him, *Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves?* The lawyer, struck with the truth and evidence of the case, replied, without the least hesitation, *He that shewed mercy on him.* Upon which Jesus replied, *Go, and do thou likewise.* Perform all the good actions in thy power, extend thy kindness to every one who stands in need of thy assistance, whether he be an Israelite, an Heathen, or a Samaritan. Consider every man as thy neighbour in respect to works of charity, and make no enquiry with regard to his country or religion, but only with regard to his circumstances.

On examination of the particulars of this beautiful parable, we shall find that it is composed in the finest manner

manner to work the conviction designed; so that the lawyer, however desirous of considering those of the Jewish religion only as his neighbours, it was impossible for him to do it on this occasion. The Jews had long considered the favours of a Samaritan as a more detestable abomination than the eating swine's flesh; yet notwithstanding this prepossession, the lawyer was obliged to acknowledge that neither the priest, nor the Levite, but the travelling Samaritan, by discharging the great office of humanity to the Jew in distress, was truly his neighbour; that the like humanity was due from an Israelite to a Samaritan in the like distressed circumstances; and, consequently, that men are neighbours, without any regard to country, kindred, language, or religion.

○ Mankind are intimately connected by their common wants, and their common weaknesses. Providence has formed them in such a manner, that they cannot subsist without the assistance of each other; and, consequently, the relation subsisting between them is as extensive as their natures, and their obligations to assist each other by mutual good offices, as strong as the necessities of every individual. Our blessed Saviour has, therefore, by this admirable parable, shewn that the heart is the seat of genuine grace, and that good principles will ever produce good actions.



BAXTER'S  
NOW OR NEVER.



Ecclesiastes ix. 10.

*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might :  
for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor  
wisdom in the Grave whither thou goest.*

**T**HE mortality of man being the principal subject of Solomon in this Chapter, and observing that wisdom and piety exempt not men from death, he first hence infers, that *God's love or hatred* to one man above another, is not to be gathered by his dealing with them here, where *all things* in the common course of providence *do come alike to all*. The common sin hath introduced death as a common punishment, which levelleth all, and endeth all the contrivances, businesses, and enjoyments of this life, to good and bad; and the discriminating Justice is not ordinarily manifested here: An Epicure or Infidel would think Solomon were here pleading their unmanly impious cause: But it is not the cessation of the life, or operations, or enjoyments of the Soul that he is speaking of, as if there were no life to come, or the Soul of man were not immortal; But it is the cessation of all the actions, and honours, and pleasures of this life, which to good or bad shall be no more. Here they have no more reward, the memory of them will be here forgotten. They have no more a portion for ever in any thing that is done under the Sun, Ver. 5. 6.

From



From thence he further inferreth, that the comforts of life are but short and transitory, and therefore that what the creature can afford, must be presently taken: And as the wicked shall have no more but present pleasures, so the faithful may take their lawful comforts in the present moderate use of creatures; For if their delightful goodness be of right and use to any, it is to them: And therefore, though they may not use them to their hurt, to the pampering of their flesh, and strengthening their lusts, and hindering spiritual duties, benefits, and salvation, yet must they *serve the Lord with joyfulness, and with gladness of heart, for the abundance of all things*, which he giveth them, *Deut. xxviii. 47.*

Next he inferreth from the brevity of man's life, the *Necessity of speed, and Diligence in his duty.* And this is in the words of my Text: Where you have, 1. *The duty commanded.* 2. *The reason or motive to enforce it.*

The *Duty* is in the first part, [*Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do*] that is, whatever work is assigned thee by God to do in this thy transitory life, [*do it with thy might*] (that is, 1. *Speedily, without delay.* 2. *Diligently;* and as well as thou art able, and not with slothfulness, or by the halves.)

The *Motive* is in the latter part; [*For there is no work nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the Grave whither thou goest*] (that is, It must be *now or never*: The Grave where thy work cannot be done, will quickly end thy opportunities) The *Chaldee Paraphrase* appropriates the sense too narrowly to *works of Charity, or Alms*; [*whatsoever good and Alms-giving thou findest to do:*] And the *Moving Reason* they read accordingly [*for nothing but thy works of righteousness and mercy follow thee.*] But the words are more general, and the sense is obvious, contained in these two Propositions.

Doctr. 1. *The work of this life cannot be done, when this life is ended.* Or, *There is no working in the Grave, to which we are all making haste.*

Doctr. 2. *Therefore while we have time, we must do*

*do our best: or do the work of this present life with vigour and diligence.*

It is from an unquestionable and commonly acknowledged truth, that *Solomon* here urgeth us to diligence in duty; and therefore to *prove* it would be but loss of time. As there are *two worlds* for man to live in, and so *two lives* for man to live, so each of these *lives* hath its peculiar employment. This is the life of *preparation*: The next is the life of our *reward* or *punishment*: We are now but in the *Womb* of *Eternity*, and must live hereafter in the *open World*. We are now but set to *School* to learn the work that we must do for *ever*. This is the time of our *Apprenticeship*; we are *learning* the trade that we must *live* upon in *Heaven*. We *run* now, that we may then receive the *Crown*; we *fight* now, that we may then *triumph* in victory. The *Grave* hath no work, but *Heaven* hath work; and *Hell* hath suffering: There is no *Repentance* unto life hereafter: But there is *Repentance* unto torment, and to *desperation*. There is no *Believing* of a *Happiness* unseen in order to the obtaining of it; or of a *misery* unseen in order to the *escaping* of it; nor *believing* in a *Saviour* in order to these ends: But there is the *fruition* of the *Happiness* which was *here* believed; and *feeling* of the *misery* that men would not believe; and *suffering* from him as a righteous *Judge*, whom the rejected as a *merciful Saviour*. So that it is not *all work* that ceaseth at our death: but only the work of *this present life*.

And indeed no reason can shew us the least probability of doing our *Work* when our *Time* is done, that was given us to do it in. If it can be done, it must be, 1. By the *recalling* of our *Time*. 2. By the *return* of *life*. 3. Or, By *opportunity* in *another life*: But there is no hope of any of these.

1. Who knoweth not that *Time cannot be recalled*: That which *once was*, will be no more. *Yesterday* will never come again. *To day* is passing, and will not return. You may work while it is day; but when you have lost that day, it will not return for you to work in. While your *candle burneth*, you may make use of

its light, but when it is *done*, it is too late to use it. No force of Medicine, no Orators' elegant persuasions, no worldlings' wealth, no Princes' power, can call back one day or hour of time. If they could, what endeavours would there be used, when extremity hath taught them to value what they now despise? what chafferings would there be *at last*, if *Time* could be *purchased* for any thing that man can give? Then Misers would bring out their Wealth and say, *All this will I give for one day's time of Repentance more*: And Lords and Knights would lay down their Honours, and say, *Take all, and let us be the basest beggars, if we may but have one year of the time that we mispent!* Then kings would lay down their Crowns and say, *Let us be equal with the lowest subjects, so we may but have the time again that we wasted in the Cares and Pleasures of the World.* Kingdoms would then seem a contemptible price for the recovery of *Time*. The *Time* that is now *idled* and *talked* away; the *Time* that is now *feasted* and *complimented* away, that is unnecessarily *sported* and *slept* away; that is wickedly and presumptuously *sin'd* away; how *precious* will it one day seem to all? How happy a bargain would they think that they had made, if at the dearest rates they could redeem it? The profaneſt Mariner falls a praying, when he *fears* his *Time* is at an end. If importunity would then prevail, how earnestly would they pray for the recovery of *Time*, that formerly derided praying, or minded it not, or could not have while, or mocked God with lip-service, and customary forms, and feigned words instead of praying? What a *Liturgy* would Death teach the trifling *Time*-despising Gallants, the idle, busy, dreaming-active, ambitious, covetous Lovers of this World, if *Time* could be intreated to return! How passionately then would they roar out their requests? [*O that we might once see the days of Hope, and Means, and Mercy, which once we saw, and would not see! O that we had those days to spend in penitential tears and prayers, and holy preparations for an endless life, which we spent at Cards, in needless recreations, in idle talk, in*  
*humouring*



humouring others, or the pleasing of our flesh, or in the inordinate cares and businesses of the World! O that our youthful vigour might return! that our years might be renewed! that the days we spent in vanity might be recalled! that Ministers might again be sent to us publicly and privately, with the message of grace which we once made light of! that the Sun would once more shine upon us! and patience and mercy would once more reassume their work! [If cries or tears, or price, or pains, would bring back lost-abused Time, how happy were the now-distracted, dreaming, dead-hearted, and impenitent World! If it would then serve their turn to say to the vigilant believers *[Give us of your Oil, for our lamps are gone out,]* or to cry, *[Lord, Lord, open to us]* when the door is shut, the foolish would be saved as well as the wise, *Matt. xxv. 8, 10, 11.* But *this is the day of Salvation! this is the accepted Time,* *2 Cor. vi. 2.* While it is called *To day*, hearken, and harden not your hearts, *Psal. xcv. 8.* Awake thou that sleepest, and stand up from thy slothful wilful death, and use the light that's afforded thee by Christ, *Ephes. v. 14.* or else the everlasting utter darkness, will shortly end thy *Time* and *Hope*.

2. And as *Time* can never be recalled, so life shall never be here restored, *Job xiv. 14.* [If a man die, shall he live (here) again? *All the days of our appointed time we must therefore wait* (in faith and diligence) *till our change shall come.*] One Life is appointed us on Earth to dispatch the work that our everlasting life dependeth on: And we shall have but One. Lose that, and all is lost for ever: Yet you may hear, and read, and learn, and pray: but when *this Life* is ended, it shall be so no more. You shall rise from the Dead indeed to Judgment, and to the life that now you are preparing for: but never to such a life as *this on Earth*: your life is as the fighting of a Battle, that must be won or lost at once. There is no coming hither again to mend what is done amiss. Over-sights must be presently corrected by Repentance, or else they are everlastingly past remedy. Now if you be not truly converted,

*you may be:* If you find that you are carnal and miserable; you may be healed: If you are unpardoned, you may be pardoned: If you are Enemies, you may be reconciled to God: But when once the Thread of Life is cut, your opportunities are at an end. Now you may enquire of your Friends and Teachers, what a poor Soul must do that he may be saved, and you may receive particular instructions and exhortations, and God may bless them, to the illuminating, renewing and Saving of your Souls: But when life is past, it will be so no more: O then, if desperate Souls might but return, and *once more* be tried with the means of life, what joyful tidings would it be! How welcome would be the Messenger that bringeth it! Had *Hell* but such an offer as this, and would *any* cries procure it from their righteous Judge, O what a change would be among them! How importunately would they cry to God, [O send us once again unto the Earth? Once more let us see the face of Mercy, and hear the tenders of Christ and of Salvation? Once more let the Ministers offer us their helps, and teach in season and out of season, in public and in private, and we will refuse their help and exhortations no more: we will hate them, and drive them away from our Houses and Towns no more; Once more let us have thy Word, and Ordinances, and try whether we will not believe them, and use them better than we did: Once more let us have the help and company of thy Saints, and we will scorn them, and abuse them, and persecute them no more. O for the great unvaluable Mercy of such a life as once we had! O Try us once more with such a life, and see whether we will not condemn the world, and close with Christ, and live as strictly, and pray as earnestly, as those that we hated and abused for so doing? O that we might once more be admitted into the holy assemblies, and have the Lord's Days to spend in the business of our Salvation! We would plead no more against the power and purity of the Ordinances; We would no more  
call

call that day a burthen, nor hate them that spent it in works of Holiness; nor plead for the liberty of the flesh therein.]

It makes my heart even shake within me to think with what cries those damned souls would strive with God, and how they would roar out [*O try us once again,*] if they had but the *least* encouragement of *Hope*! *But it will not be, It must not be!* They *had* their *Day*, and would not know it: They cannot lose their *Time* and have it. They *had* faithful Guides, and would not follow them: Teachers they had but would not learn. The dust of their feet must witness against them, because their entertained obeyed message, cannot witness for them. *Long* did Christ wait with the patient tenders of his blood and spirit: His Grace was long and earnestly offerred them, but could not be regarded and received: And they cannot finally refuse a Christ; and yet have a Christ; or refuse his mercy, and yet be saved by it. He that would have *Lazarus* sent from the *dead* to warn his unbelieving *Brethren* on Earth, no doubt would have strongly purposed *himself* on a reformation, if he might *once more* have been tried: And how earnestly would he have begg'd for such a *Trial*, that begg'd so hard for a drop of water? *Luke* xvi. 24, 27, 28. But alas! such mouths must be stopt for ever with a [*Remember that thou in thy life time receivedst thy good things,*] v. 25.

So that it is appointed for all men once to die, and after that the judgment. *Heb.* ix. 27. But there's no return to Earth again: The places of your abode, employment and delight shall know you no more. You must see these faces of your friends, and converse in flesh with men no more! *This World, these Houses,* that wealth and honour, as to any fruition, must be to you as if you had never known them. You must Assemble here but a little while! yet a little longer, and we must preach, and you must hear it no more for ever. That therefore which you will do, must *presently* be done, or will it be too late. If ever you will



will repent and believe, it must be *Now*. If *ever* you will be converted and sanctified, it must be *Now*. If *ever* you will be pardoned and reconciled to God, it must be *Now*. If *ever* you will reign, 'tis now that you must fight and conquer. O that you were wise, that you understood this, and that you would consider your latter end. *Deut. xxxii. 29.* And that you would let those words *sink down* into your *hearts*, which came from the *heart* of the Redeemer, as was witnessed by his tears, *Luke xix. 41, 42.* [*If thou hadst known, even thou, at least in this thy day, the things which belong unto thy peace. But now they are hidden from thine Eyes.*] And that these warnings may not be the less regarded, because you have so *often* heard them, when often hearing increaseth your obligation, and diminisheth not the truth, or your danger.

3. And as there is no *Return* to *Earth*, so is there no doing *this work* hereafter. Heaven and Hell are for *other work*. If the Infant be *dead born*, the open world will not *revive* him; That which is generated, and born a *beast* or *serpent*, will not by all the influences of the Heavens, or all the powers of Sun or Earth become a *Man*. The *second* and *third* concoction presuppose the *first*; The *harvest* doth presuppose the *seed time*, and the labour of the husbandman. It's *now* that you must *sow*, and *hereafter* that you must *reap*. It's *now* that you must *work*, and then that you must receive your *wages*. Is this believed and considered by the *sleepy World*? Alas, Sirs, do you live as men that must live here no more? Do you work as men that must work no more, and pray as men that must pray no more, when once the Time of work is ended? What thinkest thou, poor besotted sinner! will God command *the Sun to stand still* while thou rebellest or forgettest *thy work* and *him*? Dost thou look he should pervert the course of *nature*, and continue the Spring and Seed-time till thou hast a *mind* to *sow*? or that he will return the *dead-born* or *misshapen* Infant into the womb that it may be better formed or quickened? Will he renew thy age and make thee  
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young again, and call back the hours that thou prodigally wastedst on thy lusts and idleness? Canst thou look for, this at the hand of God, when Nature and Scripture assure thee of the contrary? If not, why hast thou not yet done with thy beloved sins? Why hast thou not yet begun to live? Why sittest thou still while thy Soul is unrenewed, and all thy preparation for death and Judgment is yet to make? How fain would Satan find thee thus at death? How fain would he have leave to blow out thy Candle, before thou hast entered into the way of Life? Dost thou look to have Preachers sent after thee, to bring thee the mercy which thy contempt here left behind? Wilt thou hear and be converted in the Grave and Hell? or wilt thou be saved without Holiness? that is, in despite of God that hath resolved, *it shall not be.* O ye sons of sleep, of death, of darkness, awake and live, and hear the Lord, before the Grave and Hell have shut their mouths upon you! *Hear now*, lest hearing be too late! *Hear now*, if you will ever hear. *Hear now* if you have ears to hear! And O ye Sons of *Light*, that see what sleeping sinners see not, call to them, and ring them such a peal of lamentations, tears and compassionate intreaties, as is suited to such a dead and doleful state; Who knows but God may bless it to awake them?

If any of you be so far awakened, as to ask me what I am calling you to do, My Text tells you in general, Up and be Doing: Look about you, and see what you have to do, and do it with your might.

1. [Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do] That is, whatsoever is a Duty imposed by the Lord, whatsoever is a Means conducing to thy own or others welfare; Whatsoever *Necessity* calleth thee to do, and *Opportunity* alloweth thee to do.

[*Thy hand findeth*] that is, Thy executive power by the conduct of thy understanding is now to do.

[*Do it with thy might*: Do thy best in it. 1. *Trifle not*, but do it *presently*, without unnecessary Delay. 2. Do it *Resolutely*. Remain not doubtful, unresolved, in  
§ suspension

suspense, as if it were yet a *question* with thee whether thou shouldst do it, or not.

3. Do it with thy most *awakened affections*, and serious intention of the powers of thy Soul. *Sleepiness* and *insensibility* are most unsuitable to such works. It is a *peculiar people zealous of good works* that Christ hath purchased to himself, *Tit. ii. 14.*

4. Do it with all *necessary forecast* and contrivance: Not with a *distracting hindering Care*; but with such a Care as may shew that you despise not your Master, and are not regardless of his Work: And with such a care as is suited to the difficulties and nature of the thing, and is necessary to the due accomplishment.

5. Do it not slothfully, but vigorously and with diligence. Stick not at thy labour: Lest thou hear [*Thou wicked and slothful servant*, *Matt. xxv. 26.* *Hide not thy hand in thy bosom with the slothful*, and say not *There is a Lion in the way.* *Prov. xxvi. 13, 14.* The negligent and the vicious, the waster and the slothful, differ but as one brother from another, *Prov. xviii. 9.* As the self-murder of the wilful ungodly, so also the *desire* of the slothful killeth him, because his hands refuse to labour, *Prov. xxi. 25.* The Soul of the sluggard *desireth* and hath *nothing*; but the Soul of the Diligent shall be made fat, *Prov. xiii. 4.* *Be not slothful in business, but be fervent in spirit serving the Lord,* *Rom. xii. 11.*

6. Do it with *Constancy*, and not with destructive pauses and intermissions, or with weariness and turning back. *The righteous shall hold on his way, and he that is of clean hands shall be stronger and stronger,* *Job xvii. 9.* *Be stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord; forasmuch as you know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord,* *1 Cor. xv. 58.* *Be not weary of well doing: for in due season we shall reap if we faint not,* *Gal. vi. 9.* These six particulars are necessary, if you will observe the precept in my Text.

But, that misunderstanding hinder not the performance, I shall acquaint you further with the sense, by these few explicatory cautions.



1. The *Might* and *Diligence* here required, excludeth not the necessity of *Deliberation* and *Prudent* conduct. Otherwise, the *faster* you go, the *further* you may go out of the way; and misguided zeal may spoil all the work, and make it but an injury to others or yourselves. A little imprudence in the season, and order, and manner of a duty, sometimes may spoil it, and hinder the success, and make it do more hurt than good. How many a Sermon, or Prayer, or reproof, is made the matter of derision and contempt, for some imprudent passages or deportment? God sendeth not his Servants to be *jesters* of the World, or to play the *madmen* as *David* in his fears: we must be *wise* and *innocent*, as well as *resolute* and *valiant*: Though *fleshly* and *worldly wisdom* be not desirable, as being but *foolishness* with God; yet the *wisdom which is from above*, and is *first pure*, and then *peaceable*, and is acquainted with the high and hidden mysteries, and is *justified of her Children*, must be the *Guide* of all our holy actions. Holiness is not *blind*: *Illumination* is the first part of Sanctification. Believers are *Children of the Light*. Nothing requireth so much *wisdom* as the matters of God, and of our Salvation. Folly is most unsuitable to such excellent employments, and most unbecoming the Sons of the Most High. It is a *Spirit of Wisdom* that animateth all the Saints, 1 Cor. iii. 19. & ii. 6, 7. Eph. i. 8, 17. Col. iii. 16. It is the *treasures of Wisdom* that dwelleth in Christ, and are communicated to his members, Col. ii. 3. We must *walk in wisdom toward them that are without*, Col. iv. 5. And our work must be *shewn out of a good conversation, with meekness of wisdom*, Jam. iii. 13. Yet I must needs say, that it's more in *great things* than in *small*, in the *substance* than the *circumstances*; in a *sound judgment* and *estimate* of things, and suitable choice and prosecution, than in *fine expressions* or *deportment* answering proud men's expectations.

2. Though you must *work* with your *Might*, yet with a *diversity* agreeable to the quality of your several works. Some works must be preferred before others.

All cannot be done at once. That's a *Sin* out of season, which in season is a *duty*. The *Greatest*, and the *most urgent* work must be preferred. And *some works* must be done with *double fervour* and resolution, and some with *less*. Buying, and selling, and marrying, and possessing, and using the world, must be done with a fear of *overdoing*, and in a sort as if we did them not, though they also must have a necessary diligence, 1 Cor. vii. 29, 30, 31. God's Kingdom and it's Righteousness must be first sought, Matt. vi. 33. And our labour for the meat that perisheth, must be comparatively as none, John vi. 27.

3. Lastly, it is not an *irregular*, nor a *self-disturbing vexations violence* that is required of us: but a sweet well settled resolution, and a delightful expeditious diligence, that makes the Wheels go merrily on, and the more easily get over those rubs and difficulties, that clog and stop a slothful soul.

And now will you lend me the *assistance* of your Consciences, for the transcribing of this command of God upon your hearts, and taking out a Copy of this Order, for the regulating of your lives? [*Whatsoever*] is not a word so *comprehensive* as to include any *vanity* or *sin*; but so *comprehensive* as to include *all your Duty*.

1. To begin with the *lowest*: the very works of your *bodily callings* must have diligence. In the sweat of your brows you must eat your bread, Gen. iii. 19. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all that thou hast to do. Exod. xx. 9. He that will not work, let him not eat, 2 Thess. iii. 10. Disorderly walkers, busy bodies, that will not work with quietness, and eat their own bread, are to be avoided and shamed by the Church, 2 Thess. iii. 6, 11, 12, 14. Lazy servants are unfaithful to men, and disobedient to God, who commandeth them to obey their Masters according to the flesh (unbelieving, ungodly Masters) in all things (that concerns their service) and that not with eye service as men pleasers, but in singleness of heart, and in the fear of God, doing whatsoever they do as to the Lord, and not unto men; knowing that of the Lord (even for this) they shall

shall receive the reward of the inheritance, Col. iii. 22, 23, 24. But he that doth wrong (by slothfulness, or unfaithfulness) shall receive for the wrong which he hath done, verse 25.

Success is God's ordinary temporal reward of diligence, Prov. x. 4. and xii. 24, 27. And diseases, poverty, shame, disappointment, or self-tormenting melancholy, are his usual punishments of sloth. *Hard labour* redeemeth *Time*: you will have the more to lay out on greater works: The *slothful* is still *behind hand*, and therefore must leave much of his work undone.

2. Are you Parents or Governors of Families? you have work to do for God, and for your Children's and Servants' Souls: Do it with your might: Deal wisely, but seriously and frequently with them about their Sins, their duty, and their hopes of Heaven; Tell them *whither* they are going, and *which way* they must go: Make them understand that they have a *higher Father* and *Master* that must be first served, and *greater work* than yours. Waken them from their natural insensibility and sloth: Turn not all your family duties into lifeless customary forms (whether extempore, or by rote) speak about God, and Heaven, and Hell, and Holiness, with that seriousness as befits men that believe what they say, and would have those they speak to, to believe it. Talk not either drowsily, or lightly, or jestingly of such dreadful, or joyful, unexpressible things. Remember that your families and you, are going to the Grave, and to the World where there is no more room for your exhortations. There is no Catechising, examining, or serious instructing them in the Grave whither they and you are going. It must be now or never: And therefore do it with your might. The words of God must be in your hearts, and you must diligently teach them to your Children, talking of them when you sit in your houses, when you walk by the way, when you lie down, and when you rise up, Deut. vi. 6, 7, 8. and xi. 18, 19, 20.

3. Have you ignorant or ungodly neighbours, whose misery calls for your compassion, and relief? Speak to



them and help them with *prudent diligence*. Lose not your opportunities: Stay not till *Death* hath stopt your *mouths*, or stopt their *ears*. Stay not till they are out of *Hearing*, and taken from your converse. Stay not till they are in *Hell*, before you warn them of it, or till *Heaven* be lost, before you have seriously called to them to remember it. Go to their houses: take all opportunities: stoop to their infirmities: bear with unthankful frowardness: It is for *men's salvation*: Remember there is no place for your instructions or exhortations in the *Grave* or *Hell*. Your *dust* cannot speak, and their *dust* cannot hear: Up therefore and be doing with all your might.

4. Hath God intrusted you with the *Riches of the World*; with *many* talents or with *few*, by which he looketh you should relieve the needy, and especially should promote those works of *piety* which are the greatest *charity*? Give (prudently, but willingly and liberally) while you have to give. It is your *Gain*: The time of *Market* for your Souls; and of *laying up a treasure in Heaven*, and setting your money to the most gainful *Usury*; and of *making you friends of the mammon of unrighteousness*; and *furthering your Salvation*, by that which *hindereth* other men's, and occasioneth their perdition. [As you have opportunity, do good to all men, but especially to them of the *Houhold of Faith*] Gal. vi. 6, 7, 8, 9, 12. [Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven and to eight; for thou knowest not what evil may be upon the Earth.] Eccles. xi. 1, 2. [In the morning sow thy Seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good] v. 6. [Withhold not good from them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thy hand to do it: Say not to thy Neighbour, Go, and come again, and to-morrow I will give, when thou hast it by thee,] Prov. iii. 27, 28. Lay up a *Foundation* for the time to come: Do good before thy heart be hardened, thy riches blasted and consumed, thy opportunities taken away; part with it before

*before it part with thee.* Remember it must be *Now or Never*: There is no working in the Grave.

5. Hath God intrusted you with *Power or interest*, by which you may promote his honour in the world, and relieve the oppressed, and restrain the rage of impious malice! Hath he made you *Governors*, and put the Sword of Justice into your hands? up then and be doing with your might. Defend the innocent, protect the Servants of the Lord, cherish them that do well, be a terror to the wicked, encourage the *strictest obedience* to the Universal Governor, discountenance the breakers of his Laws: Look not to be revered or obeyed *before him*, or more carefully than he: Openly maintain his Truth and worship without fear or shame: Deal gently and tenderly with his lambs and little ones: Search after vice that you may successfully suppress it. Hate those temptations that would draw you to man-pleasing, temporizing remissness, or countenancing sin; but especially those that would ensnare you in a *controversy with Heaven*, and in quarrels against the *ways of Holiness*, or in that self-confounding sin of abusing and opposing the people that are most careful to please the Lord. Your trust is great, and so is your advantage to do good; and how great will be your account, and how dreadful, if you be unfaithful! As you *signify* more than hundreds or thousands of the meaner sort, and your actions do *most good or hurt*; so you must expect to be accordingly *dealt with*, when you come to the impartial, final judgment. Befriend the Gospel as the Charter of your everlasting privileges; own *those* that Christ hath told you *he will own*. Use them as men that are ready to hear [*Insomuch as you did it to one of the least of these my Brethren, you did it unto me*] Matt. xxv. Know not a wicked person: but let your eyes be on the faithful of the Land, that they may dwell therein, and lead a quiet and peaceable life, in all godliness and honesty, Psal. ci. 1. Tim. ii. 2. [*Let those that work the work of the Lord, be with you without fear,*] 1 Cor. xvi. 10. Remember that it is the Character of a Pharisee and Hypocrite,

*Hypocrite, to see the mote of the non-observance of a ceremony, or tradition, or smaller matter of difference in Religion in their Brother's eye, and not to see the beam of hypocrisy, injustice and malicious cruel opposition of Christ and his Disciples in their own eyes: And that it's the brand of them that please not God, that are filling up their sins, on whom God's wrath is coming to the utmost, to persecute the Servants of the Lord, forbidding them to Preach to the people that they might be saved, 1 Thess. ii. 15, 16.*

Learn well the second and the hundred and first Psalm: And write these sentences on your walls and doors, as an Antidote against that self-undoing sin: *Matt. xviii. 6. [Whosoever shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a mill stone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the Sea.] Zach. ii. 8. [He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.] Rom. xiv. 1, 2. and xv. 1. [Him that is weak in the faith, receive you; but not to doubtful disputations.— For God hath received him.] Matt. x. 40, 41, 42. [He that receiveth you, receiveth me; and he that receiveth me, receiveth him that sent me. He that receiveth a righteous man in the name of a righteous man, shall receive a righteous man's reward: And who so shall give to drink to one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only in the name of a Disciple, Verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward]* If you love not the Godly, love yourselves (so far as to such self-love is possible) wound not your own hearts, to make their fingers bleed. Damn not your Souls, (and that by the surest, nearest way) that you may hurt their Bodies. Provoke not God to thrust you from his presence, and deny your suits, by your dealing so with them: stop not your own mouths, when your misery will bespeak your loudest cries for mercy, by your stopping the mouths of the servants of the Lord, and refusing to hear their requests for Justice. If you have the Serpent's enmity against the Woman's Seed, you must expect the Serpent's Doom: *Your heads will be bruised, when you have bruised their heels, Gen. iii. 15. Kick not against the pricks,*



pricks, Acts ix. Let not *briars and thorns* set themselves in battle against the Lord, lest he go therefore through them, and burn them together, Isa. xxvii. 4.

I speak not any of this by way of *accusation* or *dishonourable reflection* on the *Magistrate*. Blessed be God that hath given us the comfort of *your defence*. But knowing what the tempter aimeth at, and where it is that your danger lieth, and by what means the Rulers of the Earth have been undone, faithfulness commandeth me to tell you of the *snare*, and to set before you *good and evil*, as ever I would escape the guilt of betraying you by flattery, or cruel and cowardly silence.

And especially when your *Magistracy* is but *annual*, or for a *short time*, it concerneth you to be *doing with your might*. It is but *this Year*, or short space of time that you have to do this special Service in; Lose *this* and lose *all*. By what men on Earth should God be eminently served and honoured, if not by Magistrates, whom he hath eminently advanced, impowered and intrusted? With considerate foresight, seriously ask yourselves the question, Are you willing to hear, at the day of your accounts, that you had but *one Year*, or a *few*, to do God *special service* in, and that you *knew this*, and yet *would not do it*? Can your Hearts hear it then, to hear and think, that you *lost*, and *wilfully lost* such an opportunity? Look about you then, and see what is to be done. Are there not *Alchouses* to be suppressed, and *drunkards* and riotous persons to be restrained? Preaching and Piety to be *promoted*? *Do it with your Might*: For it must be *Now or Never*.

6. To come yet a little nearer you, and speak of the work that is yet to be done in your *own souls*; Are any of you yet in the *state of unrenewed nature*, born *only of the flesh*, and not of the Spirit, John iii. 3, 5, 6. *Minding the things of the flesh, and not the things of the spirit*? Rom. viii. 1, 5, 7, 9, 13. and consequently yet in the *power of Satan, taken captive by him at his will*; Acts xxvi. 18. 2 Tim. ii. 26, 27. *Up and be doing*, if thou love thy Soul. If thou care whether thou be in *Joy* or *Misery*

*Misery for ever*, bewail thy sin and spiritual distress: Make out to Christ, cry mightily to him for his renewing and reconciling pardoning Grace: Plead his satisfaction, his merits and his promises; Away with thy rebellion, and thy beloved sin; Deliver up thy Soul entirely to Christ, to be sanctified, governed and saved by him. Make no more demurs about it; it is not a matter to be questioned, or trifled in. Let the *Earth* be acquainted with thy *bended knees*, and the *air* with thy *complaints* and *cries*, and *men* with thy *confessions* and *enquiries* after the way of life; and *heaven* with thy *sorrows*, *desires* and *resolutions*, till thy *soul* be acquainted with the *Spirit of Christ*, (Rom. viii. 9.) and with the *new*, the *holy* and *heavenly nature*: and thy *heart* have received the *transcript of God's Law*, the *impress of the Gospel*, and so the *Image of thy Creator and Redeemer*. Ply this work with *all thy might*: For there is no *Conversion*, *Renovation*, or *Repentance unto life*, in the *Grave* whither thou goest. It must be *Now or Never*, *And Never saved*, if *Never sanctified*, Heb. xii. 14.

7. Hast thou any *prevailing sin to mortify*, that either *reigneth* in thee, or *woundeth* thee and *keepeth* thy soul in darkness and *unacquaintedness* with God? Assault it resolutely: Reject it speedily: Abhor the motions of it: Turn away from the persons or things that would entice thee. Hate the *doors* of the Harlot, and of the Alehouse, or the gaming-house: and go not as the *Ox to the slaughter*, and as a *bird to the fowler's snare*, and as a *fool to the correction of the stocks*, as if thou knewest not that it is for thy life,] Prov. vii. 22, 23. Why thou befooled stupid soul! wilt thou be *tasting* of the poisoned cup? wilt thou be *sporting* thee with the *bait*? Hast thou *no where* to *walk* or *play* thee, but at the brink of hell? *Must not the flesh be crucified with its affections and lusts*? Gal. v. 24. *Must it not be tamed and mortified*, or thy soul condemned? Rom. viii. 13. 1 Cor. ix. 27. *Run not therefore as at uncertainty: fight not as one that beats the air*, ver. 26. seeing this *must* be done, or thou art undone, delay and dally with sin no longer: Let this be

be the day; resolve and resist it with thy might: It must be *Now or Never*: when death comes, it is too late. It will be then no reward to leave thy sin, which thou canst keep no longer: No part of Holiness or Happiness that thou art not drunk, or proud, or lustful in the grave or hell. As thou art wise therefore, *know and take thy Time*.

8. Art thou in a *declined lapsed state*? decayed in grace? Hast thou lost thy first desires and love? do thy *first works*, and do them *with thy might*. Delay not, but remember from whence thou art fallen, and what thou hast lost by it, and into how sad a case thy folly and negligence hath brought thee: say, *I will go and return to my first husband; for then was it better with me than now*, Hos. ii. 7. Cry out with Job xxix. 2, 3, 4, 5. [O that I were as in months past! as in the days when God preserved me! when his candle shined upon my head and when by his light I walked through darkness. As I was in the days of my youth, when the secret of God was on my Tabernacle, when the Almighty was yet with me—] Return while thou *hast day*, lest the *night* surprize thee: Loyer and delay no more; thou hast lost by it already: thou art far behind-hand. Bestir thee therefore with all thy *might*.

9. Art thou in the *darkness of uncertainty* concerning thy *conversion* and thy *everlasting state*? Dost thou not *know* whether thou be in a state of life or death? and what should become of thee, if *this were the day or hour* of thy change? If thou art *careful about it*, and *enquirest*, and *usest the means* that God hath appointed thee for assurance, I have then no more to say to thee now, but *wait on God*, and thou shalt not be disappointed or ashamed! Thou shalt have assurance in due time, or be saved before thou wouldst believe thou shouldst be saved. Be patient and obedient, and the light of Christ will shine upon thee, and yet thou shalt see the days of Peace. But if thou art *careless* in thy *uncertainty*, and mindest not so great a business, be awakened and call thy soul to its account; search and examine thy



heart and life: Read, and consider, and take advice of faithful guides. Canst thou carelessly sleep, and laugh, and sport, and follow thy lesser business as if thy salvation were made sure, when thou knowest not *where* thou must dwell for ever? *examine yourselves whether you be in the faith? prove yourselves; know ye not your own selves, that Christ is in you except you are reprobates?* 2 Cor. xiii. 5. Give all diligence (in time) to make your calling and election sure, 2 Pet. i. 10. In the Grave and Hell there is no making sure of Heaven: you are then past enquiries and self-examinations, in order to any recovery or hope. Another kind of trial will finally resolve you. Up therefore and diligently ply the work: It must be *Now or Never*.

10. In all the duties of thy Profession of Piety, Justice, or Charity, to God, thyself, or others, up and be doing with thy might. Art thou seeking to enflame thy soul with love to God? plunge thyself in the Ocean of his love; admire his mercies; gaze upon the representations of his transcendent goodness: *O taste and see that the Lord is gracious!* Remember that he must be *Loved with all thy heart and soul and might*; canst thou pour out thy love upon a Creature, and give but a few barren drops to God?

When thou art *Fearing him*, let his Fear command thy soul, and conquer all the fear of man.

When thou art *Trusting him*, do it without distrust, and cast all thy care and thyself upon him: Trust him as a creature should trust his God, and the members of Christ should trust their Head and dear Redeemer.

When thou art making mention of his great and dreadful name, O do it with *Reverence*, and awe, and admiration: And take not the name of God in vain.

When thou art *Reading his Word*, let the Majesty of the Author, and the Greatness of the matter, and Gravity of the stile, possess thee with an obediencial fear. Love it, and let it be sweeter to thee than the honey-comb, and more precious than thousands of Gold and Silver. Resolve to do what there thou findest

to be the will of God. When thou art *praying in secret*, or in thy *family*, *Do it with thy might*: Cry mightily to God as a soul under sin, and wants, and danger, that is stepping into an endless life, should do. Let the reverence and the fervour of thy prayers shew that it's *God himself* thou art speaking to; that it's *Heaven itself* that thou art praying for; *Hell itself* that thou art praying to be saved from. Wilt thou be dull and senseless on *such an errand* to the *living God*? Remember what lieth upon thy *failing or prevailing*, and that it must be *Now or Never*.

Art thou a *Preacher of the Gospel*, and takest charge of the souls of men? Take heed to thyself and to the whole *Flock*, over which the Holy Ghost hath made thee an *Overseer*, to feed the *Church of God*, which he hath purchased with his own blood. Let not the blood of souls, and the blood that purchased them, be required at thy hands, *Acts xx. 28. Ezek. iii. 18, 20.* Thou art charged before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing, and his Kingdom that thou preach the word, be instant in season and out of season; reprove, rebuke, and exhort with all long-suffering and doctrine, *2 Tim. iv. 1, 2.* Teach every man, and exhort every man, *Col. i. 28.* Even night and day with tears, *Acts xx. 31.* Cry aloud; lift up thy voice like a trumpet; tell them of their transgressions, *Isa. lviii. 1.* Yet thou art alive, and they alive; yet thou hast a tongue, and they have ears: The final Sentence hath not yet cut off their hopes. Preach therefore, and *Preach with all thy might*. Exhort them privately and personally with all the seriousness thou canst. Quickly, or it will be too late. Prudently, or Satan will over-reach thee: Fervently, or thy words are like to be disregarded. Remember when thou lookest them in the faces, when thou beholdest the Assemblies, that They must be *Converted or Condemned*, sanctified on *Earth* or tormented in *Hell*; and that this is the *Day*: It must be *Now or Never*.

In a word: Apply this quickening precept to all the duties of the Christian course. Be *Religious*, and *Just*,

and *Charitable* in good earnest, if you would be taken for such when you look for the reward. *Work out your salvation with fear and trembling*, Phil. ii. 12. *Strive to enter in at the strait-gate; for many shall seek to enter and shall not be able*, Matt. vii. 13. Luke xii. 24. *Many run, but few receive the prize: so run that you may obtain*, 1 Cor. ix. 24. *If the Righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?* 1 Pet. iv. 18. Let the doating world deride your diligence, and set themselves to hinder and afflict you; It will be but a little while before experience change their minds, and make them sing another song. Follow Christ fully: Ply your work, and lose no time. The Judge is coming. Let not words nor any thing that man can do, prevail with you to sit down, or stop you in a journey of such importance. Please God, though flesh, and friends, and all the world should be displeased. Whatever come of your Reputation, or Estates, or Liberties, or Lives, be sure you look to Life Eternal; and cast not that on any hazard, for a withering flower, or a pleasant dream, or a picture of commodity, or any vanity that the Deceiver can present. *For what shall it profit you to win the whole world and lose your soul?* Matt. xvi. 26. Or to have been honoured and obeyed on Earth, when you are under the wrath of God in Hell? Or that your flesh was once provided with variety of delights, when it's turned to rottenness, and must be raised to torments? Hold on therefore in Faith, and Holiness, and Hope, though Earth and Hell should rage against you, though all the World by force or flattery, should do the worst they can to hinder you. This is your trial; your warfare is the *resisting of deceit*, and of all that would tempt you to consent to the means of your own destruction: *Consent not*, and you conquer: *Conquer*, and you are Crowned. The combat is all about your *Wills*; *Yield*, and you have lost the day. If the prating of ungodly fools, or the contemptuous jeers of hardened sinners, or the frowns of unsanctified Superiors, could prevail against the Spirit



Spirit of Christ, and the workings of an enlightened mind, then what man would be saved? You *deserve* damnation, if you will run into it to avoid a *mock*, or the loss of any thing that man can take from you. You are unmeet for heaven, if you can part with it to save your purses. *Fear not them that can kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do: but fear him that can destroy both soul and body in Hell, Matt. x. 28. Luke xii. 4, 5. Obey God, though all the world forbid you. No power can save you from his Justice: And none of them can deprive you of his Reward. Though you lose your Heads, you shall save your Crowns: You no way save your lives so certainly, as by such losing them, Mat. x. 39. One thing is necessary: Do that with speed, and care, and diligence, which Must be done, or you are lost for ever. They that are now against your much and earnest praying, will shortly cry as loud themselves in vain. When it is too late, how fervently will they beg for mercy, that now deride you for valuing and seeking it in time? But then they shall call upon God, but he will not answer; they shall seek him early, but shall not find him: For that they hated knowledge, and did not choose the fear of the Lord: They would none of his counsel, but despised all his reproof.] Proverbs i. 24. to the end.*

Up therefore and work with all thy *might*. Let *unbelievers trifle*, that know not that the righteous God stands over them, and know not that they are *now* to work for everlasting, and know not that Heaven or Hell is at the end. Let them delay, and laugh, and play, and dream away their Time, that are drunk with prosperity, and mad with fleshly lusts and pleasures, and have lost their Reason in the cares, and delusions, and vain-glory of the world. But shall it be so with *thee* whose eyes are opened, who seest the God, the Heaven, the Hell, which they do *but hear of* as unlikely things? Wilt thou *live awake*, as they that are asleep? Wilt thou do in the *day-light*, as they do in the *dark*? Shall *Free men* live as *Satan's slaves*? Shall the *Living* lie as *still*

*still and useless as the dead?* Work then while it is day; for the night is coming when none can work, *John ix. 4.*

It is not the works of the Mosaical Law, nor works that are conceited for their proper value to deserve any thing at the hands of God, that I am all this while persuading you to; But it is the works prescribed you by Christ in the Gospel, according to which you shall be shortly judged to *joy or misery*, by Christ himself, that will call you to account. These must be done with all *your Might*.

*Object.* But (you'll say perhaps) alas, *What Might have we? We have no sufficiency of ourselves; without Christ we can do nothing! And this we find when it comes to the trial.*

*Ans. 1.* It is not a *Might* that is *Originally thine own*, that I am calling thee to exercise: but that which thou hast *already* received from God, and that which *he is ready* to bestow. Use well but all the *Might* thou hast, and thou shalt find thy labour is not in vain. Even the strength of *Nature*, and of *common Grace*, are talents which thou must improve.

2. Art thou *willing* to use the *Might* thou hast, and to *have more*, and *use it if thou hadst it*? If thou art, thou hast then the strength of Christ: Thou standest not, and workest not by thy own strength; his promise is engaged to thee, and his strength is sufficient for thee. But if thou art not *willing*, thou art without excuse; when thou hadst heaven and hell set open in the Word of God to make thee *willing*, God will distinguish thy *wilfulness* from *unwilling weakness*.

3. There is more *Power* in all of you than you *use*, or than you are well aware of. It wanteth but *awakening* to bring it into act. Do you not find in your *Repentings*, that the change is more in your *Will* than in your *Power*? and in the *awakening* of your *Will* and *Reason* into act, than in the addition of meer *abilities*? and that therefore you befool yourselves for your sins and your neglects, and wonder that you had no more use of your

your understandings? Let but a storm at Sea, or violent sickness, or approaching death, rouse up and waken the powers which you have, and you will find there was much more asleep in you than you used.

I shall therefore next endeavour to awaken your abilities, or tell you how you should awaken them.

When your Souls are drowsy, and you are forgetting your God, and your latter end, and matters of Eternity have little force and savour with you; when you grow lazy and superficial, and Religion seems a lifeless thing, and you do your duty as if it were in vain, or against your wills; when you can lose your time, and delay repentance, and friends, and profit, and reputation, and pleasure can be heard against the Word of God, and take you off; when you do all by the halves, and languish in your Christian course, as near to death; *Stir up your souls with the urgency of such Questions as these.*

Quest. 1. *Can I do no more than this for God?* Who gave me all? Who deserveth all? Who seeth me in my duties and my sins? When he puts me *purposely* on the trial, what I can do for his sake and service, *Can I do no more?* Can I love him no more? and obey, and watch, and work no more?

Quest. 2. *Can I do no more than this for Christ?* For him that did so much for me? that lived so exactly; obeyed so perfectly; walked so inoffensively and meekly; despising all the *baits*, and *honours*, and *riches* of the World? That loved me to the death; and offereth me freely all his benefits, and would bring me to eternal Glory? Are these careless, cold and dull endeavours my best return for all this Mercy?

Quest. 3. *Can I do no more, when my Salvation is the prize?* When Heaven or Hell depend much on it? When I know this before-hand, and may see in the glass of the Holy Scriptures what is prepared for the *Diligent* and the *Negligent*, and what work there is and will be for ever in Heaven and Hell on these Accounts? Could I not do more, if my House were on Fire, or



my Estate or Life, or Friend in danger, than I do for my Salvation?

Quest. 4. *Can I do no more for the Souls of Men?* When they are undone for ever if they be not speedily delivered? Is this my Love and Compassion to my Neighbour, my Servant, Friend or Child?

Quest. 5. *Can I do no more for the Church of God?* For the public good? For the peace and welfare of the Nation and our Posterity? In suppressing Sin? In praying for Deliverance? Or in promoting works of Public Benefit?

Quest. 6. *Can I do no more, that have loitered so long?* And go no faster, that have slept till the Evening of my Days, when *Diligence* must be the discovery of my Repentance?

Quest. 7. *Can I do no more, that know not now but I am doing my last?* That see how fast my Time makes haste, and know I must be quickly gone? That know it must be *Now or Never*; and that this is all the time I shall have, on which an endless life dependeth?

Quest. 8. *Can I do no better, when I know before-hand, what different aspects Diligence and Negligence will have, to the awakened Soul in the review?* What a Comfort it will be at Death and Judgment, to be able to say, I did my best, or loitered not away the time I had? And what a vexatious and heart-disquieting thing it will then be to look back on Time as irrecoverably lost, and on a life of trial, as cast away upon Impertinencies, while the work that we lived for lay undone? Shall I now by trifling prepare such griping and tormenting thoughts, for my awakened Conscience?

Quest. 9. *Can I do no more, when I am sure I cannot do too much, and am sure there is nothing else to be preferred?* And that it's this I live for: And that life is for action; and disposeth thereunto; (and holy life for holy action) and that it's better *not live*, than not attain the ends of living; when I have so many and unwearied Enemies; when Sloth is my danger, and the advantage of my Enemy; when I know that Resolution and Vigorous

trous Diligence, is so necessary that all is lost without it. Will Temptations be resisted, and Self denied, and concupiscence mortified, and fleshly desires tamed and subdued, and Sin cast out, and a Holy Communion with Heaven maintained with Idleness and Sloth? Will Families be well Ordered, and Church, or City, or Country well Governed? Will the careless Sinners that I am bound to help, be Converted, and Saved, with sitting still, and with some heartless cold Endeavours?

Quest. 10. *Can I do no more that have so much help?* That have Mercies of all sorts Encouraging me, and Creatures attending me; that have health to enable me, or affliction to remember and excite me, that have such a master, such a work, such a reward, as better cannot be desired; who is less excusable for neglect than I?

Quest. 11. *Could I do no more, if I were sure, that my salvation lay on this one duty?* that according to *this prayer*, it should go with me *for ever*; or if the Soul of my child, or servant, or neighbour *must* speed *for ever*, as my endeavours speed with them now for their conversion? for ought I know it may be thus.

Quest. 12. *Would I have God to come with the spur and rod?* How do I complain when affliction is upon me? And will I neither endure it, nor be quickened without it? Is it not better to mend my pace and work, on easier terms?

I would not have distressed Souls to use these considerations meerly to *disquiet* themselves for their *infirmities*, and so live in *heaviness* and *self-vexation*, because they cannot be as good as they desire, or do as much and as well as they should do: It is not Despair that will mend the matter, but make it worse. But I would wish the lazy slothful soul, to plead these Questions with itself, and try whether they have no quickening power, if close urged, and seriously considered.

Believe it Sirs, it is the *deceitfulness of prosperity* that keeps up the *reputation of a slothful life*, and makes

*holy diligence* seem *unnecessary*. When affliction comes, awakened reason is ashamed of this, and seeth it as an odious thing.

By this time you may see, what difference there is between the judgment of God, and of the world, and what to think of the understandings of those men (be they *high* or *low*, *learned* or *unlearned*) that hate or oppose this *holy diligence*. God bids us *love*, and *seek*, and *serve him*, with all our *heart*, and *soul*, and *might*: And these men call them *Zealots*, and *Precisians*, and *Puritans*, that *endeavour* it; though, alas, they fall exceeding short, when they have done their best. It is one of the most wonderful monstrosities and deformities that ever beset the nature of Man, that *men*, that *learned men*, that *Men* that in other things are *wise*, should *seriously* think that the utmost diligence to obey the Lord and save our Souls, is *needless*, and that ever they should take it for a *crime*, and make it a matter of *reproach*: That the *serious, diligent obeying of God's Laws*, should be the matter of the common disdain and hatred of the world; that no men are more *generally abhorred*, and tost up and down by impatient men: that great and small, the Rulers and vulgar rabble, in *most places* of the Earth cannot endure them. To think how the *First Man* that ever was Born into the World, did *hate his own brother* till he had proceeded to Murder him, because he served God, better than himself, [*Because his own works were evil, and his brother's righteous*] 1 John iii. 12. and how *constantly* this horrid unnatural madness hath succeeded and raged in the world from *Cain* until this day! It is not in vain that the Holy Ghost addeth, in the next words, 1 John iii. 13. [*Marvel not my brethren, if the world hate you,*] Implying that we are apt to marvel at it, as I confess I have oft and greatly done. Methinks, it is so wonderful a *plague* and *stain* in Nature, that it doth very much to confirm me of the truth of Scripture; of the Doctrine of man's fall and original sin, and the necessity of a Reconciler, and of renewing Grace.

Distracted,



Distracted, miserable Souls! Is it not enough for you to refuse your *own salvation*, but you must be angry with all that will not imitate you! Is it not mad enough, and bad enough to *chuse* Damnation, but you must be offended with all that are not of your mind! If you will not believe God, that without Regeneration, Conversion, Holiness, and a heavenly Spiritual life, there is no salvation to be hoped for, (*John* iii. 3, 5, 6. *Matt.* xviii. 3. *Heb.* xii. 14. *Rom.* viii. 9, 13. *2 Cor.* v. 17.) must *we all* be *unbelievers* with you? If you will laugh at hell till you are in it, must we do so too? If God and glory seem less worth to you than your *fleshy pleasure for a time*, must we renounce our Christianity, and our Reason for fear of differing from you? If you *dare differ* from your Maker, and the Redeemer, and the Holy Ghost and all the Prophets, Apostles, and Evangelists, and all that ever came to Heaven, might not we be bold to differ from you? If you will needs be ungodly, and choose your everlasting Woe, be patient with them that have more understanding, and dare not be so hardy as to leap *after you* into the unquenchable fire: *Mock not at holiness* if you have no mind of it. *Hinder not* them that *strive to enter in at the strait gate*, if you refrain yourselves. Be not so desirous of company in hell. It will prove no comfort to you, or abatement of your pain.

But because you have the faces to contradict the God of truth, and to reproach that work which he commandeth, and to say, *What needs so much ado?* when he bids us *do it with all our might*; I will briefly tell you what you are doing, and shew you the ugly face of the scorner, and the filthy hearts of the enemies of holiness, that if it may be, you may loath yourselves.

1. *These enemies of holy diligence, deny God with their works and lives, and are practical Atheists*; and it seems are so near of kin to [*that wicked one*,] (see *1 John* iii. 12.) that they would have *all others* to do so too. And then how soon would *earth* be turned into *Hell*! The case is plain: If God deserve not to be loved and

served with all thy heart, and soul and might, he is *not* God. And if thy wealth, or honour, or flesh, or friend deserveth more of thy love, and care, and diligence than God, then that is thy God that deserveth best. See now what these deriders of purity and obedience do think of God, and of the world.

2. *These Cainites do blaspheme the Governor of the world:* When he hath given Laws to the Creatures that he made of nothing, these wretches deride and hate men for obeying them. If God have not commanded that which you oppose; contradict it, and spare not: I would you were *much* more against that pretended Religion which he commandeth not. But if he have commanded it, and yet you dare revile them as too Pure and Precise that would obey it, what do you but charge the King of Saints with making Laws that are not to be obeyed? which must needs imply that they are Foolish, or Bad, though made by the most Wise and Good.

3. *These Enemies of Holiness oppose the practice of the very first Principles of all Religion.* For Heb. xi. 6. [He that cometh to God, must believe that God is, and that he is the Rewarder of them that diligently seek him.] And it's diligent seeking him that they hate and set themselves against.

4. *Do not they judge Heaven to be less worth than Earth;* when they will do less for it, and would have others to do so too?

5. *They would have us all unchristian and unman ourselves,* as if there were no life to come; as if our Reason and all our Faculties were given us in vain. For if they are not given us for greater matters than all the Honours and Pleasures of the World, they are in vain, or worse; and the life of Man is but a Dream and Misery. Were not a Beast left Miserable, if this were all?

6. *How base a Price do these Cainites set on the immortal Soul of Man,* that think it not worth so much ado, as the careful Obedience of the Laws of Christ? Nor worth

worth so much as they do themselves for their filthy Sins and perishing Flesh? But would have us so mad as to sell Heaven and our Souls for a little sinful Sloth and Ease.

7. *These Enemies of Holiness would have Men take their Mercies for their Hurt, and their greatest Blessings for a Burthen or a Plague, and to run into Hell to be delivered from them.* Why Man dost thou know what *Holiness* is? and what it is to have access to God? I tell thee it is the *fore-taste of Heaven on Earth*. It is the Highest Glory, and sweetest Delight, and chiefest Commodity to the Soul. And art thou afraid of having too much of this? What, *thou that hast none* (which should make thee Tremble) art thou afraid of having *too much*? Thou that never *fearest too much Money*, nor *too much Honour*, nor *too much Health*, art thou afraid of *too much Spiritual Health and Holiness*? What shall be thy *Desire*, if thou loath and fly from thy *felicity*?

8. You that are Loyal Subjects, take heed of these ungodly Scorners: For by consequence *they would tempt you to despise your King, and make a mock at the obeying of his Commands and Laws*. For if a Man persuade you to despise a *Judge*, he implieth that you may despise a *Constable*. No *King* is so great in Comparison of *God*, as a *Fly* or *Worm* is to that *King*. He therefore that would relax the *Laws of God*, and make it seem a *needless thing* to obey him diligently and exactly, implieth that Obedience to any of the Sons of Men, is much more needless.

And you that are Children or Servants, take heed of the Doctrine of these Men: *Masters*, admit it not into your *Families*. If he be worthy to be scorned as a *Puritan* or *Precisian*, that is careful to Please and Obey the Lord, what Scorn do your Children and Servants deserve, if they will be Obedient and Pleasing to such as you?

9. All you that are Poor Tradesmen, take heed of the *Consequences of the Gainites scorns*, lest it make you give over the labours of your Calling, and turn yourselves



selves and Families into Beggary. For if *Heaven* be not worth your greatest labour, your Bodies are not worth the least.

10. *These Cainites speak against the awakened Consciences, and the Confessions of all the World.* Whatsoever they may say in the Dream of their blind Presumption and Security, at last, when Death hath opened their Eyes, they all cry, O that we had been Saints! O that we might Die the Death of the Righteous, and that our last End might be as his! O that we had spent that Time, and Care, and Labour for our Souls, which we spent on that which now is Gall to our Remembrance! And yet these Men will take no warning, but now oppose and deride that course that all the World do wish at last they had been as zealous for as any.

11. *The Enemy himself hath a conscience within him,* that either grudgeth against his Malicious Impiety, and witnesseth that he Abuseth them that are far better than himself, or at least will shortly call him to a reckoning, and tell him better what he did, and make him change his Face and Tune, and wish himself in the case of those that he did oppose.

12. To conclude, the *Cainite is of that wicked one*, 1 John iii. 12. of his Father the Devil, John viii. 42, 44. and is his walking, speaking instrument on Earth, saying what he himself would say: He is the open Enemy of God. For who are his Enemies, but the Enemies of Holiness, of his Laws, of our Obedience, of his Image, and of his Saints? And how will Christ deal at last with his Enemies? Luke xix. 27, O that they knew, that foreseeing, they might escape! This is the true, the ugly Picture of a Cainite, or Enemy of a Holy Life, that reproacheth serious diligence as a precise and needless thing, when God commandeth us, and Death, and the Grave, and Eternity admonish us to do his work with all our might. Now consider this ye that forget God, lest he tear you in pieces, and there be none to deliver you, Psal. l. 22.

The matter is now laid before you, and much in your own hands; it will not be so long! What will you now do? Have I *convinced* you now, that God and your Salvation are to be sought with all your might? If I have not, it is not for want of evidence in what is said, but for want of willingness in yourselves to know the truth: I have proved to you, that it is a matter *out of controversy*, unless your lusts, and passions, and carnal interest will *make a controversy* of it. I beseech you tell me if you be of any Religion at all, why are you not *strict*, and *serious*, and *diligent*, and *mortified*, and *heavenly in that Religion* which you are of? Sure you will not so far shame your own Religion, whatever it be, as to say that your Religion is not for mortification, holiness, heavenliness, self-denial, or that your Religion alloweth you to be ambitious, covetous, gluttonous, drunken, to curse, and swear, and whore, and rail and oppress the innocent: It is not Religion, but *Diabolical serpentine malignity* that is for any of this.

It's wonderful to think, that learned men, and Gentlemen, and men that pretend to reason and ingenuity, can quietly betray their souls to the Devil upon such silly grounds, and do the evil that they have no more to say for, and neglect that duty that they have no more to say against, when they know they must do it NOW or NEVER! That while they *confess* that there is a God, and a life to come, a Heaven and a Hell, and that this life is purposely given us for preparation of Eternity; while they *confess* that God is most wise, and holy, and good, and just, and that sin is the greatest evil, and that the Word of God is true, they can yet make shift to quiet themselves in an unholy, sensual, careless life: And that while they honour the Apostles and Martyrs, and Saints that are dead and gone, they hate their successors and imitators, and the lives that they lived, and are inclined to make more Martyrs by their malicious cruelty.

Alas, all this comes from the want of a sound belief of the things which they never saw; and the distance of those things, and the power of Passion, and sensual objects

objects and inclinations, that hurry them away after present vanities, and conquer Reason, and rob them of their Humanity; and by the noise of the company of sensual sinners, that harden and deafen one another, and by the just judgment of God forsaking those that would not know him, and leaving them to the blindness and hardness of their hearts. But is there *no remedy*? O thou the fountain of mercy and relief, vouchsafe these miserable sinners a remedy! O thou the Saviour of lost mankind, have mercy upon these sinners in the depth of their security, presumption and misery! O thou the Illuminator and Sanctifier of souls, apply the remedy so dearly purchased! *We* are constrained oft to fear lest it be much long of *us*, that should more *seriously* apply the awakening truths of God unto men's hearts. And verily our consciences cannot but accuse us, that when we are most *lively* and serious, alas, we seem but almost to trifle, considering on what a message we come, and of what transcendent things we speak. But Satan hath got his advantage upon *our hearts*, that should be instrumental to kindle *theirs*, as well as *on theirs* that should receive the truth. O that we could thirst more after their salvation! O that we could pray harder for it; and entreat them more earnestly; as those that were loath to take a denial from God or man. I must confess to you all with shame and sorrow, that I am even amazed to think of the hardness of my own heart that melteth no more in compassion to the miserable, and is no more earnest and importunate with sinners when I am upon such a *subject as this*; and am telling them that it must be NOW or NEVER; and when the messenger of *Death within*, and the *same of men's displeasure from without*, doth tell me how likely it is that *my Time* shall be but *short*, and that if I will say any thing that may reach the hearts of sinners, for ought I know, it must be NOW or NEVER. O what an obstinate, what a lamentable disease is this insensibility and hardness of heart! If I were sure this were the last Sermon that ever I should preach I find



now my heart would shew its sluggishness, and rob poor souls of the *serious fervour* which is suitable to the subject and their case, and needful to the desired success.

But yet, poor sleepy sinners, *hear us*: Though we speak not to you as men would do that had *seen Heaven and Hell*, and were themselves in a perfectly awakened frame, yet *hear us* while we speak to you the *words of Truth*, with some *seriousness* and compassionate desire of your Salvation. O look up to your God: Look out unto eternity: Look inwardly upon your souls: Look wisely upon your short and hasty Time; and then bethink you how the little remnant of your Time should be employed; and what it is that *most* concerneth you to dispatch and secure before you die. Now you have *Sermons*, and *Books*, and *Warnings*: It will not be so long: Preachers must have done: *God* threateneth them, and *Death* threateneth them, and Men threaten them, and it's *you*, it's *you* that are most severely threatened, and that are called on by God's warnings [*If any man have an ear to hear, let him hear.*] Now you have abundance of private helps, you have abundance of understanding gracious companions; you have the Lord's days to spend in holy exercises, for the edification and solace of your souls; you have a choice of sound and serious Books; and blessed be God, you have the Protection of a Christian and a Protestant King and Magistracy: O what unvaluable mercies are all these! O know your time, and use these with industry; and improve this harvest for your souls! For it will not be thus *always*: It must be NOW or NEVER.

You have *yet time* and leave to *Pray* and cry to God in hope: Yet if you have hearts and tongues, he hath an hearing ear; The Spirit of grace is ready to assist you: It will not be thus *always*: The time is coming when the loudest cries will do no good: O pray, pray, pray, poor needy miserable sinners; for it must be NOW or NEVER.

do You have *yet* health and strength, and Bodies fit to serve your Souls: It will not be so *always*: Languishing and pains and death are coming. O use your health and strength for God; for it must be **NOW** or **NEVER**.

Consider that God who hath commanded thee thy work, hath also appointed thee thy time. And this is his appointed time. To day therefore hearken to his voice, and see that thou harden not thy heart: He that bids thee *Repent and work out thy Salvation with fear and trembling*, doth also bid thee do it *Now*: Obey him in the *time*, if thou wilt be *indeed obedient*; He best understandeth the fittest time. One would think to men that have lost so much already, and loitered so long, and are so lamentably behind-hand, and stand so near the Bar of God, and their everlasting state, there should be no need to say any more, to persuade them to be up and doing. I shall add but this: *You are never like to have a better time*. Take this or the work will grow more *difficult* more *doubtful*, if through the just judgment of God, it became not *desperate*. If all this will not serve, but still you will loiter till Time be gone, what can your poor Friends do but lament your misery! The Lord knows, if we knew what words, what pains, what cost would tend to your awakening, and conversion, and Salvation, we should be glad to submit to it; and we hope we should not think our labours, or liberties, or our lives too dear to promote so blessed and so necessary a work. But if when all is done that we can do, you will leave us nothing but our tears and moans for self-destroyers, the sin is yours, and the suffering shall be yours: If I can do no more, I shall leave this upon record, that *we took our Time* to tell you home, that **SERIOUS DILIGENCE** is necessary to your Salvation; and that *God is the Rewarder of them that diligently seek him*, Heb. xi. 6. and that *this was your day, your only day*: It must be **NOW** or **NEVER**.

BUNYAN'S

# HEAVENLY FOOTMAN;

OR, A DESCRIPTION OF

The MAN that gets to HEAVEN.



*So run that ye may obtain,* 1 Cor. ix. 24.

**H**EAVEN and happiness is that which every one desireth, insomuch that wicked Balaam could say,—‘Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his:’ yet for all this there are but very few that do obtain that ever to be desired glory, insomuch that many eminent professors drop short of a welcome from God into this pleasant place. The apostle, therefore, because he did desire the salvation of the Corinthians, to whom he writes this epistle, layeth them down in these words; such counsel which, if taken, would be for their help and advantage.

First, Not to be wicked, and sit still and wish for heaven, ‘but to run for it.’

Secondly, Not to content themselves with every kind of running; but, saith he, ‘So run that ye may obtain.’ *Ecc. xii. Heb. xii.* As if he should say, Some, because they would not lose their souls, they begin to run be- times, they run apace, they run with patience, they run the right way, *Matt. xiv. 26. 1 Cor. iv. 13.* Do you so run. Some run from both father, mother, friends, and companions, and this that they may have the crown. Do you so run, *2 Cor. vi.* Some run through



temptations, afflictions, good report, evil report, that they may win the pearl. Do you so run. 'So run that ye may obtain.'

These words are taken from men's running for a wager; a very apt similitude to set before the eyes of the saints of the Lord. 'Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all, but one obtains the prize? So run that ye may obtain.' That is, do not only run, but be sure you win as well as run. 'So run that ye may obtain.'

I shall not need to make any great ado in opening the words at this time, but shall rather lay down one doctrine that I do find in them; and in prosecuting that I shall shew you, in some measure, the scope of the words.

*The Doctrine is this.* They that will have heaven, they must run for it; I say, they that will have heaven they must run for it. I beseech you to heed it well. Know ye not that they which run in a race, run all, but one obtaineth the prize? So run ye. The prize is heaven, and if you will have it, you must run for it. You have another scripture for this in the xiith of the Hebrews, the 1st, 2d, and 3d verses, 'Wherefore seeing also,' saith the apostle, 'that we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.' And let us run, saith he.

Again, saith St. Paul, I so run not as uncertainly, so fight I, &c.

But, before I go any farther,

*First, Fleeing.* Observe, that this running is not an ordinary, or any sort of running, but it is to be understood of the swiftest sort of running; and therefore in the sixth of the *Hebrews* it is called a fleeing. 'That we might have strong consolation, who have fled for refuge, to lay hold on the hope set before us.' *Mark,* 'Who have fled.' It is taken from the xxth of *Joshua*, concerning the man that was to flee to the city of refuge when

when the avenger of blood was hard at his heels to take vengeance on him for the offence he had committed; therefore it is a running or fleeing for one's life. A running with all might and main, as we use to say. So run.

*Second, Pressing.* Secondly, This running in another place is called a *pressing*, *Phil.-iii. 14.* 'I press towards the mark;' which signifieth that they who will have heaven must not stick at any difficulties they meet with, but press, croud, and thrust through all that may stand between heaven and their souls. So run.

*Third, Continuing.* This running is called in another place a continuing in the way of life, *Col. i. 14.* 'If you continue in the faith grounded and settled, and be not moved away from the hope of the gospel of Christ.' Not to run a little now and then, by fits and starts, or half way, or almost thither, but to run for my life, to run through all difficulties, and to continue therein to the end of the race, which must be to the end of my life. 'So run that ye may obtain.' And the reasons for this point are these:

First, Because all or every one that runneth doth not obtain the prize; there be many that do run, yea, and run far too, who yet miss of the crown that standeth at the end of the race. Ye know that all that run in a race do not obtain the victory; they all run, but one wins. And so it is here; *Luke xiii. 1 Tim. ii. 5.* It is not every one that runneth, not every one that seeketh, nor every one that striveth for the mastery, that hath it. 'Though a man do strive for the mastery, saith Paul, yet he is not crowned unless he strive lawfully;' that is, unless he so run, and so strive, as to have God's approbation. What! Do you think that every heavy-heel'd professor will have heaven? What! every lazy one? every wanton and foolish professor, that will be stopped by any thing, kept back by any thing, that scarce runneth so fast heavenward as a snail creepeth on the ground? Nay there are some professors do not go on so fast in the way of God as a snail doth go on the wall,

wall, and yet these think that heaven and happiness is for them; but stay, there be many more that run than there be that obtain; therefore he that will have heaven must run for it.

Secondly, Because you know that though a man do run, yet if he do not overcome, or win, as well as run, what will they be the better for their running? They will get nothing. You know the man that runneth he doth it that he may win the prize; but if he doth not obtain it, he doth lose his labour, spend his pains and time, and that to no purpose: I say, he getteth nothing. And, ah! how many such runners will there be found at the day of judgment; even multitudes that have run, yea, run so far as to come to heaven's gates and not be able to get any farther, but there stand knocking, when it is too late, crying, Lord, Lord, when they have nothing but rebukes for their pains. 'Depart from me,' you come not here, you come too late, you run too lazily, the door is shut. 'When once the master of the house is risen up,' saith Christ, 'and hath shut the door, and ye begin to stand without and to knock saying, Lord, Lord, open unto us, I will say, I know you not, depart, &c.' O sad will the state of those be that run, and miss; therefore if you will have heaven you must run for it, and so run that ye may obtain.

Thirdly, because the way is long, (I speak metaphorically) and there is many a dirty step, many a high hill, much work to do, a wicked heart, world and devil to overcome: I say, there are many steps to be taken by those that intend to be saved, by running or walking in the steps of that faith of your father Abraham. Out of Egypt, thou must go through the Red sea, thou must run a long and tedious journey, through the vast howling wilderness, before thou come to the land of promise.

Fourthly, They that will go to heaven, they must run for it; because as the way is long, so the time in which they are to get to the of it is very uncertain:

the



the time present is the only time; thou hast no more time allotted thee than that thou now enjoyest, Prov. xxvii. 1. 'Boast not thyself of to-morrow, for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth.' Do not say, I have time enough to get to heaven seven years hence: for I tell thee the bell may toll for thee before seven days more be ended; and when death comes, away thou must go, whether thou art provided or not; and therefore look to it, make no delays; it is not good dallying with things of great concernment, as the salvation or damnation of thy soul. You know he that hath a great way to go in a little time, and less by half than he thinks of, he had need run for it.

Fifthly, They that will have heaven, they must run for it, because the devil, the law, sin, death, and hell, followeth them. There is never a poor soul that is going to heaven, but the devil, the law, sin, death, and hell, makes after that soul. 1 Pet. v. 8. 'The devil, your adversary, as a roaring lion, goeth about; seeking whom he may devour.' And I will assure you the devil is nimble, he can run apace, he is light of foot, he hath overtaken many, he hath turn'd up their heels, and hath given them an everlasting fall. Also the law, that can shoot a great way, have a care thou keep out of the reach of those great guns, the ten commandments. Hell also hath a wide mouth, it can stretch itself farther than you are aware of; and as the Angel said to Lot, Gen. xix. 'Take heed, look not behind thee, neither tarry thou in all the plain (that is, any where between this and heaven) lest thou be consumed;' so say I to thee, Take heed, tarry not, lest either the devil, hell, death, or the fearful curses of the law of God do overtake thee, and throw thee down in the midst of thy sins, so as never to rise and recover again. If this were well considered, then thou, as well as I, wouldst say, They that will have heaven must run for it.

Sixthly, They that will go to heaven must run for it, because 'perchance the gates of heaven may be shut

shut shortly.' Sometimes sinners have not heaven's gates open to them so long as they suppose; and if they be once shut against a man, they are so heavy that all the men in the world, nor all the angels in heaven are not able to open them, *Rev. iii. 7.* 'I shut, and no man can open,' saith Christ. And now if thou shouldst come but one quarter of an hour too late, I tell thee it will cost thee an eternity to bewail thy misery in. Francis Spira can tell thee what it is to stay till the gate of mercy be quite shut; or to run so lazily that they be shut before thou get within them. What! to be shut out? What! out of heaven? Sinner, rather than lose it, run for it, yea, and so run that thou mayest obtain.

Lastly, Because if thou lose, thou lovest all; thou lovest soul, God, Christ, heaven, ease, peace, &c. Besides, thou layest thyself open to all the shame, contempt, and reproach that either God, Christ, saints, the world, sin, the devil, and all can lay upon thee, *Luke xiv. 28, 29, 30, &c.* As Christ saith of the foolish builder, so will I say of thee, if thou be such a one that runs and missest; I say, even all that go by will begin to mock at thee saying, 'This man began to run well, but was not able to finish.' But more of this anon.

Quest. But how should a poor soul do to run? For this very thing is that which afflicteth me sore, (as you say) to think that I may run, and yet fall short. Methinks to fall short at last, O it fears me greatly! Pray tell me, therefore, how I should run.

Ans. That thou mayest indeed be satisfied in this particular, consider these following things.

*The first Direction.* If thou would'st so run as to obtain the kingdom of heaven, then be sure that thou get into the way that leadeth thither: for it is a vain thing to think that ever thou shalt have the prize, though thou runnest ever so fast, unless thou art in the way that leads to it. Set the case that there should be a man in London that was to run to York for a wa-

ger; now though he run never so swiftly, yet if he run full south, he might run himself quickly out of breath, and be never the nearer the prize, but rather the farther off. Just so is it here, it is not simply the runner, nor yet the hasty runner, that winneth the crown, unless he be in the way that leadeth thereto. I have observed, that little time which I have been a professor, that there is great running to and fro, some this way and some that way, yet it is to be feared most of them are out of the way; and then, though they run as swift as the eagle can fly, they are benefited nothing at all.

Here one runs a Quaking, another a Ranting; one again after the Baptism, and another after the Independency: here's one for Free-will, and another for Presbytery, and yet possibly most of all these sects run quite the wrong way, and yet every one is for his life, his soul, either for heaven or hell.

If thou now say, which is the way? I tell thee it is Christ the Son of Mary, the Son of God. Jesus saith, *John* xiv. 6. 'I am the way, the truth, and the life; no man cometh to the father but by me.' So then thy business is (if thou wouldest have salvation) to see if Christ be thine, with all his benefits; whether he hath covered thee with his righteousness, whether he hath shewed thee that thy sins are washed away with his heart's-blood, whether thou art planted into him, and whether thou have faith in him, so as to make a life out of him to conform thee to him; that is, such faith as to conclude that thou art righteous, because Christ is thy righteousness, and so constrained to walk with him as the joy of thy heart, because he saveth thy soul. And for the Lord's sake take heed, and do not deceive thyself, and think that thou art in the way upon too slight grounds; for if thou miss the way, thou wilt miss of the prize, and if thou miss of that, I am sure thou wilt lose thy soul, even that soul which is worth more than the whole world.

But I have treated more largely on this in my Book of the Two Covenants, and therefore shall pass it now;



only I beseech thee to have care of thy soul, and, that thou mayest so do, take this counsel.

Mistrust thine own strength, and throw it away; down on thy knees in prayer to the Lord for the spirit of truth; search his word for direction; flee Seducers' company; keep company with the soundest Christians, that have most experience of Christ. I tell thee this is a serious matter, and I fear thou wilt so little regard it, that the thoughts of the worth of the thing, and of thy too light regard of it, doth even make my heart ache whilst I am writing to thee. The Lord teach thee the way by his Spirit, and then I am sure thou wilt know it. So run.

Only by the way let me bid thee have a care of two things, and so I shall pass to the next thing.

First, Have care of relying on the outward obedience to any of God's commands, or thinking thyself ever the better in the sight of God for that.

Secondly, Take heed of fetching peace for thy soul from any inherent righteousness. But if thou canst believe that 'as thou art a sinner, so thou art justified 'freely by the love of God, through the redemption 'that is in Christ;' and that God for Christ's sake hath forgiven thee, not because he saw any thing done, or to be done, in or by thee, to move him thereunto to do it; for that's the right way, the Lord put thee into it, and keep thee in it.

*The Second Direction.* As thou shouldst get into the way, so thou shouldst also be much in studying and musing on the way. You know men that would be expert in any thing, they are usually much in studying of that thing, and so likewise it is with those who quickly grow expert in any way; this therefore thou shouldst do: let thy study be much exercised about Christ, who is the way; what he is, what he hath done, and why he is what he is, and why he hath done what he hath done; as why 'he took upon him the form of a 'servant,' *Phil. ii.* 'Why he was made in the likeness

'of

'of men, why he cried, why he died, why he bore the 'sins of the world,' 2 Cor. v. 21; why he was made sin, and why he was made righteousness; why he is in heaven in the nature of man, and what he doth there? Be much in musing of these things; be thinking also of these places which thou must not come near, but leave some on this hand and some on that hand; as it is with those that travel into other countries, they must leave such a gate on this hand, and such a bush on that hand, and go by such a place, where standeth such a thing: thus therefore thou must do, Avoid such things which are expressly forbidden in the word of God, Prov. v. 'Withdraw thy foot too far from her, and come not nigh the door of her house, for her steps take hold of liell, going down to the chambers of death.' Prov. vii. And so of every thing that is not in the way, have a care of it; that thou go not by it; come not near it, have nothing to do with it. So run.

*The third Direction.* Not only thus, but, in the next place, thou must strip thyself of those things that may hang upon thee, to the hindering of thee in the way to the kingdom of heaven, as covetousness, pride, lust, or whatever else thy heart may be inclining unto, which may hinder thee in this heavenly race. Men that run for a wager, if they intend to win as well as run, they do not use to incumber themselves, or carry those things about them, that may be an hindrance to them in their running. 1 Cor. ix. 15. 'Every man that striveth for the mastery, is temperate in all things.' That is, he layeth aside every thing that would be any wise a disadvantage to him; as saith the apostle, Heb. xii. 1. 'Let us lay aside every weight, and the sin, that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us.' It is but a vain thing to talk of going to heaven, if thou let thy heart be incumbered with some things that would hinder. Would you not say that such a man would be in danger of losing, though he run, if he fill his pockets with stones,

hang heavy garments on his shoulders, and great lumpy shoes on his feet? So it is here, thou talkest of going to heaven, and yet fillest thy pocket with stones, (i. e.) fillest thy heart with this world, let'st that hang on thy shoulders, with its profits and pleasures: alas, alas, thou art widely mistaken; if thou intend to win thou must strip, that thou must lay aside every weight, thou must be temperate in all things. Thou must so run.

*The fourth Direction.* Beware of bye-paths, take heed thou dost not turn into these lanes which lead out of the way. There are crooked paths in which men go astray; paths that lead to death and damnation, but take heed of all those, *Isa.* lix. 8. *Prov.* iii. 17. *Prov.* vii. 25. Some of them are dangerous because of practice, some because of opinion, but mind them not, mind the path before thee, look right before thee, turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, but let thine eyes look on, even right before thee, *Prov.* iv. 26, 27. 'Ponder the paths of thy feet, and let all thy ways be established. Turn not to the right hand nor to the left. Remove thy foot far from evil.' This counsel being not so seriously taken as given, is the reason of that starting from opinion to opinion, reeling this way and that way, out of this lane into that lane, and so missing the way to the kingdom. Though the way to heaven be but one, yet there are many crooked lanes and bye-paths shoot down upon it, as I may say. And again, notwithstanding the kingdom of heaven be the biggest city, yet usually those bye-paths are the most beaten, most travellers go those ways; and therefore the way to heaven is hard to be found, and as hard to be kept in, by reason of these. Yet nevertheless it is in this case, as it was with the harlot of Jericho, *Josh.* i. 28; she had one scarlet thread tied in her window, by which her house was known; so it is here, 'the scarlet streams of Christ's blood run throughout the way to the kingdom of heaven;' therefore mind that, see if



if thou do find the besprinkling of the blood of Christ in the way, and if thou do 'be of good cheer, thou art 'in the right way;' but have a care thou beguile not thyself with fancy, for then thou may'st light into any lane or way; but that thou may'st not be mistaken, consider, though it seem never so pleasant, yet if thou do not find that in the middle of the road, there is written with 'the heart-blood of Christ, that he came 'into the world to save sinners, and that we are justified, though we are ungodly;' shun that way; for this it is which the apostle meaneth when he saith, 'We 'have boldness to enter into the holiest by the blood of 'Jesus, by a new and living way which he hath consecrated for us, through the veil, that is to say, his 'flesh.' How easy a matter is it in this our day, for the devil to be too cunning for poor souls, by calling his bye-paths the way to the kingdom? If such an opinion or fancy be but cried up, by one or more, the inscription being set upon it by the devil [This is the way of God,] how speedily, greedily, and by heaps do poor simple souls throw away themselves upon it; especially if it be daubed over with a few external acts of morality, if so good? But this is because men do not know painted bye-paths from the plain way to the kingdom of heaven. They have not yet learned the true Christ, and what his righteousness is; 'neither have they a 'sense of their own insufficiency,' but are bold, proud, presumptuous, self-conceited. And therefore,

*The fifth Direction.* Do not thou be too much in looking too high in thy journey heaven-wards. You know men that run a race do not use to stare and gaze this way and that, neither do they use to cast up their eyes too high, lest haply, through their too much gazing with their eyes after other things, they may in the mean time stumble, and catch a fall. The very same case is this, if thou gaze and stare after every opinion and way that comes into the world; also if thou by prying over much into God's secret decrees, or let thy heart too much entertain questions about some nice, foolish curiosities,

curiosities, thou may'st stumble and fall, as many hundreds in England have done, to their own eternal overthrow, without the marvellous operation of God's grace be suddenly stretched forth, to bring them back again. Take heed therefore; follow not that proud and lofty spirit, that, devil-like, cannot be content with his own station. David was of an excellent spirit, where he saith, *Psal.* cxxxi. 1, 2. 'Lord, my heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty, neither do I exercise myself in great matters, or things too high for me. Surely I have behaved and quieted myself as a child that is weaned of his mother: my soul is even as a weaned child.' Do thou so run,

*The sixth Direction.* Take heed that you have not an ear open to every one that calleth after you, as you are in your journey. Men that run, you know, if any do call after them, saying, I would speak with you, or go not too fast, and you shall have my company with you; if they run for some great matter, they use to say, alas, I cannot stay, I am in haste, pray talk not to me now; neither can I stay for you, I am now running for a wager: If I win, I am made; If I lose, I am undone, and therefore hinder me not. Thus wise are men when they run for corruptible things, and thus shouldest thou do; and thou hast more cause to do so than they, forasmuch as they run but for things that last not, but thou for an incorruptible glory. I give thee notice of this betimes, knowing that thou shalt have a new call after thee, even the devil, sin, this world, vain company, pleasures, profits, esteem among men, ease, pomp, pride, together with an innumerable company of such companions; one crying, stay for me; the other saying, do not leave me behind; a third saying, and take me along with you. What will you go, saith the devil, without your sins, pleasures, and profits—are you so hasty? Can you not stay and take these along with you? Will you leave your friends and companions behind you? Can you not do as your neighbours do, carry the world, sin, lust, pleasure, profit, esteem among men, along with you? Have a  
care

care thou dost not let thy ear now be open to the tempting, enticing, alluring, and foul-entangling flatteries of such sink-souls as these are. 'My son,' saith Solomon, 'if sinners entice thee, consent thou not,' *Prov. i. 11.*

You know what it cost the young man which Solomon speaks of in the 7th of the *Proverbs*, that was enticed by a Harlot. 'With much fair speech she won him, and caused him to yield, with the flattering of her lips she forced him, till he went after her as an ox goeth to the slaughter, or as a fool to the correction of the stocks,' even so far, 'till the dart struck through his liver, and knew not that it was for his life. Hearken unto me now therefore,' saith he, 'O ye children, and attend to the words of my mouth, let not thine heart incline to her ways, go not astray in her paths, for she hath cast down many wounded, yea, many strong men have been slain (that is kept out of heaven) by her; her house is the way to hell, going down to the chambers of Death.' Soul, take this counsel, and say, Satan, sin, lust, pleasure, profit, pride, friends, companions, and every thing else, 'let me alone, come not nigh me, for I am running for heaven, for my soul, for God, for Christ, from hell, and everlasting damnation;' if I win, I win all; and if I lose, I lose all; let me alone, for I will not hear. So run.

*The seventh Direction.* In the next place, be not daunted though thou meetest with never so many discouragements in thy journey thither; that man that is resolved for heaven, 'If Satan cannot win him by flatteries, he will endeavour to weaken him by discouragements,' saying, thou art a sinner, thou hast broke God's law, thou art not elected, thou comest too late, the day of grace is past, God doth not care for thee, thou art lazy, with an hundred other suggestions; and thus it was with David where he saith, *Psal. xxvii. 13, 14.* 'I had fainted unless I had believed to see the loving kindness of the Lord, in the land of the living.' As if he should say, the devil did so rage, and my heart



heart was so base, that had I judged according to my own sense and feeling, I had been absolutely distracted, but I trusted to Christ in the promise, and looked that God would be as good as his promise, in having mercy upon me, an unworthy sinner; and this is that which encouraged me, and kept me from fainting. And thus must thou do when Satan, or the law of thine own conscience, do go about to dishearten thee, either by the greatness of thy sins, the wickedness of thy heart, the tediousness of the way, the loss of outward enjoyments, the hatred that thou wilt procure from the world, or the like; 'then thou must encourage thyself with the 'freeness of the promises, the tender-heartedness of 'Christ, the merits of his blood, the freeness of his 'invitations, to come in, the greatness of the sin of 'others that have been pardoned, and that the same 'God, through the same Christ, holdeth forth the 'same grace as free as ever.' If these be not thy meditations thou wilt draw very heavily in the way to heaven, if thou do not give up all for lost, and so knock off from following any farther; therefore I say, take heart in thy journey, and say to them that seek thy destruction, 'rejoice not against me, O my enemy, for 'when I fall I shall rise; when I sit in darkness, the 'Lord shall be a light unto me.' *Micah vii. 8.* So run.

*The eighth Direction.* Take heed of being offended at the cross that thou must go by before thou come to heaven. You must understand (as I have already touched) that there is no man that goeth to heaven but he must go by the cross: 'the cross is the standing way-mark, by which all they that go to glory must 'pass by.'

'We must through much tribulation enter into the 'kingdom of heaven. Yea, and all that will live godly 'in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution,' *Acts xiv. 22.* *2 Tim. iii. 12.* If thou art in thy way to the kingdom, my life for thine thou wilt come at the cross shortly (the Lord grant thee thou dost not shrink at it so, as

to turn thee back again.) 'If any man will come after me, (saith Christ) let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily and follow me,' *Luke ix. 23.* The cross stands, and hath stood from the beginning as a way-mark to the kingdom of heaven. You know if one ask you the way to such a place, you for the better direction do not only say, this is the way, but then also say, you must go by such a gate, by such a stile, such a bush, tree, bridge, or such like; why, so it is here, art thou enquiring the way to heaven? Why I tell thee, Christ is the way; into him thou must get, into his righteousness to be justified; and if thou art in him, thou wilt presently see the cross, thou must go close by it, thou must touch it, nay, thou must take it up, or else thou wilt quickly go out of the way that leads to heaven, and turn up some of those crooked lanes that lead down to the chambers of death.

*How thou mayest know the Cross, by these six Things.*

1. It's known in the doctrine of justification.
2. In the doctrine of mortification.
3. In the doctrine of perseverance.
4. In self-denial.
5. Patience.
6. Communion with poor saints.

First, In the doctrine of justification, there is a great deal of the cross in that; a man is forced to suffer the destruction of his own righteousness, for the righteousness of another. This is no easy matter for a man to do, I assure you it stretcheth every vein in his heart before he will be brought to yield to it. 'What, for a man to deny, reject, abhor, and throw away all his prayers, tears, alms, keeping of Sabbath, hearing, reading, with the rest,' in the point of justification, and to count them accursed, and to 'be willing, in the very midst of the sense of his sins, to throw himself wholly upon the righteousness and obedience of another man, abhorring his own, counting it as deadly sin; as the open breach of the law;' I say to do this indeed and in truth, is the biggest piece of the cross, and therefore Paul called this a suffering; where he

saith, 'And I have suffered the loss of all things,' Phil. iii. (which principally was his righteousness) 'that I might win Christ, and be found in him, not having (but rejecting) my own righteousness.' That's the first.

Secondly, In the doctrine of mortification is also much of the cross. Is it nothing for a man to lay hands on his vile opinions, on his vile sins, of his bosom sins, of his beloved, pleasant darling sins, that stick as close to him as the flesh sticks to the bones? What, to lose all these brave things that my eyes behold, for that which I never saw with my eyes? What, to lose my pride, my covetousness, my vain company, sports and pleasures, and the rest? I tell you this is no easy matter, if it were, what need all these prayers, sighs, watchings? What need we be so backward to it? Nay, do you not see, that some men before they will set about this work, they will even venture the loss of their souls, heaven, God, Christ, and all? What means else all these delays and put offs, saying, stay a little longer, I am loath to leave my sins while I am so young, and in health. Again, What is the reason else that others do it so by the halves, coldly and seldom, notwithstanding they are convinced over and over; nay, and also promise to amend, and yet all's in vain. I will assure you, 'to cut off right hands, and to pluck out right eyes, is no pleasure to the flesh.'

Thirdly, the doctrine of perseverance is also cross to the flesh, which is not only to begin, but for to hold out, not only to bid fair, and to say, Would I had heaven! but so to know Christ, to put on Christ, and walk with Christ, so as to come to heaven. 'Indeed 'it's no great matter to begin to look for heaven, to begin to seek the Lord, to begin to shun sin; O but 'it is a very great matter to continue with God's approbation.' *Numb. xiv. 24.* 'My servant Caleb,' saith God 'is a man of another spirit, he hath followed me' (followed me always, he hath continually followed me)



me) 'fully, he shall possess the land.' Almost all the many thousands of the children of Israel, in their generation, fell short of perseverance, when they walk'd from Egypt towards the land of Canaan. Indeed they went to work at first pretty willingly, but they were very short winded, they were quickly out of breath, and in their hearts they turned back again into Egypt.

It is an easy matter for a man to run hard for a spurt, for a furlong, for a mile or two; O but to hold out for a hundred, for a thousand, for ten thousand miles, that man that doth this he must look to meet with a cross, pain, and weariness to the flesh, especially if as he goeth he meeteth with briers and quagmires, and other incumbrances, that maketh his journey so much the more painful.

Nay, do you not see with your eyes daily, that perseverance is a very great part of the cross, why else do men so soon grow weary? I could point out many, that after they have followed the ways of God about a twelve month, others it may be two, three, and four (some more and some less) years, they have been beat out of wind, have taken up their lodging and rest before they have got half way to heaven, some in this, and some in that sin, and have secretly, nay, sometimes openly said, that the way is too strait, the race too long, the religion too holy, and cannot hold out, I can go no farther.

And so likewise of the other three, (viz.) patience, self-denial, communion, and communication with and to the poor saints; how hard are these things! it is an easy matter to deny another man, but it is not so easy to deny one's self; to deny myself out of love to God, to his gospel, to his saints, of this advantage, and of that gain, nay, of that which otherwise I might lawfully do, were it not for offending them. That scripture is but seldom read, and seldomer put in practice, which saith, 'I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, if it make my brother to offend,' 1 Cor. viii. 13. Again, 'We that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak,

'weak, and not please ourselves,' *Rom. xvi. 1.* But how forward, how hastily, how peevish and self resolved are the generality of the professors at this day? Also how little considering the poor, unless it be to say, Be thou warmed and filled? But to give is a seldom work; also especially to give to any poor; I tell you all things are cross to flesh and blood, and that man that hath but a watchful eye over the flesh, and also some considerable measure of strength against it, he shall find his heart in these things like unto a starting horse, that is rode without a curbing bridle, ready to start at every thing that is offensive to him; yea, and ready to run away too, do what the rider can.

It is the cross which keepeth those that are kept from heaven. I am persuaded were it not for the cross, where we have one professor, we should have twenty; but this cross, that is it which spoileth all.

Some men, as I said before, when they come at the cross, then they can go no farther, but back again to their sins they must go. Others they stumble at it, and break their necks; others again when they see the cross is approaching, they turn aside to the left hand, or to the right hand, and so think to get to heaven another way, but they will be deceived; 'For all that will live 'godly in Christ Jesus, shall (mark) be sure to suffer 'persecution,' *2 Tim. iii. 12.* There are but few when they come at the cross, cry, Welcome cross, as some of the martyrs did to the stake they were burn'd at. Therefore if thou meet with the cross in thy journey, in what manner soever it be, be not daunted, and say, Alas! what shall I do now? But rather take courage, knowing that by the cross is the way to the kingdom. Can a man believe in Christ, and not to be hated by the devil? Can he make a profession of this Christ, and that sweetly and convincingly, and the children of Satan hold their tongue? Can darkness agree with light? Or the devil endure that Christ Jesus should be honoured both by faith and a heavenly conversation, and let that soul alone at quiet? Did you never read, that the dragon

dragon persecuted the woman? *Rev. xii.* And that Christ saith, 'In the world ye shall have tribulations,' *John xvi. 30.*

*The ninth Direction.* Beg of God that he would do these two things for thee: First, Enlighten thine understanding; and secondly, In flame thy will. If these two be but effectually done, there is no fear but thou wilt go safe to heaven.

One of the great reasons why men and women do so little regard the other world is, because they see so little of it; and the reason why they see so little of it is, because they have their understandings darkened; and therefore saith Paul, 'Do not you believers walk as do other Gentiles, even in the vanity of their minds, having their understandings darkened, being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance (for foolishness) that is in them, because of the blindness of their heart,' *Eph. iv. 17, 18.* Walk not as those, run not with them; alas! poor souls, they have their understandings darkened, their hearts blinded, and that is the reason they have such low thoughts of the Lord Jesus Christ, and the salvation of their souls. For when men do come to see the things of another world, what a God, what a Christ, what a heaven, and what an eternal glory there is to be enjoyed; also when they see that it is possible for them to have a share in it, I tell you it will make them run through thick and thin to enjoy it; Moses having a sight of this because his understanding was enlighten'd, *Heb. xi. 24, 25, 26, 27.* 'He feared not the wrath of the king, but chose rather to suffer afflictions with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season. He refused to be called the son of the king's daughter; accounting it wonderful riches to be accounted worthy of so much as to suffer for Christ with the poor despised saints; and that was, because he saw him who was invisible, and had respect unto the recompense of reward. And this is that which the apostle usually prayeth for in his epistles for the saints, namely, *Eph. i. 18.* 'That they



‘they might know what is the hope of God’s calling, and the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints. And that they might be able to comprehend with all the saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge,’ *Eph. iii. 18, 19.* Pray therefore, that God would enlighten thy understanding, that will be a very great help unto thee. It will make thee endure many a hard brunt for Christ; as Paul saith, ‘After you were illuminated, ye endured a great fight of afflictions. You took joyfully the spoiling of your goods, knowing in yourselves that ye have in heaven a better and an enduring substance,’ *Heb. x. 33, 34, 35, 36.* If there be never such a rare jewel he just in a man’s way, yet if he sees it not, he will rather trample upon it than stoop for it, and it is because he sees it not. Why so it is here, though heaven be worth never so much, and thou hast never so much need of it, yet if thou see it not, that is, have not thy understanding opened or enlightened to see, thou wilt not regard at all; therefore cry to the Lord for enlightening grace, and say, Lord, open my blind eyes; Lord, take the veil off my dark heart, shew me the things of the other world, and let me see the sweetness, glory, and excellency of them, for Christ his sake. This is the first.

*The tenth Direction.* Cry to God that he would inflame thy will also with the things of the other world; for when a man’s will is fully set to do such or such a thing, then it must be a very hard matter that shall hinder that man from bringing about his end. When Paul’s will was set resolvedly to go up to Jerusalem, (though it was signified to him before what he should there suffer) he was not daunted at all; nay, saith he, ‘I am ready, (or willing) not only to be bound, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus,’ *Acts xxi. 11, 12, 13.* His will was inflamed with love to Christ, and therefore all the persuasions that could be used wrought nothing at all.

Your

Your self-willed people nobody knows what to do with them; we use to say, He will have his own will, do all what you can. Indeed to have such a will for heaven is an admirable advantage to a man that undertaketh the race thither; a man that is resolved and hath his will fixed, saith he, I will do my best to advantage myself; I will do my worst to hinder my enemies; I will not give out as long as I can stand; I will have it, or, I will lose my life: 'though he kill me, yet will I trust in him, *Job* xiii. 5. I will not let thee go 'except thou bleis me,' *Gen.* xxxii. 26. I will, I will, I will. O this blessed inflamed Will for heaven! What is like it? If a man be willing, then any argument shall be matter of encouragement; but if unwilling, then any argument shall give discouragement; this is seen both in saints and sinners; in them that are the children of God, and also those that are the children of the devil. As,

First, The saints of old, they being willing and resolved for heaven, what could stop them? Could fire and fagot, sword or halter, stinking dungeons, whips, bears, bulls, lions, cruel rackings, stonings, starving, nakedness, &c. &c. *Heb.* xi. *Rom.* viii. 37, and in all these things they were more than conquerors, through him that loved them; who had also made them willing in the day of his power.

Secondly, See again on the other side, the children of the devil, because they are not willing, how many shifts, and starting holes will they have. I have married a wife, I have a farm, I shall offend my landlord, I shall offend my master, I shall lose my trading, I shall lose my pride, my pleasures, I shall be mocked and scoffed, therefore I dare not come. I, saith another, will stay till I am older, till I am got a little aforehand in the world, till I have done this, and that, and the other business. But, alas! the thing is, they are not willing; for were they but soundly willing, they, and a thousand such as these, would hold them no faster than the cords held Samson, when he broke them like burnt

burnt flax, *Judg.* xv. 14. I tell you, THE WILL IS ALL; that one's of the chief things which turns the wheel either backwards or forwards; and God knoweth that full well, and so likewise doth the devil, and therefore they both endeavour very much to strengthen the will of their servants: God, he is for making of his a willing people to serve him; and the devil, he doth what he can to possess the will and affection of those that are his, with love to sin; and therefore when Christ comes close to the matter, indeed, saith he, you will not come to me—'How often would I have gathered you as a hen gathereth her chickens, but ye would not,' *Luke* xiii. 34. The devil had possessed their wills; and so long as he was sure enough of them. O therefore cry hard to God to inflame thy will for heaven and Christ. Thy will, I say, if that be rightly set for heaven, thou wilt not be beat off with discouragements: and this was the reason, that when Jacob wrestled with the angel, though he lost a limb, as it were, and the hollow of his thigh was put out of joint as he wrestled with him, yet, saith he, 'I will not (mark, I will not) let thee go, except thou blest me,' *Gen.* xxxii. 24, 25. Get thy will tipt with the heavenly grace and resolution against all discouragements, and then thou goest full speed for heaven: but if thou falter in thy WILL, and be not found there, thou wilt run hobbling and halting all the way thou runnest, and also to be sure thou wilt fall short at last. The Lord give thee a WILL and courage.

Thus have I done with directing thee how to run to the kingdom; be sure thou keep in memory what I have said unto thee, lest thou lose thy way. But because I would have thee think of them, take all in short in this little bit of paper.

First, Get into the way. 2. Then study on it. 3. Then strip, and lay aside every thing that would hinder. 4. Beware of bye-paths. 5. Do not gaze and stare too much about thee, and be sure to ponder the path of thy feet. 6. Do not stop for any that call



after thee, whether it be the world, the flesh, or the devil, for all these will hinder thy journey if possible.

7. Be not daunted with any discouragements thou meetest with as thou goest. 8. Take heed of stumbling at the cross. And, 9. Cry hard to God for an enlightened heart, and a willing mind, and God give thee a prosperous journey.

Yet before I do quite take my leave of thee, let me give thee a few motives along with thee. It may be they will be as good as a pair of spurs to prick on thy lumpish heart in this rich voyage.

*The first Motive.* Consider there is no way but this, thou must either win or lose: If thou winnest, then heaven, God, Christ, glory, ease, peace, life, yea, life eternal is thine; thou must be made equal to the angels in heaven, thou shalt sorrow no more, sigh no more, feel no more pain; thou shalt be out of the reach of sin, hell, death, the devil, the grave, and whatever else may endeavour thy hurt: But contrarywise, and if thou lose, then thy loss is heaven, glory, God, Christ, ease, peace, and whatever else which tendeth to make eternity comfortable to the saints; besides, thou procurest eternal death, sorrow, pain, blackness and darkness, fellowship with devils, together with the everlasting damnation of thy own soul.

*The second Motive.* Consider that the devil, hell, death, and damnation followeth after thee as hard as they can drive, and have their commission so to do by this law, against which thou hast sinned, and therefore for the Lord's sake make haste.

*The third Motive.* If they seize upon thee before thou get to the city of refuge, they will put an everlasting stop to thy journey. This also cries, Run for it.

*The fourth Motive.* Know also, that now heaven-gates, the heart of Christ, with his arms, are wide open, to receive thee. O methinks that this consideration, that the devil followeth after to destroy, and that Christ standeth open arm'd to receive, should make

thee reach out and fly with all haste and speed. And therefore,

*The fifth Motive.* Keep thine eye upon the prize, be sure that thy eyes be continually upon the profit thou art like to get. The reason why men are apt to faint in their race to heaven, it lyeth chiefly in either of these two things.

First, They do not seriously consider the worth of the prize; or else if they do, they are afraid it is too good for them: But most lose heaven for want of considering the price and the worth of it. And therefore, that thou may'st not do the like, keep thy eye much upon the excellency, the sweetness, the beauty, the comfort, the peace that is to be had there by those that win the prize. This is that which made the apostle run through any thing; good report, evil report, persecution, affliction, hunger, nakedness, peril by sea, and peril by land, bonds and imprisonments: also it made others endure to be stoned, sawn asunder, to have their eyes bored out with augers, their bodies broiled on gridirons, their tongues cut out of their mouths, boiled in cauldrons, thrown to the wild beasts, burned at the stake, whipt at posts, and a thousand other fearful torments, while they looked not at the things that are seen, (as the things of this world,) but at the things that are not seen: for the things that are seen are temporal, but the things that are not seen are eternal, 2 Cor. iv. 18. O this word ETERNAL, that was it which made them when they might have had deliverance, they would not accept of it, Rom. xi. 35. For they knew in the world to come they should have a better resurrection.

Secondly, And do not let the thoughts of the rareness of the place make thee say in thy heart, this is too good for me; for I tell thee, heaven is prepared for whosoever will accept of it, and they will be entertained with hearty good welcome: Consider therefore, that as bad as thee have got thither, thither went scrubbed beggarly Lazarus, &c. nay, it is prepared for the poor;

‘Hearken

'Hearken my beloved brethren, saith James, (take notice of it) hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom?' *James ii. 5.* Therefore take heart and run man.

*The sixth Motive.* Think much of them that are gone before. First, How readily they got into the kingdom. Secondly, How safe they are in the arms of JESUS; would they be here again for a thousand worlds? Or if they were, would they be afraid that God would not make them welcome? Thirdly, What they would judge of thee, if they knew thy heart began to fail thee in thy journey, or thy sins began to allure thee, or to persuade thee to stop thy race; would they not call thee a thousand fools; and say, O that he did but see what we see, feel what we feel, and taste of the dainties that we taste of. Oh, if he were one quarter of an hour to behold, to see, to feel, to taste, and enjoy but the thousandth part of what we enjoy! What would he do! What would he suffer! What would he leave undone! Would he favour sin? Would he love this world below? Would he be afraid of friends, or shrink at the most fearful threatenings that the greatest tyrants could invent to give him? Nay, those who have had but a sight of these things by faith, when they have been as far off from them as heaven from earth, yet they have been able to say with a comfortable and merry heart, as the bird that sings in the spring, That this and more shall not keep them from running to heaven. Sometimes, when my base heart hath been inclining to this world, and to loiter in my journey towards heaven, the very consideration of the glorious saints and angels in heaven, what they enjoy, and what low thoughts they have of the things of this world, together how they would befool me, if they did but know that my heart was drawing back, hath caused me to rush forward, to disdain these poor, low, empty, beggarly, things, and to say to my soul, Come soul, let us not be weary; let us see what this heaven is; let us even venture all for it, and try if that will quit



for cost. Surely Abraham, David, Paul, and the rest of the saints of God, were as wise as any are now, and yet they lost all for this glorious kingdom. O therefore throw away stinking lusts, follow after righteousness, love the LORD JESUS, devote thyself unto his fear, I'll warrant thee he will give unto thee a goodly recompense. Reader, what say'st thou to this? Art thou resolved to follow me? Nay, resolve if thou canst to get before me. So run, that ye may obtain.

*The seventh Motive.* To encourage thee a little farther, Set to the work, and when thou hast run thyself down weary, then the Lord Jesus will take thee up and carry thee; is not this enough to make any poor soul begin this race? Thou (perhaps) criest, O but I am feeble, I am lame, &c. Well but Christ hath a bosom, consider therefore when thou hast run thyself down weary, he will put thee in his bosom. 'He shall gather his lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young,' *Isa.* xl. 11. This is the way that fathers take to encourage their children, saying, Run sweet babe, till thou art weary, and then I will take thee up and carry thee. He will gather his lambs with his arms, and carry them in his bosom; when they are weary they shall ride.

*The eighth Motive.* Or else he will convey new strength from heaven into thy soul, which will be as well. 'The youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk, and not be faint,' *Isa.* xl. 30, 31. What shall I say besides what hath already been said? Thou shalt have good and easy lodging, good and wholesome diet, the bosom of Christ to lie in, the joys of heaven to feed on: Shall I speak of the satiety, and of the duration of all these? Verily, to describe them to the height, is a work too hard for me to do.

*The*

*The ninth Motive.* Again, methinks the very industry of the devil, and the industry of his servants, &c. should make you that have a desire to heaven and happiness to run apace. Why, the devil, he will lose no time, spare no pains, neither will his servants; both do seek the destruction of themselves and others, and shall not we be as industrious for our own salvation? Shall the world venture the damnation of their souls for a poor corruptible crown; and shall not we venture the loss of a few trifles for an eternal crown? Shall they venture the loss of eternal friends, as God to love, Christ to redeem, the Holy Spirit to comfort: heaven for habitation, saints and angels for company, and all this to get and hold communion with sin, this world, and a few base, drunken, swearing, lying covetous wretches, like themselves? And shall we not labour as hard, run as fast, seek as diligent, nay, a hundred times more diligently, for the company of those glorious, eternal friends, though with the loss of such as these, nay, with the loss of ten thousand times better than these poor, low, base, contemptible things? Shall it be said at the last day, That wicked men made more haste towards hell, than you did make to heaven? That they spent more hours, days, and that early and late for hell, than thou spent for that which is ten thousand times better? O let it not be so, but run with all might and main.

Thus you see, I have here spoken something, though but little. Now I come to make some use and application of what hath been said, and so conclude.

*The first Use.* You see here, that he that will go to heaven, he must run for it: Yea, and not only run, but so run, that is, (as I have said) so run earnestly, to run continually, to strip off every thing that would hinder him in his race with the rest; well then, do so run.

1. And now let us examine a little. Art thou got into the right way? Art thou in Christ's righteousness?

Do

Do not say yes in thy heart, when in truth there is no such matter. It is a dangerous thing you know, for a man to think he is in the right way, when he is in the wrong. It is the next way for him to lose his way, and not only so, but if he run for heaven, as thou say'st thou doest, even to lose that too. O this is the misery of most men! To persuade themselves that they run right, when they never had one foot in the way! The Lord give thee understanding here, or else thou art undone for ever. Pr'ythee, soul, search when was't thou turned out of thy sins and righteousness, into the righteousness of Jesus Christ? I say, dost thou see thyself in him? And is he more precious to thee than the whole world? Is thy mind always musing on him, and also to be walking with him? Dost thou count his company more precious than the whole world? Dost thou count all things but poor, lifeless, empty, vain things without communion with him? Doth his company sweeten all things? And his absence embitter all things? Soul, I beseech thee be serious, and lay it to heart, and do not take things of such weighty concernment, as the salvation or damnation of thy soul, without good ground.

2. Art thou unladen of the things of this world, as pride, pleasures, profits, lusts, vanities? What dost thou think to run fast enough, with the world, thy sins, and lusts, in thy heart? I tell thee, soul, they that have laid aside every weight, every sin, and are got into the nimblest posture, they find work enough to run; so to run as to hold out.

To run through all that opposition, all the jostles, all these rubs, over all them stumbling-blocks, over all them snares, from all those entanglements, that the devil, sin, the world, and their own hearts lay before them. I tell thee, if thou art going heavenward, thou wilt find it no small, or easy matter. Art thou therefore discharg'd and unladen of these things? Never talk of going to heaven if thou art not. It is to be feared thou wilt be found among the many that



will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. *Luke*  
xiii. 24.

*The second Use.* If so, then in the next place, what will become of them that are grown weary before they are got half way thither? Why, man, it is he that holdeth out to the end that must be saved; 'it is he that overcometh, that shall inherit all things; 'tis not every one that begins.' AGRIPPA gave a fair step for a sudden; he stepped almost into the bosom of Christ in less than half an hour. 'Thou,' saith he to Paul, 'thou hast almost persuaded me to be a Christian,' *Acts* xvii. 28. Ah! but it was but almost; and so he had as good have been never a whit; he stepped fair indeed, but yet he stepped short; he was hot while he was at it, but was quickly out of wind. O this but almost! I tell you, this but almost, it lost his soul. Methinks I have seen sometimes how these poor wretches that get but almost to heaven, how fearfully their almost, and their but almost, will torment them in hell. When they shall cry out in the bitterness of their soul, saying, Almost a Christian, I was almost got into the kingdom, almost out of the hands of the devil, almost out of my sins, almost from under the curse of God: Almost, and that was all, almost, but not altogether. O that I should be almost at heaven, and should not go quite through! Friend, it is a sad thing to sit down before we are in heaven, and to grow weary before we come to the place of rest; and if it should be thy case, I am sure thou dost not so run as\*to obtain. But again,

*The third Use.* In the next place, What then will become of them, that some time since were running post-haste to heaven, (insomuch that they seem'd to outstrip many) but now are running as fast back again: Do you think those will ever come thither! What! to run back again, back again to sin, to the world, to the devil, back again to the lust of the flesh. Oh! 'It had been better for them not have known the way of righteousness, than after they have known it, to turn  
(to

(to turn back again) from the holy commandment,' 2 *Pet.* ii. 21, 22. Those men shall not only be damned for sin, but for professing to all the world, that sin is better than Christ; for the man that runs back again, he doth as good as say, I have tried Christ, and I have tried sin, and I do not find so much profit in Christ as in sin. I say this man declareth this, even by his running back again. O sad! what a doom will they have, who were almost at heaven-gates, and then run back again! 'If any man draweth back, saith Christ, my soul shall have no pleasure in him,' *Heb.* x. 38. Again, 'No man having put his hand to the plough, (that is, set forward in the ways of God,) and looking back, (turning back again) is fit for the kingdom of heaven.' And if not fit for the kingdom of heaven, then for certain he must needs be fit for the fire of hell: 'And therefore, (saith the apostle) those that bring forth these apostatizing fruits, as briars and thorns, who are rejected being nigh unto cursing, whose end is to be burned,' *Heb.* vi. 8. O there is never another Christ to save them, by bleeding and dying for them! 'And if they neglect (then how shall they escape, that reject and turn their backs upon) so great salvation? And if the righteous, (that is, they that run for it, will find work enough to get to heaven,) then where will the ungodly backsliding sinner appear,' *Heb.* ii. 3. Oh if Judas the traitor, or Francis Spira the backslider, were but now alive in the world to whisper these men in the ear a little and tell them what it cost their souls for backsliding, surely it would stick by them, and make them afraid of running back again, so long as they had one day to live in the world.

*The fourth Use.* So again, Fourthly, how unlike to these men's passions will those be that have all this while sat still, and have not so much as set one foot forward to the kingdom of heaven. Surely he that backslideth, and he that sitteth still in sin, they are both of one mind; the one he will not stir, because he loveth his sins, and the things of this world;

the other, he runs back again, because he loveth his sins, and the things of this world. Is it not one and the same thing? They are all one here, and shall not one and the same hell hold them hereafter? He is an ungodly one that never looked after Christ, and he is an ungodly one that did once look after him, and then ran quite back again; and therefore that word must certainly drop out of the mouth of Christ against them both, 'Depart from me ye cursed into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.' *Matt. ii. 5.*

*The fifth Use.* Again, here you may see in the next place, that is, they that will have heaven must run for it: then this calls aloud to them that began but a while since to run, I say for them to mend their pace, if they intend to win. You know that they who come hindmost had need run fastest.—Friend, I tell thee, there be them that have run ten years to thy one, nay, twenty to five, and yet, if thou talk with them, sometimes they will say, they doubt they will come late enough. How then will it be with thee? Look to it, therefore, that thou delay no time, not an hour's time, but part speedily with all, with every thing that is an hindrance to thee in thy journey, and run, yea, and so run that thou mayest obtain.

*The sixth Use.* Again, Sixthly, You that are old professors, take you heed that the young striplings of Jesus, that began to strip but the other day, do not out-run you, so as to have that scripture fulfilled on you, The first shall be last, and the last first, which will be a shame to you, and a credit for them. What, for a young soldier to be more courageous than he that hath been used to wars? To you that are hindmost, I say, strive to out-run them that are before you; and you that are foremost, I say, hold your ground, and keep before them in faith and love, if possible, for indeed that is the right running, for one to strive to out-run another; even for the hindmost to endeavour to overtake the foremost, and he that is before should be sure to lay out himself to keep his ground, even to the very utmost.



*The seventh Use.* Again, how basely do they behave themselves, how unlike are they to win, that think it enough to keep company with the hindmost? There are some men that profess themselves such as run for heaven as well as any, yet if there be but any lazy, slothful, cold, half-hearted professors in the country, they will be sure to take example by them. They think if they can but keep pace with them, they shall do fair; but these do not consider that the hindmost lose the prize. You may know, if you will, that it cost the foolish virgins dear for their coming too late. 'They that were ready, went in with him, and the door was shut. Afterward [mark *afterward*] came the other, (the foolish virgins) saying, Lord, open to us: but he answered, and said, 'Depart, I know you not,' *Matt. xxv.* Depart, lazy professors, slothful professors. Oh! methinks the word of God is so plain for the overthrow of your lazy professors, that it is to be wondered men do not take more notice of it. How was Lot's wife served for running lazily, and for giving but one look behind her after the things she left in Sodom? How was Esau served for staying too long before he came for the blessing? And how were they served that are mentioned in the 13th of *Luke*, for staying till the door was shut? also the foolish virgins? An heavy after-groan will they give that have stayed too long, *Gen. xix. 26. Heb. xii. 17.* It turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt; it made Esau weep with an exceeding loud and bitter cry; it made Judas hang himself; yea, and it will make thee curse the day in which thou wast born, if thou mis of the kingdom, as thou wilt certainly do, if this be thy course. But,

*The eighth Use.* Again, how and if thou by thy lazy running shouldst not only destroy thyself, but also thereby be the cause of the damnation of some others; for thou, being a professor, thou must think that others will take notice of thee; and because thou art but a poor, cold, lazy runner, and one that seeks to drive the world and pleasure along with thee: Why, thereby  
others

others will think of doing so too. Nay, say they, why may not we as well as he? He is a professor, and yet he seeks for pleasures, riches, profits; he loveth vain company, and he is so and so, and professeth that he is going for heaven; yea, and he saith also he doth not fear but he shall have entertainment; let us therefore keep pace with him, we shall fare no worse than he. O how fearful a thing will it be, if that thou shalt be instrumental to the ruin of others, by thy halting in the way of righteousness! look to it, thou wilt have strength little enough to appear before God, to give an account of the loss of thine own soul; thou needest not have to give an account for others, or why thou didst stop them from entering in. How wilt thou answer that saying, You would not enter in yourselves, and them that would, you hindered? for that saying will be eminently fulfilled on them that through their own idleness do keep themselves out of heaven, and, by giving of others the same example, hinder them also.

*The ninth Use.* Therefore now to speak a word to both of you, and so I shall conclude.

First, I beseech you in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that none of you do run so lazily in the road to heaven as to hinder either yourselves or others. I know that even he which runs laziest, if he should see a man running for a temporal life, if he should so much neglect his own well-being in this world as to venture, when he is running for his life, to pick up here and there a lock of wool that hangeth by the way-side, or to step now and then aside out of the way to gather up a straw or two, or any rotten stick; I say, if he should do this when he is running for his life, thou would'st condemn him. And dost thou not condemn thyself, that dost the very same in effect; nay worse, that loiterest in thy race, notwithstanding thy soul, heaven, glory, and all is at stake? Have a care, have a care, poor wretched sinner have a care.

Secondly, If yet there shall be any that, notwithstanding this advice, will still be staggering and loitering

in the way to the kingdom of glory, be thou so wise as not to take example by them. Learn of no man farther than he followeth Christ: but 'look unto Jesus, who is not only the Author and Finisher of faith, but who did, for the joy that was set before him, endure the cross, despise the shame, and is now set down at the right hand of God,' *Heb. xii. 1, 2.* I say, look to no man to learn of him farther than he followeth Christ. 'Be ye followers of me (saith Paul) even as I am of Christ,' *1 Cor. xi. 1.* Though he was an eminent man, yet his exhortation was, that none should follow him any farther than he followed Christ.

*Provocation.* Now that ye may be provoked to run with the foremost, take notice of this. When Lot and his wife were running from cursed Sodom to the mountains to save their lives, it is said, that his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt; and yet you see that neither her practice, nor the judgment of God that fell upon her for the same, would cause Lot to look behind him. I have sometimes wondered at Lot in this particular; his wife looked behind her, and died immediately; but let what would become of her, Lot would not so much as look behind him to see her. We do not read that he did so much as once look where she was, or what was become of her; his heart was indeed upon his journey, and well it might: there was the mountain before him, and the fire and brimstone behind him; his life lay at stake, and he had lost it if he had but looked behind him. Do thou so run; and in thy race remember Lot's wife, and remember her doom; and remember for what that doom did overtake her; and remember that God made her an example for all lazy runners to the end of the world; and take heed thou fall not after the same example. But,

If this will not provoke thee, consider thus, 1. Thy soul is thine own soul, that is either to be saved or lost; thou shalt not lose my soul by thy laziness. It is thine own soul, thine own ease, thine own peace, thine own advantage



advantage or disadvantage. If it were my own that thou art desired to be good unto, methinks reason should move thee somewhat to pity it. But, alas! it is thine own, thine own soul. 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' *Matt. viii. 36.* God's people wish well to the souls of others, and wilt not thou wish well to thine own? And if this will not provoke thee, then think

Again, 2. If thou lose thy soul, it is thou also that must bear the blame. It made Cain, in a spiritual sense, stark mad to consider that he had not looked to his brother Abel's soul. How much more will it perplex thee to think that thou hadst not a care of thy own? And if this will not provoke thee to bestir thyself, think again,

3. That if thou wilt not run, the people of God are resolved to deal with thee even as Lot dealt with his wife, that is, leave thee behind them. It may be thou hast got a father, mother, brother, &c. going post-haste to heaven, would thou be willing to be left behind them? Surely no.

Again, 4. Will it not be a dishonour to thee to see the very boys and girls in the country to have more wit than thyself? It may be the servants of some, as the horse-keeper, ploughman, scullion, &c. is more looking after heaven than their masters. I am apt to think sometimes, that more servants than masters, that more tenants than landlords, will inherit the kingdom of heaven. But is not this a shame for them that are such? I am persuaded you scorn that your servants should say that they are wiser than you in the things of this world; and yet I am bold to say, that many of them are wiser than you in the things of the world to come, which are of greater concernment.

*Expostulation.* Well then, sinner, what sayest thou? Where is thy heart? Wilt thou run? Art thou resolved to strip, or art thou not? Think quickly, man; it is no dallying in this matter. Confer not  
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with flesh and blood; look up to heaven, and see how thou likest it; also to hell, (of which thou mayest understand something in my book called *A few Sighs from Hell, or, The Groans of a Damned Soul*, which I wish thee to read seriously over) and accordingly devote thyself. If thou dost not know the way, inquire at the word of God. If thou want company, cry for God's Spirit. If thou wantest encouragement, entertain the promises. But be sure thou begin betimes; get into the way; run apace, and hold out to the end, and the Lord give thee a prosperous journey.

*Farewel.*

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*Of the Torments of Hell.*

**H**EAVEN and salvation is not surely more promising to the godly, than hell and damnation is threatened to, and shall be executed on the wicked.

When one man is damned, he may bid adieu to all pleasures.

Oh! who knows the power of God's wrath?—None but damned ones.

Sinners company are the devil and his angels, tormenting in everlasting fire with a curse.

Hell would be a kind of paradise, if it were no worse than the worst of this world.

As different as grief is from joy, as torment from rest, as terror from peace, so different is the state of sinners from that of saints in the world to come.

John Bunyan.

SCOUGAL'S

SCOUGAL'S  
LIFE OF GOD

IN THE

*Soul of Man.*



*The Occasion of this Discourse.*

**T**HIS designation doth give you a title to all the endeavours whereby I can serve your interests; and your pious inclinations to do so, happily conspire with my duty, that I shall not need to step out of my road to gratify you; but I may at once perform an office of friendship, and discharge an exercise of my function, since the advancing of virtue and holiness (which I hope you make your greatest study) is the peculiar business of my employment. This, therefore, is the most proper instance wherein I can vent my affection, and express my gratitude towards you, and I shall not any longer delay the performance of the promise I made you to this purpose: For though I know you are provided with better helps of this nature than any I can offer you, nor are you like to meet with any thing here which you knew not before; yet I am hopeful, that what cometh from one whom you are pleased to honour with your friendship, and which is more particularly designed for your use, will be kindly accepted by you; and God's providence perhaps may so direct my thoughts, that something or other may prove useful to you. Nor shall I doubt your pardon, if, for moulding my discourse in-

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to the better frame, I lay a low foundation, beginning with the nature and properties of Religion, and all along give such way to my thoughts, in the prosecution of the subject, as may bring me to say many things which were not necessary, did I only consider to whom I am writing.

*Mistakes about Religion.* I cannot speak of Religion, but I must lament, that among so many pretenders to it, so few understand what it means: some placing it in the understanding, in orthodox notions and opinions; and all the account they can give of their religion, is, that they are of this or the other persuasion, and have join'd themselves to one of those many sects whereinto Christendom is most unhappily divided. Others place it in the outward man, in a constant course of external duties, and a model of performances: if they live peaceably with their neighbours, keep a temperate diet, observe the returns of worship, frequenting the church, or their closet, and sometimes extend their hands to the relief of the poor, they think they have sufficiently acquitted themselves. Others again put all religion in the affections, in rapturous hearts, and extatic devotion; and all they aim at, is, to pray with passion, and think of heaven with pleasure, and to be affected with those kind and melting expressions wherewith they court their Saviour, till they persuade themselves that they are mightily in love with him, and from thence assume a great confidence of their salvation, which they esteem the chief of Christian graces. Thus are these things which have any resemblance of piety, and at the best are but means of obtaining it, or particular exercises of it, frequently mistaken for the whole of Religion: Nay, sometimes wickedness and vice pretend to that name. I speak not now of those gross impieties wherewith the Heathens were wont to worship their gods; there are but too many Christians who would consecrate their vices, and hallow their corrupt affections, whose rugged humour, and sullen pride, must pass for Christian severity; whose fierce wrath, and  
§ bitter

bitter rage against their enemies, must be called holy zeal; whose petulancy towards their superiors, or rebellion against their governors, must have the name of Christian courage and resolution.

*What Religion is.* But certainly Religion is quite another thing, and they who are acquainted with it, will entertain far different thoughts, and disdain all those shadows and false imitations of it. They know by experience that true Religion is an union of the soul with God, a real participation of the divine nature, the very image of God drawn upon the soul, or, in the Apostle's phrase, *it is Christ formed within us*. Briefly, I know not how the nature of Religion can be more fully expressed, than by calling it a *divine life*: And under these terms I shall discourse of it, shewing, first, how it is called a *Life*, and then how it is termed *divine*.

*Its permanency and stability.* I chuse to express it by the name of *Life*; first, because of its permanency and stability. Religion is not a sudden start, or passion of the mind, not though it should rise to the height of a rapture, and seem to transport a man to extraordinary performances. There are few but have convictions of the necessity of doing something for the salvation of their souls, which may push them forward some steps with a great deal of seeming haste: But anon they flag and give over; they were in a hot mood, but now they are cooled; they did shoot forth fresh and high,—but are quickly withered, because they had no root in themselves. These sudden fits may be compared to the violent and convulsive motions of bodies newly beheaded, caused by the agitations of the animal spirits, after the soul is departed, which, however violent and impetuous, can be of no long continuance; whereas the motions of holy souls are constant and regular, proceeding from a permanent and lively principle. It is true, this divine life continueth not always in that same strength and vigour, but many times suffers sad decays; and holy men find greater difficulty in resisting tempta-

tions, and less alacrity in the performance of their duties: Yet it is not quite extinguished; nor are they abandoned to the power of those corrupt affections, which sway and over-rule the rest of the world.

*Its freedom and unconstrainedness.* Again, Religion may be designed by the name of *Life*; because it is an inward, free, and self-moving principle; and those who have made progress in it, are not acted only by external motives, driven merely by threatnings, nor bribed by promises, nor constrained by laws; but are powerfully inclined to that which is good, and delight in the performance of it. The love which a pious man bears to God and goodness, is not so much by virtue of a command enjoining him so to do, as by a new nature instructing and prompting him to it; nor doth he pay his devotions as an unavoidable tribute, only to appease the divine justice, or quiet his clamorous conscience; but those religious exercises are the proper emanations of the divine life, the natural employments of the new-born soul. He prays, and gives thanks, and repents, not only because these things are commanded, but rather because he is sensible of his wants, and of the divine goodness, and of the folly and misery of a sinful life; his charity is not forced, nor his alms extorted from him; his love makes him willing to give; and though there were no outward obligation, his *heart would devise liberal things*: Injustice or intemperance, and all other vices, are as contrary to *his* temper and constitution, as the basest actions are to the most generous spirit, and impudence and scurrility to those who are naturally modest. So that I may well say with St. John, *Whosoever is born of God, doth not commit sin; for his seed remaineth in him, and he cannot sin, because he is born of God.* Though holy and religious persons do much eye the law of God, and have a great regard unto it; yet it is not so much the sanction of the law, as its reasonableness, and purity, and goodness, which do prevail with them; they account it excellent and desirable



able in itself, and that in keeping of it there is great reward; and that divine love wherewith they are acted, makes them become a law unto themselves.

Who shall prescribe a law to those that love?

Love's a more powerful law which doth them move.

In a word, what our blessed Saviour said of himself, is in some measure applicable to his followers, <sup>b</sup> *that it is their meat and drink to do their Father's will*: And as the natural appetite is carried out toward food, though we should not reflect on the necessity of it for the preservation of our lives; so are they carried with a natural and unforced propension toward that which is good and commendable. It is true, external motives are many times of great use to excite and stir up this inward principle, especially in its infancy and weakness, when it is often so languid that the man himself can scarce discern it, hardly being able to move one step forward, but when he is push'd by his hopes, or his fears, by the pressure of an affliction, or the sense of a mercy, by the authority of the law, or the persuasion of others. Now if such a person be conscientious and uniform in his obedience, and earnestly groaning under the sense of his dulness, and is desirous to perform his duties with more spirit and vigour; these are the first motions of the divine life, which, though it be faint and weak, will surely be cherished by the influences of heaven, and grow unto greater maturity. But he who is utterly destitute of this inward principle, and doth not aspire unto it, but contents himself with those performances whereunto he is prompted by education or custom, by the fear of hell, or carnal notions of heaven, can no more be accounted a religious person, than a puppet can be called a man. This forced and artificial religion is commonly heavy and languid, like the motion of a weight forced upward: It is cold and spiritless, like the uneasy compliance of a wife married against her will, who carries it dutifully toward the husband whom

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<sup>b</sup> John iv, 34

He doth not love, out of some sense of virtue or honour. Hence also this religion is scant and niggardly, especially in those duties which do greatest violence to men's carnal inclinations, and those slavish spirits will be sure to do no more than is absolutely required: 'Tis a law that compels them, and they will be loth to go beyond what it flints them to; nay, they will ever be putting such glosses on it, as may leave themselves the greatest liberty: Whereas the spirit of true religion is frank and liberal, far from such peevish and narrow reckoning; and he who hath given himself entirely unto God, will never think he doth too much for him.

*Religion a divine principle.* By this time I hope it doth appear, that Religion is with a great deal of reason termed a *Life*, or vital principle, and that it is very necessary to distinguish betwixt and that obedience which is constrained, and depends upon external causes. I come next to give an account why I designed it by the name of *divine Life*: And so it may be called, not only in regard of its fountain and original, having God for its author, and being wrought in the souls of men by the power of his Holy Spirit; but also in regard of its nature, Religion being a resemblance of the divine perfections, the image of the Almighty shining in the soul of man: Nay, it is a real participation of his nature, it is a beam of the eternal light, a drop of that infinite ocean of goodness; and they who are endowed with it, may be said to have *God dwelling in their souls, and Christ formed within them.*

*What the natural life is.* Before I descend to a more particular consideration of that divine life wherein true religion doth consist, it will perhaps be fit to speak a little of that natural or animal life which prevails in those who are strangers to the other: And by this I understand nothing else, but our inclination and propension towards those things which are well pleasing and acceptable to nature; or self-love issuing forth and spreading itself into as many branches as men have several appetites and inclinations. The root and foundation

dation of the animal life, I reckon to be *sense*, taking it largely, as it is opposed unto faith, and importeth our perception and sensation of those things that are either grateful or troublesome to us. Now these animal affections, considered in themselves, and as they are implanted in us by nature, are not vicious or blameable; nay, they are instances of the wisdom of the Creator, furnishing his creatures with such appetites as tend to the preservation and welfare of their lives. These are instead of a law unto the brute beasts, whereby they are directed towards the ends for which they were made: But man being made for higher purposes, and to be guided by more excellent laws, becomes guilty and criminal when he is so far transported by the inclinations of this lower life as to violate his duty, or neglect the higher and more noble designs of his creation. Our natural affections are not wholly to be extirpated and destroyed, but only to be moderated and over-ruled by a superior and more excellent principle. In a word, the difference betwixt a religious and wicked man, is, that in the one divine life bears sway, in the other the animal life doth prevail.

*The different tendencies of the natural life.* But it is strange to observe unto what different courses this natural principle will sometimes carry those who are wholly guided by it, according to the divers circumstances that concur with it to determine them; and then not considering this doth frequently occasion very dangerous mistakes, making men think well of themselves by reason of that seeming difference which is betwixt them and others, whereas perhaps their actions do all the while flow from one and the same original. If we consider the natural temper and constitution of men's souls, we shall find some to be airy, frolicksome and light, which makes their behaviour extravagant and ridiculous; whereas others are naturally serious and severe, and their whole carriage composed into such gravity as gains them a great deal of reverence and esteem. Some are of an humourous, rugged and morose temper, and  
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can neither be pleased themselves, nor endure that others should be so. But all are not born with such sour and unhappy dispositions; for some persons have a certain sweetness and benignity rooted in their natures, and they find the greatest pleasure in the endearments of society, and the mutual complacency of friends, and covet nothing more than to have every body obliged to them: And it is well that nature hath provided this complexional tenderness, to supply the defect of true charity in the world, and to incline men to do something for one another's welfare. Again, in regard of education, some have never been taught to follow any other rules than those of pleasure or advantage; but others are so inured to observe the strictest rules of decency and honour, and some instances of virtue, that they are hardly capable of doing any thing which they have been accustomed to look upon as base and unworthy.

In fine, it is no small difference in the deportment of mere natural men, that doth arise from the strength or weakness of their wit or judgment, and from their care or negligence in using them. Intemperance and lust, injustice and oppression, and all those other impieties which abound in the world, and render it so miserable, are the issues of self-love, the effect of the *animal life*, when it is neither overpower'd by religion, nor governed by natural reason; But if it once take hold of reason, and get judgment and wit to be of its party, it will many times disdain the grosser sort of vices, and spring up unto fair imitations of virtue and goodness. If a man have but so much reason as to consider the prejudice which intemperance and inordinate lust do bring unto his health, his fortune and his reputation, self-love may suffice to restrain him; and one may observe the rules of moral justice, in dealing with others, as the best way to secure his own interest, and maintain his credit in the world. But this is not all: For this natural principle, by the help of reason, may take a higher flight, and come nigher the instances of piety and

and religion: It may incline a man to the diligent study of divine truths; for why should not these, as well as other speculations, be pleasant and grateful to curious and inquisitive minds? It may make men zealous in maintaining and propagating such opinions as they have espoused, and be very desirous that others should submit unto their judgment, and approve the choice of religion which they themselves have made: It may make them delight to hear and compose excellent discourses about the matters of religion; for eloquence is very pleasant whatever be the subject: Nay, some it may dispose to no small height of sensible devotion. The glorious things that are spoken of heaven, may make even a carnal heart in love with it; the metaphors and similitudes made use of in scripture, of crowns and sceptres, and rivers of pleasure, &c. will easily affect a man's fancy, and make him wish to be there, though he neither understand nor desire those spiritual pleasures which are described and shadowed forth by them; and when such a person comes to believe that Christ has purchased those glorious things for him, he may feel a kind of tenderness and affection toward so great a benefactor, and imagine that he is mightily enamoured with him, and yet all the while continue a stranger to the holy temper and spirit of the blessed Jesus: and what hand the natural constitution may have in the rapturous devotions of some melancholy persons, hath been excellently discovered of late by several learned and judicious pens.

To conclude, there is nothing proper to make a man's life pleasant, or himself eminent and conspicuous in the world; but this natural principle, assisted by wit and reason, may prompt him to it; and though I do not condemn these things in themselves, yet it concerns us nearly to know and consider their nature, both that we may keep within due bounds, and also that we may learn never to value ourselves on the account of such attainments, nor lay the stress of religion upon our natural appetites of performances.

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*Wherein the divine life doth consist.* It is now time to return to the consideration of that *divine life* whereof I was discoursing before, that *life which is hid with Christ in God*; and therefore hath no glorious shew or appearance in the world, and to the natural man will seem a mean and insipid notion. As the animal life consisteth in that narrow and confined love which is terminated on a man's self, and in his propension toward those things that are pleasing to nature; so the *divine life* stands in an universal and unbounded affection, and in the mastery over our natural inclinations, that they may never be able to betray us to those things which we know to be blameable. The root of the *divine life* is faith; the chief branches are love to God, charity to man, purity and humility: For (as an excellent person hath well observed) however these names be common and vulgar, and make no extraordinary sound, yet do they carry such a mighty sense, that the tongue of man or angel can pronounce nothing more weighty or excellent. *Faith* hath the same place in the *divine life*, which *sense* hath in the *natural*, being indeed nothing else but a kind of sense, or feeling persuasion of spiritual things: It extends itself unto all divine truths; but in our lapsed estate, it hath a peculiar relation to the declarations of God's mercy and reconcileableness to sinners through a mediator; and therefore receiving its denomination from that principal object, is ordinarily termed *Faith in Jesus Christ*.

The *Love* of God is a delightful and affectionate sense of the divine perfections, which makes the soul resign and sacrifice itself wholly unto him, desiring above all things to please him, and delighting in nothing so much as in fellowship and communion with him, and being ready to do or suffer any thing for his sake, or at his pleasure. Though this affection may have its first rise from the favours and mercies of God toward ourselves, yet doth it, in its growth and progress, transcend such particular considerations, and ground itself on his infinite goodness, manifested in all the works of creation  
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and providence. A soul; thus possessed with *divine love*, must needs be enlarged, toward all mankind, in a sincere and unbounded affection; because of the affection; because of the relation they have to God, being his creatures, and having something of his image stamped upon them; and this is that *charity* I named as the second branch of Religion, and under which all the parts of justice, all the duties we owe to our neighbour, are eminently comprehended: For he who doth truly love all the world, will be nearly concerned in the interest of every one; and so far from wronging or injuring any person, that he will resent any evil that befalls others, as if it happened to himself.

By *Purity*, I understand a due abstractedness from the body, and mastery over the inferior appetites; or such a temper and disposition of mind, as makes a man despise and abstain from all pleasures and delights of sense or fancy, which are sinful in themselves, or tend to extinguish or lessen our relish of more divine and intellectual pleasures; which doth also infer a resoluteness to undergo all those hardships he may meet with in the performance of his duty: So that not only chastity and temperance, but also christian courage and magnanimity, may come under this head.

*Humility* imports a deep sense of our own meanness, with a hearty and affectionate acknowledgement of our owing all that we are to the divine bounty; which is always accompanied with a profound submission to the will of God, and great deadness toward the glory of the world, and applause of men.

These are the highest perfections that either men or angels are capable of; the very foundation of heaven laid in the soul; and he who hath attained them, needs not desire to pry into the hidden rolls of God's decrees, or search the volumes of heaven to know what is determined about his everlasting condition; but he may find a copy of God's thoughts concerning him, written in his own breast. His love to God may give him assurance of God's favour to him; and those beginnings

of happiness which he feels in the conformity of the powers of his soul to the nature of God, and compliance with his will, are a sure pledge that his felicity shall be perfected, and continued to all eternity: And it is not without reason that one said, *I had rather see the real impressions of a Godlike nature upon my own soul, than have a vision from heaven, or an angel sent to tell me that my name were enrolled in the book of life.*

*Religion better understood by actions than words.* When we have said all we can, the secret mysteries of a new nature and *divine life* can never be sufficiently expressed; language and words cannot reach them; nor can they be truly understood but by those souls that are enkindled within, and awakened unto the sense and relish of spiritual things: *There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth this understanding.* The power and life of religion may be better expressed in actions than in words; because actions are more lively things, and do better represent the inward principle whence they proceed: And therefore we may take the best measure of those gracious endowments from the deportment of those in whom they reside; especially as they are perfectly exemplified in the holy life of our blessed Saviour, a main part of whose business in this world, was to teach, by his practice, what he did require of others,—and to make his own conversation an exact resemblance of those unparalleled rules which he prescribed: So that if ever true goodness was visible to mortal eyes, it was then, when his presence did beautify and illustrate this lower world.

*Divine love exemplified in our Saviour.* That sincere and devout affection wherewith his blessed soul did constantly burn toward his heavenly Father, did express itself in an entire resignation to his will; it was this was his very *meat, to do the will, and finish the work of him that sent him.* This was the exercise of his childhood, and the constant employment of his riper age. He spared no travel or pains while he was about his Father's business but took such infinite content and satisfaction in the  
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the performance of it, that when being faint and weary with his journey, he rested himself on *Jacob's well*, and entreated water of the *Samaritan woman*. The success of his conference with her, and the accession that was made to the kingdom of God, filled his mind with such delight, as seemed to have redounded to his very body, refreshing his spirits, and making him forget the thirst whereof he complained before, and refuse the meat which he had sent his disciples to buy. Nor was he less patient and submissive in suffering the will of God, than diligent in the doing of it: He endured the sharpest afflictions, and extremest miseries that ever were inflicted on any mortal, without a repining thought, or discontented word: For though he was far from a stupid insensibility, or a fantastic or stoical obstinacy, and had as quick a sense of pain as other men, and the deepest apprehension of what he was to suffer in his soul, (as his *bloody sweat*, and the *sore amazement and sorrow* which he profess, do abundantly declare,) yet did he entirely submit to that severe dispensation of providence, and willing acquiesced in it.

And he pray'd to God, that *if it were possible*, (or as one of the Evangelists hath it, *if he were willing*,) *that cup might be removed*; yet he gently added, *Nevertheless, not my will, but thine be done*. Of what strange importance are the expressions, *John xii. 27.* where he first acknowledgeth the anguish of his spirit, *Now is my soul troubled* (which would seem to produce a kind of demur,) *and what shall I say?* and then he goes to deprecate his suffering, *Father, save me from this hour*; which he had no sooner uttered, but he doth as it were, on second thoughts, recall it in these words, *But for this cause came I into the world*; and concludes, *Father, glorify thy name*. Now we must not look on this as any levity, or blameable weakness in the blessed Jesus: He knew all along what he was to suffer, and did most resolutely undergo it; but it shews us the unconceivable weight and pressure that he was to bear, which being so



afflicting, and contrary to nature, he could not think of without terror; yet considering the will of God, and the glory which was to redound to him from thence, he was not only content, but desirous to suffer it.

*His constant devotion.* Another instance of his love to God, was, his delight in conversing with him by prayer, which made him frequently retire himself from the world, and with the greatest devotion and pleasure spend whole nights in that heavenly exercise, though he had no sins to confess, and but few secular interests to pray for; which, alas! are almost the only things that are wont to drive us to our devotions: Nay, we may say his whole life was a kind of prayer; a constant course of communion with God: If the sacrifice was not always offering, yet was the fire still kept alive; nor was ever the blessed Jesus surprised with that dulness, or trepidity of spirit, which we must many times wrestle with before we can be fit for the exercise of devotion.

*His charity to men.* In the second place, I should speak of his love and charity toward all men; but he who would express it, must transcribe the history of the gospel, and comment upon it; for scarce any thing is recorded to have been done or spoken by him, which was not designed for the good and advantage of some one or other. All his miraculous works were instances of his goodness as well as his power; and they benefited those on whom they were wrought, as well as they amazed the beholders. His charity was not confined to his kindred, or relations; nor was all his kindness swallowed up in the endearments of that peculiar friendship which he carried toward the beloved disciple: But every one was his *friend* who obeyed his *holy commands*; John xv. 24. and *whosoever did the will of his Father*, the same was to him as *his brother, and sister, and mother*.

Never was any unwelcome to him who came with an honest intention, nor did he deny any request which tended to the good of those that asked it: So that what

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was spoken of that *Roman Emperor*, whom for his goodness they called *the darling of mankind*, was really performed by him; that never any departed from him with a heavy countenance, except that rich youth, *Mark x.* who was sorry to hear that the kingdom of heaven stood at so high a rate, and that he could not save his soul and his money too. And certainly it troubled our Saviour, to see, that when a price was in his hand to get wisdom, yet he had no heart to it: The ingenuity that appeared in his first address, had already procured some kindness for him; for it is said, *and Jesus beholding him, loved him*: But must he, for his sake, cut out a new way to heaven, and alter the nature of things, which make it impossible that a covetous man should be happy?

And what shall I speak of his meekness, who could encounter the monstrous ingratitude and dissimulation of that miscreant who betrayed him, in no harsher terms than these, *Judas, betrayest thou the Son of Man with a kiss*? What further evidence could we desire of his fervent and unbounded charity, than that he willingly laid down his life even for his most bitter enemies; and mingling his prayers with his blood, besought the Father that his death might not be laid to their charge, but might become the means of eternal life to those very persons who procured it.

*His purity.* The third branch of the *divine life* is *purity*, which, as I said, consists in a neglect of worldly enjoyments and accommodations, in a resolute enduring of all such troubles as we meet with in doing of our duty. Now surely, if ever any person was wholly dead to all the pleasures of the natural life, it was the blessed Jesus, who seldom tasted them when they came in his way; but never stepped out of his road to seek them. Though he allowed others the comforts of wedlock, and honoured marriage with his presence; yet he chose the severity of a virgin life, and never knew the nuptial bed: And though at the same time he supplied the want of wine with a miracle, yet he would

would not work one for the relief of his own hunger in the wilderness; so gracious and divine was the temper of his soul, in allowing to others such lawful gratifications as himself thought good to abstain from, and supplying not only their more extreme and pressing necessities, but also their smaller and less considerable wants. We many times hear of our Saviour's sighs, and groans, and tears; but never that he laugh'd, and but once that he rejoiced in spirit: So that through his whole life, he did exactly answer that character given of him by the prophet of old, that he was *a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief*. Nor were the troubles and disaccommodations of his life other than matters of choice; for never did there any appear, on the stage of the world, with greater advantages to have raised himself to the highest secular felicity. He who would bring together such a prodigious number of fishes into his disciples net, and, at another time, receive that tribute from a fish which he was to pay to the temple, might easily have made himself the richest person in the world: Nay, without any money, he could have maintained an army powerful enough to have jostled *Cæsar* out of his throne, having oftner than once fed several thousands with a few loaves and small fishes; but, to shew how small esteem he had of all the enjoyments in the world, he chose to live in so poor and mean a condition, *that though the foxes had holes, and the birds of the air had nests, yet he, who was Lord and Heir of all things, had not whereon to lay his head*: He did not frequent the courts of princes, nor affect the acquaintance or converse of great ones; but being reputed the son of a carpenter, he had fishermen, and such other poor people for his companions, and lived at such a rate, as suited with the meanness of that condition.

*His humility.* And thus I am brought unawares to speak of his *humility*, the last branch of the *divine life*; wherein he was a most eminent pattern to us, that we might *learn of him to be meek and lowly in heart*. I shall not now speak of that infinite condescension of the  
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eternal Son of God, in taking our nature upon him; but only reflect on our Saviour's lowly and humble deportment while he was in the world. He had none of those sins and imperfections which may justly humble the best of men; but he was so entirely swallowed up with a deep sense of the infinite perfections of God, that he appeared as nothing in his own eyes; I mean, so far as he was a creature. He considered those eminent perfections, which shined in his blessed soul, not as his own, but the gifts of God; and therefore assumed nothing to himself for them, but, with the profoundest humility, renounced all pretences to them. Hence did he refuse that ordinary compellation of *Good Master*, when addressed to his human nature by one who it seems, was ignorant of his divinity: *Why callest thou me good? there is none good but God only*; as if he had said, the goodness of any creature (and such only thou takest me to be) is not worthy to be named or taken notice of; 'tis God alone who is originally and essentially good. He never made use of his miraculous power for vanity or ostentation. He would not gratify the curiosity of the *Jews* with a sign from heaven, some prodigious appearance in the air; nor would he follow the advice of his countrymen and kindred, who would have had all his great works performed in the eyes of the world, for gaining him the greater fame: But when his charity had prompted him to the relief of the miserable, his humility made him many times enjoin the concealment of the miracle; and when the glory of God, and the design for which he came into the world, required the publication of them, he ascribeth the honour of all to his Father, telling them, *that of himself he was able to do nothing*.

I cannot insist on all the instances of humility in his deportment towards men; his withdrawing himself when they would have made him a king; his subjection not only to his blessed mother, but to her husband, during his younger years, and his submission to all the indignities

nities and affronts which his rude and malicious enemies did upon him: The history of his holy life, recorded by those who conversed with him, is full of such passages as these; and indeed the serious and attentive study of it, is the best way to get right measures of humility, and all the other parts of religion which I have been endeavouring to describe.

But now, that I may lessen your trouble of reading a long letter, by making some pauses in it; let me here subjoin a prayer, that might be proper, when one, who had formally entertain'd some false notions of religion, begins to discover what it is.

#### A PRAYER.

**I**NFINITE and ETERNAL Majesty! Author and Fountain of being and blessedness! How little do we poor sinful creatures know of thee, or the way to serve and please thee! We talk of Religion, and pretend unto it; but alas! how few are there that know and consider what it means! how easily do we mistake the affections of our nature, and issues of self-love, for those divine graces which alone can render us acceptable in thy sight! It may justly grieve me to consider, that I should have wandered so long, and contented myself so often with vain shadows, and false images of Piety and Religion; yet I cannot but acknowledge and adore thy goodness, who hast been pleased, in some measure, to open mine eyes, and let me see what it is at which I ought to aim. I rejoice to consider what mighty improvements my nature is capable of. and what a divine temper of spirit doth shine in those whom thou art pleased to choose, and causest to approach unto thee. Blessed be thine infinite mercy, who sentest thine own Son to dwell among men, and instruct them by his example as well as his laws, giving them a perfect pattern of what they ought to be. O! that the holy life of the  
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bleſſed Jeſus may be always in my thoughts, and before mine eyes, till I receive a deep ſenſe and impreſſion of thoſe excellent graces that ſhined ſo eminently in him; and let me never ceaſe my endeavours, till that new and divine nature prevail in my ſoul, and Chriſt be formed within me.

*The excellency and advantage of religion.* AND now, my dear Friend, having diſcovered the nature of true Religion, before I proceed any further, it will not perhaps be unfit to fix our meditations a little on the excellency and advantages of it, that we may be excited to the more vigorous and diligent proſecution of thoſe methods whereby we may attain ſo great a felicity. But, alas! what words ſhall we find to expreſs that inward ſatisfaction, thoſe hidden pleaſures which can never be rightly underſtood, but by theſe holy ſouls who feel them? *A ſtranger intermeddleth not with their joy.* Holineſs is the right temper, the vigorous and healthful conſtitution of the ſoul: Its faculties had formerly been enfeebled and diſordered, ſo that they could not exerciſe their natural functions; it had wearied itſelf with endleſs toſſings and rollings, and was never able to find any reſt: Now that diſtemper being removed; it feels itſelf well; there is a due harmony in its faculties, and a ſprightly vigour poſſeſſeth every part. The underſtanding can diſcern what is good, and the will can cleave unto it. The affections are not tied to the motions of ſenſe, and the influence of external objects; but they are ſtirred by more divine impreſſions, are touched by a ſenſe of inviſible things.

*The excellency of divine love.* Let us deſcend, if you pleaſe, into a nearer and more particular view of Religion, in thoſe ſeveral branches of it which were named before: Let us conſider that love and affection wherewith holy ſouls are united to God, that we may ſee what excellency and felicity is involved in it. Love is that powerful and prevalent paſſion, by which all the faculties and inclinations of the ſoul are determined, and



on which both its perfection and happiness depend. The worth and excellency of a soul is to be measured by the object of its love: He who loveth mean and fordid things, doth thereby become base and vile; but a noble and well-placed affection doth advance and improve the spirit into a conformity with the perfections which it loves. The images of these do frequently present themselves unto the mind, and, by a secret force and energy, insinuate into the very constitution of the soul, and mould and fashion it unto their own likeness. Hence we may see how easily lovers or friends do slide into the imitation of the persons whom they affect; and who, even before they are aware, they begin to resemble them, not only in the more considerable instances of their deportment, but also in their voice and gesture, and that which we call their mien and air; and certainly we should as well transcribe the virtues and inward beauties of the soul, if they were the object and motive of our love. But now, as all the creatures we converse with have their mixture and alloy, we are always in hazard to be sullied and corrupted, by placing our affection on them: Passion doth easily blind our eyes, so that we first approve, and then imitate the things that are blameable in them. The true way to improve and ennoble our souls, is, by fixing our love on the divine perfections, that we may have them always before us, and derive an impression of them on ourselves, and *beholding with open face, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord, we may be changed into the same image, from glory to glory.* He who, with a generous and holy ambition, hath raised his eyes towards that uncreated beauty and goodness, and fixed his affection there, is quite of another spirit, of a more excellent and heroic temper than the rest of the world, and cannot but infinitely disdain all mean and unworthy things; will not entertain any low or base thoughts, which might disparage his high and noble pretensions. Love is the greatest and most excellent thing we are masters of: and therefore it is folly and baseness to bestow it unworthily:

unworthily: It is, indeed, the only thing we can call our own; other things may be taken from us by violence, but none can ravish our love: If any thing else be counted ours, by giving our love, we give all, so far as we make over our hearts and wills, by which we possess our other enjoyments: It is not possible to refuse him any thing, to whom, by love, we have given ourselves; nay, since it is the privilege of gifts to receive their value from the mind of the giver, and not to be measured by the event, but by the desire, he who loveth, may, in some sense, be said not only to bestow all that he hath, but all things else which may make the beloved person happy; since he doth heartily wish them, and would really give them if they were in his power: In which sense it is that one makes bold to say, *That divine love doth, in a manner, give God unto himself, by the complacency it takes in the happiness and perfection of his nature*: But though this may seem too strained an expression, certainly love is the worthiest present we can offer unto God, and it is extremely debased, when we bestow it another way.

When this affection is misplaced, it doth often vent itself in such expressions as point at its genuine and proper object, and insinuate where it ought to be placed. The flattering and blasphemous terms of adoration, wherein men do sometimes express their passion, are the language of that affection which was made and designed for God; as he who is accustomed to speak to some great person, doth perhaps, unawares, accost another with those titles he was wont to give him: But, certainly, that passion which accounteth its objects a deity, ought to be bestowed on him who really is so: Those unlimited submissions, which would debase the soul if directed to any other, will exalt and ennoble it when placed here: Those chains and cords of love are infinitely more glorious than liberty itself; this slavery is more noble than all the empires in the world.

*The advantages of divine love.* Again, as *divine love* doth advance and elevate the soul; so it is that alone which can make it happy: The highest and most ravishing pleasures, the most solid and substantial delights that human nature is capable of, are those which arise from the endearments of a well-placed and successful affection. That which imbitters love, and makes it ordinarily a very troublesome and hurtful passion, is the placing it on those who have not worth enough to deserve it, or affection and gratitude to requite it, or whose absence may deprive us of the pleasure of their converse, or their miseries occasion our trouble. To all these evils are they exposed, whose chief and supreme affection is placed on creatures like themselves; but the love of God delivers us from them all.

*The worth of the object.* First, I say, love must needs be miserable, and full of trouble and disquietude, when there is not worth and excellency enough in the object to answer the vastness of its capacity. So eager and violent a passion cannot but fret and torment the spirit, when it finds not wherewith to satisfy its cravings: And, indeed, so large and unbounded is its nature, that it must be extremely pinched and straitened, when confined to any creature; nothing below an infinite good can afford it room to stretch itself, and exert its vigour and activity. What is a little skin-deep beauty, or some small degrees of goodness, to match or satisfy a passion which was made for God; designed to embrace an infinite good? No wonder lovers do so hardly suffer any rival, and do not desire that others should approve their passion by imitating it: They know the scantiness and narrowness of the good which they love, that it cannot suffice two, being in effect too little for one. Hence love, *which is as strong as death*, occasioneth *jealousy which is cruel as the grave*; the coals whereof are coals of fire, which hath a most violent flame.

But *divine love* hath no mixture of this gall. When once the soul is fixt on that supreme and all-sufficient good, it finds so much perfection and goodness, as doth  
not



not only answer and satisfy its affection, but master and overpower it too: It finds all its love to be too faint and languid for such a noble object, and is only sorry that it can command no more. It wisheth for the flames of a *seraph*, and longs for the time when it shall be wholly melted and dissolved into love; and because it can do so little itself, it desires the assistance of the whole creation, that angels and men would concur with it in the admiration and love of those infinite perfections.

*The certainty to be beloved again.* Again, Love is accompanied with trouble, when it misseth a suitable return of affection: Love is the most valuable thing we can bestow, and by giving it, we do, in effect, give all that we have; and therefore it must needs be afflicting to find so great a gift despised, that the present which one hath made of his whole heart, cannot prevail to obtain any return. Perfect love is a kind of self-derection, a wandering out of ourselves; it is a kind of voluntary death, wherein the lover dies to himself, and all his own interests, not thinking of them, nor caring for them any more, and minding nothing but how he may please and gratify the party whom he loves. Thus he is quite undone, unless he meets with reciprocal affection; he neglects himself, and the other hath no regard to him: But if he be beloved, he is revived, as it were, and liveth in the soul and care of the person whom he loves; and now he begins to mind his own concernments, not so much because they are his, as because the beloved is pleased to own an interest in them; he becomes dear unto himself, because he is so unto the other.

But why should I enlarge in so known a matter? Nothing can be more clear, than that the happiness of love depends on the return it meets with; and herein the divine lover hath unspeakably the advantage, having placed his affection on him whose nature is love, whose goodness is as infinite as his being, whose mercy prevented us when we were his enemies, therefore cannot chuse but embrace us

us when we are become his friends. It is utterly impossible that God should deny his love to a soul wholly devoted to him, and which desires nothing so much as to serve and please him; he cannot disdain his own image, nor the heart in which it is engraven: Love is all the tribute which we can pay him, and it is the sacrifice which he will not despise.

*The presence of the beloved person.* Another thing which disturbs the pleasure of love, and renders it a miserable and unquiet passion, is absence and separation from those we love. It is not without a sensible affliction that friends do part, though for some little time; it is sad to be deprived of that society which is so delightful; our life becomes tedious, being spent in an impatient expectation of the happy hour wherein we may meet again: But if death have made the separation, as some time or other it must, this occasions a grief scarce to be parallel'd by all the misfortunes of human life, and wherein we may pay dear enough for the comforts of our friendship. But, Oh how happy are those who have placed their love on him who can never be absent from them! They need but open their eyes, and they shall every where behold the traces of his presence and glory, and converse with him whom their soul loveth; and this makes the darkest prison, or wildest desert, not only supportable, but delightful to them.

*The divine love makes us partake of an infinite happiness.* In fine, a lover is miserable, if the person whom he loveth be so; they who have made an exchange of hearts by love, get thereby an interest in one another's happiness and misery: And this makes love a troublesome passion, when placed on earth. The most fortunate person hath grief enough to mar the tranquillity of his friend; and it is hard to hold it out, when we are attacked on all hands, and suffer not only in our own person, but in another's. But if God were the object of our love, we should share in an infinite happiness without any mixture, or possibility of diminution;

tion; we should rejoice to behold the glory of God, and receive comfort and pleasure from all the praises wherewith men and angels do extol him. It should delight us, beyond all expression, to consider, that the beloved of our souls is infinitely happy in himself, and that all his enemies cannot shake or unsettle his throne; *That our God is in the heavens, and doth whatsoever he pleaseth.*

Behold, on what sure foundations his happiness is built, whose soul is possessed with divine love, whose will is transformed into the will of God, and whose greatest desire is, that his Maker should be pleased! O the peace, the rest, the satisfaction that attendeth such a temper of mind!

*He that loveth God, finds sweetness in every dispensation.* What an infinite pleasure must it needs be, thus, as it were, to lose ourselves in him, and, being swallowed up in the overcoming sense of his goodness, to offer ourselves a living sacrifice, always ascending unto him in flames of love. Never doth a soul know what solid joy and substantial pleasure is, till once, being weary of itself, it renounce all propriety, give itself up unto the author of its being, and feel itself become an hallowed and devoted thing, and can say, from an inward sense and feeling, *My beloved is mine* (I account all his interest mine own,) *and I am his*: I am content to be any thing for him, and care not for myself, but that I may serve him. A person moulded into this temper, would find pleasure in all the dispensations of providence: Temporal enjoyments would have another relish, when he should taste the divine goodness in them, and consider them as tokens of love sent by his dearest Lord and Maker: And chastisements, though they be not joyous, but grievous, would hereby lose their sting, the rod as well as the staff would comfort him: He would snatch a kiss from the hand that was smiting him, and gather sweetness from that severity; nay, he would rejoice, that though God did not the will of such a worthless and foolish creature as himself, yet he did



did his own will, and accomplished his own designs, which are infinitely more holy and wise.

*The duties of religion are delightful to him.* The exercises of religion, which to others are insipid and tedious, do yield the highest pleasure and delight to souls possessed with divine love. They rejoice when they are called <sup>a</sup> *to go up to the house of the Lord*, that they may see his power and his glory, as they have formerly seen it in the sanctuary. They never think themselves so happy, as when, having retired from the world, and gotten free from the noise and hurry of affairs, and silenced all their clamorous passions, (those troublesome guests within,) they have placed themselves in the presence of God, and entertain fellowship and communion with him: They delight to adore his perfections, and recount his favours,—and to protest their affection to him, and tell him a thousand times that they love him; to lay out their troubles or wants before him, and disburden their hearts in his bosom. Repentance itself is a delightful exercise, when it floweth from the principle of love. There is a secret sweetness which accompanieth those tears of remorse, those meltings and relentings of a soul returning unto God, and lamenting its former unkindness.

The severities of a holy life, and that constant watch which we are obliged to keep over our hearts and ways, are very troublesome to those who are only ruled and actuated by an external law, and have no law in their minds inclining them to the performance of their duty: But where divine love possesseth the soul, it stands as centinel to keep out every thing that may offend the beloved, and doth disdainfully repulse those temptations which assault it: It complieth cheerfully, not only with explicit commands, but with the most secret notices of the beloved's pleasure, and is ingenious in discovering what will be most grateful and acceptable unto him: It makes mortification and self-denial change their

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<sup>a</sup> Psal. lxxiii. 2.

harsh and dreadful names, and become easy, sweet, and delightful things.

But I find this part of my letter swell bigger than I designed, (indeed who would not be tempted to dwell on so pleasant a theme!) I shall endeavour to compensate it by brevity in the other points.

*The excellency of charity.* The next branch of the *divine Life*, is an universal charity and love. The excellency of this grace will be easily acknowledged; for what can be more noble and generous, than a heart enlarged to embrace the whole world, whose wishes and designs are levelled at the good and welfare of the universe, which considereth every man's interest as its own? He who loveth his neighbour as himself, can never entertain any base or injurious thought, or be wanting in expressions of bounty: He had rather suffer a thousand wrongs, than be guilty of one; and never accounts himself happy, but when some one or other hath been benefited by him: The malice or ingratitude of men is not able to resist his love: He overlooks their injuries, and pities their folly, and overcomes their evil with good; and never designs any other revenge against his most bitter and malicious enemies, than to put all the obligations he can upon them, whether they will or not. Is it any wonder that such a person be revered and admired, and accounted the darling of mankind? This inward goodness and benignity of spirit reflects a certain sweetness and serenity upon the very countenance, and makes it amiable and lovely: It inspireth the soul with a noble resolution and courage, and makes it capable of enterprising and effecting the highest things. Those heroic actions which we are wont to read with admiration have, for the most part, been the effects of the love of one's country, or of particular friendships: And certainly, a more extensive and universal affection must be much more powerful and efficacious.

*The pleasure that attends it.* Again, As charity flows from a noble and excellent temper, so it is accompanied

with the greatest satisfaction and pleasure: It delights the soul to feel itself thus enlarged, and to be delivered from those disquieting, as well as deformed passions, malice, hatred, and envy; and become gentle, sweet, and benign. Had I my choice of all things that might tend to my present felicity, I would pitch upon this, to have my heart possessed with the greatest kindness; and affection towards all men in the world. I am sure this would make me partake in all the happiness of others; their inward endowments and outward prosperity; every thing that did benefit and advantage them would afford me comfort and pleasure: And though I should frequently meet with occasions of grief and compassion, yet there is a sweetness in commiseration, which makes it infinitely more desirable than a stupid insensibility: And the consideration of that infinite goodness and wisdom which governs the world, might repress any excessive trouble for particular calamities that happen in it: And the hopes or possibility of men's after-happiness, might moderate their sorrow for their present misfortunes. Certainly, next to the love and enjoyment of God, that ardent charity and affection wherewith blessed souls do embrace one another, is justly to be reckoned as the greatest felicity of those regions above; and did it universally prevail in the world, it would anticipate that blessedness, and make us taste of the joys of heaven upon earth.

*The excellency of purity.* That which I wanted as a third branch of Religion, was *purity*; and you may remember I described it to consist in a contempt of sensual pleasures, and resoluteness to undergo those troubles and pains we may meet with in the performance of our duty. Now, the naming of this may suffice to recommend it as a most noble and excellent quality. There is no slavery so base, as that whereby a man becomes a drudge to his own lusts; nor any victory so glorious, as that which is obtained over them. Never can that person be capable of any thing that is noble and worthy, who is sunk in the gross and seculent pleasures



pleasures of sense, or bewitched with the light and airy gratifications of fancy: But the religious soul is of a more sublime and divine temper; it knows it was made for higher things, and scorns to step aside one foot out of the ways of holiness, for the obtaining any of these.

*The delight it affords.* And this purity is accompanied with a great deal of pleasure: Whatsoever defiles the soul, disturbs it too; all impure delights have a sting in them, and leave smart and trouble behind them. Excess and intemperance, and all inordinate lusts, are so much enemies to the health of the body, and the interests of this present life, that a little consideration might oblige any rational man to forbear them on that very score; and if the religious person go higher, and do not only abstain from noxious pleasures, but neglect those that are innocent, this is not to be look'd upon as any violent and uneasy restraint, but as the effect of better choice, that their minds are taken up in the pursuit of more sublime and refined delights, so that they cannot be concerned in these. Any person that is engaged in a violent and passionate affection, will easily forget his ordinary gratifications, will be little curious about his diet, or his bodily ease, or the diversions he was wonted to delight in. No wonder then, if souls overpower'd with *divine love* despise inferior pleasures, and be almost ready to grudge the body its necessary attendance for the common accommodations of life, judging all these impertinent to their main happiness, and those higher enjoyments they are pursuing. As for the hardships they may meet with, they rejoice in them, as opportunities to exercise and testify their affection: And since they are able to do so little for God, they are glad of the honour to suffer for him.

*The excellency of humility.* The last branch of Religion is *humility*; and however, to vulgar and carnal eyes, this may appear an abject, base and despicable quality, yet really the soul of man is not capable of an higher and more noble endowment. It is a silly igno-

rance that begets pride: But humility arises from a nearer acquaintance with excellent things, which keeps men from doting on trifles, or admiring themselves because of some petty attainments. Noble and well-educated souls have no such high opinion of riches, beauty, strength, and other such like advantages, as to value themselves for them, or despise those that want them: And as for inward worth and real goodness, the sense they have of the divine perfections, makes them think very meanly of any thing they have hitherto attained, and be still endeavouring to surmount themselves, and make nearer approaches to those infinite excellencies which they admire.

I know not what thoughts people may have of humility, but I see almost every person pretending to it, and shunning such expressions and actions as may make them be accounted arrogant and presumptuous, so that those who are most desirous of praise will be loth to commend themselves. What are all those compliments and modes of civility, so frequent in our ordinary converse, but so many protestations of the esteem of others, and the low thoughts we have of ourselves? And must not that humility be a noble and excellent endowment, when the very shadows of it are accounted so necessary a part of good breeding?

*The pleasure and sweetness of an humble temper.* Again, This grace is accompanied with a great deal of happiness and tranquillity. The proud and arrogant person is a trouble to all that converse with him, but most of all unto himself: Every thing is enough to vex him; but scarce any thing sufficient to content and please him. He is ready to quarrel with every thing that falls out; as if he himself were such a considerable person, that God Almighty should do every thing to gratify him, and all the creatures of heaven and earth should wait upon him, and obey his will. The leaves of high trees do shake with every blast of wind; and every breath, every evil word will disquiet and torment an arrogant man: But the humble person hath the advantage,

tage, when he is despised, that none can think more meanly of him than he doth of himself; and therefore he is not troubled at the matter, but can easily bear those reproaches which wound the other to the soul. And withal, as he is less affected with injuries, so indeed he is less obnoxious unto them: *Contention which cometh of pride*, betrays a man into a thousand inconveniences, which those of a meek and lowly temper seldom meet with. True and genuine humility begetteth both a veneration and love among all wise and discerning persons, while pride defeateth its own design, and depriveth a man of that honour it makes him pretend to.

But as the *chief exercises of humility* are those which relate unto Almighty God, so these are accompanied with the greatest satisfaction and sweetness. It is impossible to express the great pleasure and delight which religious persons feel in the lowest prostration of their souls before God, when having a deep sense of the divine majesty and glory, they sink (if I may so speak) to the bottom of their beings, and vanish and disappear in the presence of God by a serious and affectionate acknowledgment of their own nothingness, and the shortness and imperfections of their attainments; when they understand the full sense and emphasis of the Psalmist's exclamation, *Lord, what is man?* and can utter it with the same affection. Never did any haughty and ambitious person receive the praises and applauses of men with so much pleasure, as the humble and religious do renounce them: *Not unto us, O Lord! not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, &c.*

Thus I have spoken something of the excellencies and advantage of Religion in its several branches; but should be very injurious to the subject, did I pretend to have given any perfect account of it. Let us acquaint ourselves with it, my dear Friend, let us acquaint ourselves with it, and experience will teach us more than all that ever hath been spoken or written concerning it.  
But,



But, if we may suppose the soul to be already awaken'd unto some longing desires, after so great a blessedness, it will be good to give them vent, and suffer them to issue forth in some such aspirations as these:

### A PRAYER.

**G**OOD GOD! what a mighty felicity is this to which we are called? How graciously hast thou join'd our duty and happiness together, and prescribed that for our work, the performance whereof is a great reward! And shall such silly worms be advanced to so great a height? Wilt thou allow us to raise our eyes to thee? Wilt thou admit and accept our affection? Shall we receive the impression of thy divine excellencies, by beholding and admiring them,—and partake of thy infinite blessedness and glory, by loving thee, and rejoicing in them? O the happiness of those souls that have broken the fetters of self-love, and disentangled their affection from every narrow and particular good! whose understandings are enlightened by thy Holy Spirit, and their wills enlarged to the extent of thine! who love thee above all things, and all mankind for thy sake! I am persuaded, O GOD, I am persuaded, that I can never be happy, till my carnal and corrupt affections be mortified, and the pride and vanity of my spirit be subdued, and till I come seriously to despise the world, and think nothing of myself. But O when shall it once be? O when shall it once be? O when wilt thou come unto me, and satisfy my soul with thy likeness, making me holy as thou art holy, even in all manner of conversation? Hast thou given me a prospect of so great a felicity, and wilt thou not bring me unto it? Hast thou excited those desires in my soul, and wilt thou not also satisfy them? O teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God; thy Spirit is good, lead me unto the land of uprightness. Quick-  
me,

me, O Lord, for thy name's sake, and perfect that which concerneth me: Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever, forsake not the works of thine own hands. Amen.

*The despondent thoughts of some newly awaken'd to a right sense of things.* I have hitherto considered wherein true Religion doth consist, and how desirable a thing it is; but when one sees how infinitely distant the common temper and frame of men is from it, he may perhaps be ready to despond, and give over, and think it utterly impossible to be attain'd: He may sit down in sadness, and bemoan himself, and say, in the anguish and bitterness of his spirit, "They are happy indeed whose souls are awaken'd unto the divine life, who are thus renewed in the spirit of their minds; but alas! I am quite of another constitution, and am not able to effect so mighty a change: If outward observances could have done the business, I might have hoped to acquit myself by diligence and care; but since nothing but a new nature can serve the turn, what am I able to do? I could bestow all my goods in oblations to God, or alms to the poor, but cannot command that love and charity, without which this expence would profit me nothing. This gift of God cannot be purchased with money: If a man should give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned: I could pine and macerate my body, and undergo many hardships and troubles; but I cannot get all my corruptions starved, nor my affections wholly weaned from earthly things: There is still some worldly desires lurking in my heart, and those vanities that I have shut out of the doors, are always getting in by the windows. I am many times convinced of my own meanness, of the weakness of my body, and the far greater weakness of my soul; but this doth rather beget indignation and discontent, than true humility in my spirit: And though I should  
come

"come to think meanly of myself, yet I cannot endure  
 "that others should think so too. In a word, when I  
 "reflect on my highest and most specious attainments,  
 "I have reason to suspect, that they are all but the  
 "effects of nature, the issues of self-love acting under  
 "several disguises; and this principle is so powerful,  
 "and so deeply rooted in me, that I can never hope to  
 "be delivered from the dominion of it. I may toss  
 "and turn as a door on the hinges, but can never get  
 "clear off, or be quite unbinged of *self*, which is still  
 "the center of all my motions; so that all the advan-  
 "tage I can draw from the discovery of Religion, is  
 "but to see, at a huge distance, that felicity which I  
 "am not able to reach; like a man in a ship-wreck,  
 "who discerns the land, and envies the happiness of  
 "those who are there, but thinks it impossible for him-  
 "self to get ashore."

*The unreasonableness of these fears.* These, I say, or  
 such like desponding thoughts, may arise in the minds  
 of those persons who begin to conceive somewhat more  
 of the nature and excellency of Religion than before:  
 They have spy'd the land, and seen that it is exceeding  
 good, that it floweth with milk and honey: but they find  
 they have the children of *Anak* to grapple with, many  
 powerful lusts and corruptions to overcome, and they fear  
 they shall never prevail against them. But why should  
 we give way to such discouraging suggestions? Why  
 should we entertain such unreasonable fears, which  
 damp our spirits, and weaken our hands, and augment  
 the difficulties of our way? Let us encourage ourselves,  
 my dear Friend, let us encourage ourselves with those  
 mighty aids we are to expect in this spiritual warfare;  
 for greater is he that is for us, than all that can rise up  
 against us; *The eternal God is our refuge,* <sup>2</sup> *and under-*  
*neath are the everlasting arms.* Let us be strong in the  
*Lord, and the power of his might,* for he it is that shall  
*tread down our enemies.* God hath a tender regard unto  
 the souls of men, and is infinitely willing to promote  
 their



their welfare: He hath condescended to our weakness, and declared with an oath, that he hath no pleasure in our destruction. There is no such thing as despite or envy lodged in the bosom of that ever-blessed Being, whose name and nature is Love. He created us at first in a happy condition; and now when we are fallen from it, *a He hath laid help upon one that is mighty to save,* hath committed the care of our souls to no meaner person than the Eternal Son of his love. It is he that is the Captain of our Salvation, and what enemies can be too strong for us, when we are fighting under his banners? Did not the Son of God come down from the bosom of his Father, and pitch his tabernacle amongst the sons of men, that he might recover and propagate the divine life, and restore the image of God in their souls. All the mighty works which he performed, all the sad afflictions which he sustained, had this for their scope and design; for this did he labour and toil, for this did he bleed and die: *b He was with child, he was in pain, and hath he brought forth nothing but wind, hath he wrought no deliverance in the earth? c Shall he not see of the travail of his soul?* Certainly it is impossible that this great contrivance of heaven should prove abortive, that such a mighty undertaking should fail and miscarry: It hath already been effectual for the salvation of many thousands, who were once as far from the kingdom of heaven as we can suppose ourselves to be, and our *d High Priest continueth for ever, and is able to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him:* He is tender and compassionate, he knoweth our infirmities, and had experience of our temptations: *e A bruised reed will he not break, and smoking flax will he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory.* He hath sent out his Holy Spirit, whose sweet but powerful breathings are still moving up and down in the world, to quicken and revive the souls of men, and awaken them unto the sense and feeling of those divine things for which they were made, and is ready to assist such weak and languishing

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*a* Psal. lxxxix. 19. *b* Isa. xxix. 18, 19. *c* Isa. lii. 11,*d* Heb. vii. 24, 25.*e* Matt. xii. 20.

creatures as we are, in our essays towards holiness and felicity; and when once it hath taken hold of a soul, and kindled in it the smallest spark of divine love, it will be sure to preserve and cherish, and bring it forth into a flame, <sup>a</sup> *which many waters shall not quench, neither shall the floods be able to drown it.* Whenever this day begins to dawn, <sup>b</sup> *and the day-star to arise in the heart,* it will easily dispel the powers of darkness, and make ignorance and folly, and all the corrupt and selfish affections of men, flee away as fast before it as the shades of night, when the sun cometh out of his chambers: <sup>c</sup> *For the path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.* <sup>d</sup> *They shall go on from strength to strength, till every one of them appear before God in Zion.*

Why should we think it impossible that true goodness and universal love should ever come to sway and prevail in our souls? Is not this their primitive state and condition, their native and genuine constitution as they came first from the hands of their Maker? Sin and corruption are but usurpers, and though they have long kept the possession, yet from the beginning it was not so. That inordinate self-love, which one would think were rooted in our very being, and interwoven with the constitution of our nature, is nevertheless of foreign extraction, and had no place at all in the state of integrity. We have still so much reason left as to condemn it; our understandings are easily convinced, that we ought to be wholly devoted to him from whom we have our being, and to love him infinitely more than ourselves, who is infinitely better than we; and our wills would readily comply with this, if they were not disordered and put out of tune. And is not he who made our souls, able to rectify and mend them again? Shall we not be able, by his assistance, to vanquish and expel those violent intruders, <sup>e</sup> *and turn unto flight the armies of the aliens.*

No

<sup>a</sup> Cant. viii. 7.

<sup>b</sup> 2 Pet. i. 19.

<sup>c</sup> Prov. iv. 18.

<sup>d</sup> Psal. lxxiv. 7.

<sup>e</sup> Heb. xi. 34.

No sooner shall we take up arms in this holy war, but we shall have all the saints on earth, and all the angels in heaven, engaged on our party; The holy church throughout the world is daily interceding with God for the success of all such endeavours; and, doubtless, those heavenly hosts above are nearly concerned in the interests of religion, and infinitely desirous to see the divine life thriving and prevailing in this inferior world; and that the will of God may be done by us on earth, as it is done by themselves in heaven: And may we not then encourage ourselves, as the prophet did his servant, when he shewed him the horses and chariots of fire, *“Fear not, for they that be with us, are more than they that be against us.”*

*We must do what we can, and depend on the divine assistance.* Away then with all perplexing fears and desponding thoughts: To undertake vigorously, and rely confidently on the divine assistance is more than half the conquest: *“Let us arise and be doing, and the Lord will be with us.”* It is true, Religion in the souls of men is the immediate work of God, and all our natural endeavours can neither produce it alone, nor merit those supernatural aids by which it must be wrought: The Holy Ghost must come upon us, and the power of the Highest must overshadow us, before that Holy thing can be begotten, and Christ be formed in us. But yet we must not expect that this whole work should be done without any concurring endeavours of our own; We must not lie loitering in the ditch, and wait till Omnipotence pull us from thence. No, no, we must bestir ourselves, and actuate those powers which we have already received. We must put forth ourselves to our utmost capacities, and then we may hope that *“our labour shall not be in vain in the Lord.”* All the art and industry of man cannot form the smallest herb, or make a stalk of corn to grow in the field; it is the energy of nature, and the influences of heaven, which produce this effect:

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<sup>a</sup> 2 Kings vi. 16, 17. <sup>b</sup> 1 Chron. xxii. 16. <sup>c</sup> 1 Cor. xv. 58.



It is God <sup>a</sup> who causes the grass to grow; and herb for the service of man; and yet no body will say, that the labours of the husbandman are useless or unnecessary. So, likewise the human soul is immediately created by God: It is he who both formeth and enliveneth the child; and yet he hath appointed the marriage-bed as the ordinary means for the propagation of mankind. Though there must intervene a stroke of Omnipotence to effect this mighty change in our souls, yet ought we to do what we can to fit and prepare ourselves; <sup>b</sup> for we must break our fallow ground, and root out the weeds, and pull up the thorns, that so we may be more ready to receive the seeds of grace, and the dew of heaven. It is true, God hath been found of some who sought him not; he hath cast himself in their way, who were quite out of his; he hath laid hold upon them, and stopt their course on a sudden: For so was *St. Paul* converted in his journey to *Damascus*. But certainly this is not God's ordinary method of dealing with men: Though he hath not tied himself to means, yet he hath tied us to the use of them; and we have never more reason to expect the divine assistance, than when we are doing our utmost endeavours. It shall therefore be my next work, to shew what course we ought to take for attaining that blessed temper I have hitherto described. But here, if in delivering my own thoughts, I shall chance to differ from what is or may be said by others in this matter, I would not be thought to contradict and oppose them, more than physicians do, when they prescribe several remedies for the same disease, which perhaps are all useful and good. Every one may propose the method he judges most proper and convenient; but he doth not thereby pretend, that the cure can never be effected, unless that be exactly observed. I doubt it hath occasioned much unnecessary disquietude to some holy persons, that they have not found such a regular and orderly transaction in their souls, as they have seen described in books; that they have not passed through all those steps and stages

<sup>a</sup> Psal. civ. 14.<sup>b</sup> Jer. iv. 3.

stages of conversion, which some (*who perhaps have felt them in themselves*) have too peremptorily prescribed unto others. God hath several ways of dealing with the souls of men, and it sufficeth if the work be accomplished, whatever the methods have been.

Again, Though in proposing directions, I must follow that order which the nature of things shall lead to: yet I do not mean that the same method should be so punctually observed in the practice, as if the latter rules were never to be heeded till some considerable time have been spent in practising the former. The directions I intend are mutually conducive one to another, and are all to be perform'd as occasion shall serve, and we find ourselves enabled to perform them.

*We must shun all manner of sin.* But now that I may detain you no longer, if we desire to have our souls moulded to this holy frame, to become partakers of the divine nature, and have Christ formed in our hearts, we must seriously resolve, and carefully endeavour, to avoid and abandon all vicious and sinful practices. There can be no treaty of peace, till once we lay down these weapons of rebellion wherewith we fight against heaven; nor can we expect to have our distempers cured, if we be daily feeding on poison. Every wilful sin gives a mortal wound to the soul, and puts it at a greater distance from God and goodness; and we can never hope to have our hearts purified from corrupt affections, unless we cleanse our hands from vicious actions. Now, in this case, we cannot excuse ourselves by the pretence of impossibility; for sure our outward man is some way in our power: We have some command of our feet, and hands, and tongue, nay, and of our thoughts and fancies too, at least so far as to divert them from impure and sinful objects, and to turn our mind another way; and we should find this power and authority much strengthened and advanced, if we were careful to manage and exercise it. In the mean while, I acknowledge our corruptions are so strong, and our temptations so many, that it will require

quire a great deal of stedfastness and resolution, of watchfulness and care, to preserve ourselves, even in this degree of innocence and purity.

*We must know what things are sinful.* And, first, let us inform ourselves well what those sins are from which we ought to abstain. And here we must not take our measures from the maxims of the world, or the practices of those whom in charity we account good men. Most people have very light apprehensions of these things, and are not sensible of any fault, unless it be gross and flagitious, and scarce reckon any so great as that which they call preciseness: And those who are more serious, do many times allow themselves too great latitude and freedom. Alas! how much pride and vanity, and passion, and humour, how much weakness and folly, and sin, doth every day show itself in their converse and behaviour? It may be they are humbled for it, and striving against it, and are daily gaining some ground; but then the progress is so small, and their failings so many, that we have need to chuse an exacter pattern. Every one of us must answer for himself, and the practices of others will never warrant and secure us. It is the highest folly to regulate our actions by any other standard than that by which they must be judged. If ever we would *cleanse our way*, it must be *by taking heed thereto according to the word of God<sup>a</sup>*; and that word which is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart<sup>b</sup>, will certainly discover many things to be sinful and heinous, which pass for very innocent in the eyes of the world: Let us therefore imitate the Psalmist, who saith, *Concerning the works of men, by the words of thy lips, I have kept myself from the paths of the destroyer<sup>c</sup>*. Let us acquaint ourselves with the strict and holy laws of our Religion: Let us consider the discourses of our blessed Saviour, (especially that divine sermon on the mount.)

<sup>a</sup> Psal. cxix. 9.

<sup>b</sup> Heb. iv. 12.

<sup>c</sup> Psal. xvii. 4.



and the writings of his holy apostles, where an ingenious and unbiassed mind may clearly discern those limits and bounds by which our actions ought to be confined: And then let us never look upon any sin as light and inconsiderable; but be fully persuaded, that the smallest is infinitely heinous in the sight of God, and prejudicial to the souls of men; and that if we had the right sense of things, we should be as deeply affected with the least irregularities, as now we are with the highest crimes.

*We must resist the temptations to sin, by considering the evils they will draw on us.* But now, amongst those things which we discover to be sinful, there will be some, unto which, through the disposition of our nature, or long custom, or the endearments of pleasure, we are so much wedded, that it will be like cutting off the right hand, or pulling out the right eye, to abandon them. But must we therefore sit down and wait till all difficulties be over, and every temptation be gone? This were to imitate the fool in the fable, who stood the whole day at the river-side, till all the water should run by. We must not indulge our inclinations, as we do little children, till they grow weary of the thing they are unwilling to let go. We must not continue our sinful practices, in hopes that the divine grace will one day overpower our spirits, and make us hate them for their own deformity.

Let us suppose the worst, that we are utterly destitute of any supernatural principle, and want that taste by which we should discern and abhor perverse things; yet sure we are capable of some considerations which may be of force to persuade us to this reformation of our lives. If the inward deformity and heinous nature of sin cannot affect us, at least we may be frightened by those dreadful consequences that attend it: That same selfish principle which pusheth us forward unto the pursuit of sinful pleasures, will make us lothe to buy them at the rate of everlasting misery. Thus we may encounter self-love with its own weapons, and employ  
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one natural inclination for repressing the exorbitances of another. Let us therefore accustom ourselves to consider seriously, what a fearful thing it must needs be to irritate and offend that infinite Being on whom we hang and depend every moment, who needs but to withdraw his mercies to make us miserable, or his assistance to make us nothing. Let us frequently remember the shortness and uncertainty of our lives, and how that after we have taken a few turns more in the world, and conversed a little longer amongst men, we must all go down unto the dark and silent grave, and carry nothing along with us but anguish and regret for all our sinful enjoyments: And then think what horror must needs seize the guilty soul, to find itself naked and all alone before the severe and impartial Judge of the world, to render an exact account, not only of its more important and considerable transactions, but of every word that the tongue hath uttered, and the swiftest and most secret thought that ever passed through the mind. Let us sometimes represent unto ourselves the terrors of that dreadful day, <sup>a</sup> when the foundation of the earth shall be shaken, and the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the present frame of nature dissolved, and our eyes shall see the blessed Jesus (who came once into the world in all humility to visit us, to purchase pardon for us, and beseech us to accept of it) now appearing in the majesty of his glory, and descending from heaven in a flaming fire, to take vengeance on those that have despised his mercy, and persisted in rebellion against him: When all the hidden things of darkness shall be brought to light, and the counsels of the heart shall be made manifest<sup>b</sup>: When those secret impurities and subtle frauds whereof the world did never suspect us, shall be exposed and laid open to public view, and many thousand actions which we never dreamed to be sinful, or else had altogether forgotten, shall be charged home upon our consciences, with such  
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<sup>a</sup> 2 Pet. iii. 10.<sup>b</sup> 1 Cor. iv. 5.

evident convictions of guilt, that we shall neither be able to deny nor excuse them. Then shall all the angels in heaven, and all the saints that ever lived on the earth approve that dreadful sentence which shall be passed on wicked men: and those who perhaps did love and esteem them when they lived in the world, shall look upon them with indignation and abhorrence, and never make one request for their deliverance. Let us consider the eternal punishment of damned souls, which are shadowed forth in scripture by metaphors taken from those things that are most terrible and grievous in the world, and yet all do not suffice to convey into our minds any full apprehensions of them. When we have joined together the importance of all these expressions, and added unto them whatever our fancy can conceive of misery and torment, we must still remember, that all this comes infinitely short of the truth and reality of the thing.

'Tis true, this is a sad and melancholy subject; there is anguish and horror in the consideration of it; but sure, it must be infinitely more dreadful to endure it: And *such thoughts* as these may be very useful to fright us from the courses that would lead us thither; how fond soever we may be of sinful pleasures, the fear of hell would make us abstain: Our most forward inclinations will startle and give back, when pressed with that question in the prophet, *Who amongst us can dwell with everlasting burnings?*

To this very purpose it is that the terrors of another world are so frequently represented in holy writ, and that in such terms as are most proper to affect and influence a carnal mind: These fears can never suffice to make any person truly good; but certainly they may restrain us from much evil, and have often made way for more ingenuous and kindly impressions.

*We must keep a constant watch over ourselves.* But it will not suffice to consider these things once and again, nor to form some resolutions of abandoning our sins,



unless we maintain a constant guard, and be continually watching against them. Sometimes the mind is awakened to see the dismal consequences of a vicious life, and straight we are resolved to reform; but, alas! it presently falleth asleep, and we lose that prospect which we had of things, and then temptations take the advantage: they solicit and importune us continually, and so do frequently engage our consent before we are aware. It is the folly and ruin of most people to live at adventure, and take part in every thing that comes in their way, seldom considering what they are about to say or do. If we would have our resolutions take effect, we must take heed unto our ways, and set a watch before the door of our lips, and examine the motions that arise in our hearts, and cause them to tell us whence they come, and whither they go; whether it be pride, or passion, or any corrupt and vicious humour, that prompteth us to any design, and whether God will be offended, or any body harmed by it. And if we have no time for long reasonings, let us, at least, turn our eyes toward God, and place ourselves in his presence, to ask his leave and approbation for what we do: Let us consider ourselves under the all-seeing eye of that divine majesty, as in the midst of an infinite globe of light, which compasseth us about both behind and before, and pierceth to the innermost corners of our soul. The sense and remembrance of the divine presence is the most ready and effectual means, both to discover what is unlawful, and to restrain us from it. There are some things a person could make shift to palliate or defend, and yet he dares not look Almighty God in the face and adventure upon them.

If we look upon him, we shall be lightened; if we *set him always before us*, he will *guide us by his eye*, and *instruct us in the way wherein we ought to walk*.

*We must often examine our actions.* This care and watchfulness over our actions must be seconded by frequent and serious reflections upon them, not only that we may obtain the divine mercy and pardon for our sins,

fin, by an humble and sorrowful acknowledgment of them; but also that we may reinforce and strengthen our resolutions, and learn to decline or resist the temptations by which we have been formerly foiled. It is an advice worthy of a Christian, though it did first drop from a Heathen pen, That before we betake ourselves to rest, we renew and examine all the passages of the day, that we may have the comfort of what we have done aright, and may redress what we find to have been amiss, and make the shipwrecks of one day be as marks to direct our course in another. This may be called the very art of virtuous living, and would contribute wonderfully to advance our reformation, and preserve our innocence. But, withal, we must not forget to implore the divine assistance, especially against those sins that do most easily beset us: And though it be supposed that our hearts are not yet moulded into that spiritual frame which should render our devotions acceptable; yet, methinks, such considerations as have been proposed to deter us from sin, may also stir us up to some natural seriousness, and make our prayers against it as earnest, at least, as they are wont to be against other calamities: And I doubt not but God, who heareth the cry of the ravens, will have some regard even to such petitions as proceed from those natural passions which himself hath implanted in us. Beside, that those prayers against sin, will be powerful engagements on ourselves to excite us to watchfulness and care; and common ingenuity will make us ashamed to relapse into those faults which we have lately bewailed before God, and against which we have begged his assistance.

*It is fit to restrain ourselves in many lawful things.* Thus are we to make the first essay for recovering the divine life, by restraining the natural inclinations, that they break not out into sinful practices. But now, I must add, that Christian prudence will teach us to abstain from gratifications that are not simply unlawful, and that not only that we may secure our innocence, which

would be in continual hazard, if we should strain our liberty to the utmost point; but also, that hereby we may weaken the force of nature, and teach our appetites to obey. We must do with ourselves as prudent parents with their children, who cross their wills in many little indifferent things, to make them manageable and submissive in more considerable instances. He who would mortify the pride and vanity of his spirit, should stop his ears to the most deserved praises, and sometimes forbear his just vindication from the censures and aspersions of others, especially if they reflect only upon his prudence and conduct, and not on his virtue and innocence. He who would check a revengeful humour, would do well to deny himself the satisfaction of representing unto others the injuries which he hath sustained; and if we would so take heed to our ways, that we sin not with our tongue, we must accustom ourselves much to *solitude* and *silence*, and sometimes, with the Psalmist, *hold our peace even from good*, till once we have gotten some command over that unruly member. Thus, I say, we may bind up our natural inclinations, and make our appetites more moderate in their cravings, by accustoming them to frequent refusals; but it is not enough to have them under violence and restraint.

*We must strive to put ourselves out of love with the world.* Our next essay must be, to wean our affections from created things, and all the delights and entertainments of the lower life, which sink and depress the souls of men, and retard their motions towards God and Heaven; and this we must do by possessing our minds with a deep persuasion of the vanity and emptiness of worldly enjoyments. This is an ordinary theme, and every body can make declamations upon it; but, alas! how few understand and believe what they say? These notions float in our brains, and come sliding off our tongues, but we have no deep impression of them on our spirits; we feel not the truth which we pretend to believe. We can tell, that all the glory and splendour,



dour, all the pleasures and enjoyments of the world are vanity and nothing; and yet these nothings take up all our thoughts, and engross all our affections; they stifle the better inclinations of our soul, and inveigle us into many a sin. It may be, in a sober mood, we give them the slight, and resolve to be no longer deluded with them; but these thoughts seldom out-live the next temptation; the vanities which we have shut out at the doors get in at a postern: There are still some pretensions, some hopes that flatter us; and after we have been frustrated a thousand times, we must continually be repeating the experiment: The least difference of circumstances is enough to delude us, and make us expect that satisfaction in one thing which we have missed in another; but could we once get clearly off, and come to a serious and real contempt of worldly things, this were a very considerable advancement in our way. The soul of man is of a vigorous and active nature, and hath in it a raging and unextinguishable thirst, and immaterial kind of fire, always catching at some object or other, in conjunction wherewith it thinks to be happy; and were it once rent from the world, and all the bewitching enjoyments under the sun, it would quickly search after some higher and more excellent object, to satisfy its ardent and importunate cravings; and being no longer dazzled with glittering vanities, would fix on that supreme and all-sufficient Good, where it would discover such beauty and sweetness as would charm and overpower all its affections. The love of the world, and the love of God, are like the scales of a balance; as the one falleth, the other doth rise: When our natural inclinations prosper, and the creature is exalted in our soul, religion is faint, and doth languish; but when earthly objects wither away, and lose their beauty, and the soul begins to cool and flag in its prosecution of them, then the seeds of grace take root, and the divine life begins to flourish and prevail. It doth, therefore, nearly concern us, to convince ourselves of the emptiness and vanity of creature-enjoyments,

ments, and reason our heart out of love with them: Let us seriously consider all that our reason, or our faith, our own experience, or the observation of others, can suggest to this effect; let us ponder the matter over and over, and fix our thoughts on this truth, till we become really persuaded of it. Amidst all our pursuits and designs, let us stop and ask ourselves, For what end is all this? At what do I aim? Can the gross and muddy pleasures of sense, or a heap of white and yellow earth, or the esteem and affection of silly creatures, like myself, satisfy a rational and immortal soul? Have I not tried these things already? Will they have a higher relish, and yield me more contentment to-morrow than yesterday, or the next year than they did the last? There may be some little difference betwixt that which I am now pursuing, and that which I enjoyed before; but sure, my former enjoyments did shew as pleasant, and promise as fair, before I attained them; like the *rainbow*, they looked very glorious at a distance, but when I approached I found nothing but emptiness and vapour. O what a poor thing would the life of man be, if it were capable of no higher enjoyments!

I cannot insist on this subject; and there is the less need when I remember to whom I am writing. Yes (my dear Friend) you have had as great experience of the emptiness and vanity of human things, and have, at present, as few worldly engagements as any that I know. I have sometimes reflected on those passages of your life wherewith you have been pleased to acquaint me; and, methinks, through all, I can discern a design of the divine providence to wean your affections from every thing here below. The trials you have had of those things which the world dotes upon, have taught you to despise them; and you have found, by experience, that neither the endowments of nature, nor the advantages of fortune, are sufficient for happiness; that every rose hath its thorn, and there may be a worm at the root of the fairest gourd; some secret and undiscerned grief, which may make a person deserve the pity  
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of those who, perhaps, do admire or envy their supposed felicity. If any earthly comforts have got too much of your heart, I think they have been your relations and friends; and the dearest of these are removed out of the world, so that you must raise your mind towards Heaven, when you would think upon them. Thus, God hath provided that your heart may be loosed from the world, and that he may not have any rival in your affection, which I have always observed to be so large and unbounded, so noble and disinterested, that no inferior object can answer or deserve it.

*We must do those outward actions that are commanded.* When we have got our corruptions restrained, and our natural appetites and inclinations, towards worldly things, in some measure subdued, we must proceed to such exercises as have a more immediate tendency to excite and awaken the divine life: And *first*, let us endeavour conscientiously to perform those duties which Religion doth require, and whereunto it would incline us, if it did prevail in our souls. If we cannot get our inward disposition presently changed, let us study, at least, to regulate our outward deportment: If our hearts be not yet inflamed with divine love, let us, however, own our allegiance to that Infinite Majesty, by attending his service, and listening to his word, by speaking reverently of his name, and praising his goodness, and exhorting others to serve and obey him. If we want that charity, and those bowels of compassion which we ought to have towards our neighbours, yet must we not omit any occasion of doing them good: If our hearts be haughty and proud, we must, nevertheless, study a modest and humble deportment. These external performances are of little value in themselves, yet they may help us forward to better things. The Apostle indeed telleth us, *that bodily exercise profiteth little*: But he seems not to affirm that it is altogether useless; it is always good to be doing what we can, for then God is wont to pity our weakness, and assist our feeble endeavours; and when true charity and humility, and other



other graces of the divine Spirit, come to take root in our souls, they will exert themselves more freely, and with less difficulty, if we have before been accustomed to express them in our outward conversations.—Nor need we fear the imputation of hypocrisy, though our actions do thus somewhat outrun our affections, seeing they do still proceed from a sense of our duty; and our design is not to appear better than we are, but that we may really become so.

*We must endeavour to form internal acts of devotion, charity, &c.* But as inward acts have a more immediate influence on the soul, to mould it to a right temper and frame, so ought we to be most frequent and sedulous in the exercise of them. Let us be often lifting up our hearts toward God; and if we do not say that we love him above all things, let us, at least, acknowledge, that it is our duty, and would be our happiness, so to do: Let us lament the dishonour done to him by foolish and sinful men, and applaud the praises and adorations that are given him by that blessed and glorious company above: Let us resign and yield ourselves up unto him a thousand times, to be governed by his laws, and disposed of at his pleasure: And though our stubborn hearts should start back and refuse, yet let us tell him, we are convinced that his will is always just and good; and, therefore, desire him to do with us whatsoever he pleaseth, whether we will or not. And so, for begetting in us an universal charity towards men, we must be frequently putting up wishes for their happiness, and blessing every person that we see; and when we have done any thing for the relief of the miserable, we may second it with earnest desires, that God would take care of them, and deliver them out of all their distresses.

Thus should we exercise ourselves unto godliness, and when we are employing the powers that we have, the Spirit of God is wont to strike in, and elevate these acts of our soul beyond the pitch of nature, and give them a divine impression, and, after the frequent

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reiteration of these, we shall find ourselves more inclined unto them, they flowing with greater freedom and ease.

*Consideration a great instrument of religion.* I shall mention but two other means for begetting that holy and divine temper of spirit which is the subject of the present discourse: And the first is a deep and serious consideration of the truths of our Religion, and that both as to the certainty and importance of them. The assent which is ordinarily given to divine truth is very faint and languid, very weak and ineffectual, flowing only from a blind inclination to follow that religion which is in fashion, or a lazy indifferency and unconcernedness whether things be so or not. Men are unwilling to quarrel with the religion of their country, and since all their neighbours are Christians, they are content to be so too; but they are seldom at the pains to consider the evidences of those truths, or to ponder the importance and tendency of them; and thence it is that they have so little influence on their affections and practice. Those *spiritless and paralytic thoughts* (as one doth rightly term them) are not able to move the will, and direct the hand: We must, therefore, endeavour to work up our minds to a serious belief and full persuasion of divine truths, unto a sense and feeling of spiritual things: Our thoughts must dwell upon them, till we be both convinced of them, and deeply affected with them. Let us urge forward our spirits, and make them approach the invisible world, and fix our minds upon immaterial things, till we clearly perceive that these are no dreams; nay, that all things are dreams and shadows besides them. When we look about us, and behold the beauty and magnificence of this goodly frame, the order and harmony of the whole creation, let our thoughts from thence take their flight towards that omnipotent wisdom and goodness which did at first produce, and doth still establish and uphold the same. When we reflect upon ourselves, let us consider that we are not a mere piece of organized matter, a curious and

well-contrived engine; that there is more in us than flesh, and blood, and bones, even a divine spark, capable to know, and love, and enjoy our Maker: and though it be now exceeding clogged with its dull and lumpish companion, yet ere long it shall be delivered, and can subsist without the body, as well as that can do without the cloaths which we throw off at our pleasure. Let us often withdraw our thoughts from this earth, this scene of misery, and folly, and sin, and raise them towards that more vast and glorious world, whose innocent and blessed inhabitants solace themselves eternally in the divine presence, and know no other passion, but an unmixed joy, and an unbounded love. And then consider how the blessed Son of God came down to this lower world to live among us, and die for us, that he might bring us to a portion of the same felicity; and think how he hath overcome the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven to all believers, and is now set down on the *right hand of the Majesty on high*, and yet is not the less mindful of us, but receiveth our prayers, and presenteth them unto his Father, and is daily visiting his church with the influences of his Spirit, as the sun reacheth us with his beams.

*To beget divine love, we must consider the excellency of the divine nature.* The serious and frequent consideration of these, and such other divine truths, is the most proper method to beget that lively faith which is the foundation of religion, the spring and root of the divine life. Let me further suggest some particular subjects of meditation for producing the several branches of it. And *first*, To inflame our souls with the love of God, let us consider the excellency of his nature, and his love and kindness towards us. It is little we know of the divine perfections; and yet that little may suffice to fill our souls with admiration and love, to ravish our affections, as well as to raise our wonder: For we are not merely creatures of sense, that we should be

uncapable



uncapable of any other affection but that which entereth by the eyes. The character of any excellent person whom we have never seen, will many times engage our hearts, and make us hugely concerned in all his interests: And what is it, I pray you, that engages us so much to those with whom we converse? I cannot think that it is merely the colour of their face, or their comely proportions, for then we should fall in love with statues, and pictures, and flowers: These outward accomplishments may a little delight the eye, but would never be able to prevail so much on the heart, if they did not represent some vital perfection. We either see or apprehend some greatness of mind, or vigour of spirit, or sweetness of disposition; some sprightliness, or wisdom, or goodness, which charm our spirit, and command our love. Now these perfections are not obvious to the sight, the eyes can only discern the signs and effects of them; and if it be the understanding that directs the affection, and vital perfections prevail with it, certainly the excellencies of the divine nature (the traces whereof we cannot but discover in every thing we behold) would not fail to engage our hearts, if we did seriously view and regard them. Shall we not be infinitely more transported with that almighty wisdom and goodness which fills the universe, and displays itself in all the parts of the creation, which establisheth the frame of nature, and turneth the mighty wheels of Providence, and keepeth the world from disorder and ruin, than with the faint rays of the very same perfections which we meet with in our fellow-creatures? Shall we dote on the scattered pieces of a rude and imperfect picture, and never be affected with the original beauty? This were an unaccountable stupidity and blindness; Whatever we find lovely in a friend, or in a saint, ought not to engross, but to elevate our affection; we should conclude with ourselves, that if there be so much sweetness in a drop, there must be infinitely more in a fountain; if there

be so much splendour in a ray, what must the sun be in its glory?

Nor can we pretend the remoteness of the object, as if God were at too great a distance for our converse or our love: *He is not far from every one of us, for in him we live, move, and have our being<sup>a</sup>*: We cannot open our eyes, but we must behold some footsteps of his glory; and we cannot turn toward him, but we shall be sure to find his intent upon us, waiting as it were to catch a look, ready to entertain the most intimate fellowship and communion with us. Let us therefore endeavour to raise our minds to the clearest conceptions of the divine nature: Let us consider all that his works do declare, or his word doth discover of him unto us; and let us especially contemplate that visible representation of him, which was made in our own nature by his Son, who was *the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person<sup>b</sup>*, and who appeared in the world to discover at once what God is, and what we ought to be. Let us represent him unto our minds as we find him described in the gospel; and there we shall behold the perfections of the divine nature, though covered with the vail of human infirmities; and when we have framed unto ourselves the clearest notion that we can of a Being infinite in power, in wisdom, and goodness, the author and fountain of all perfections, let us fix the eyes of our souls upon it<sup>c</sup>, that our eyes may affect our heart, and while we are musing the fire will burn<sup>d</sup>.

*We should meditate on his goodness and love.* Especially, if hereunto we add the consideration of God's favour and good-will towards us; nothing is more powerful to engage our affection, than to find that we are beloved. Expressions of kindness are always pleasing and acceptable unto us, though the person should be otherwise mean and contemptible: But, to have the love of one who is altogether lovely, to know that the glorious

<sup>a</sup> Acts xvii. 27.

<sup>c</sup> Lam. iii. 51.

<sup>b</sup> Heb. i. 3.

<sup>d</sup> Psalm xxxix. 3.

glorious Majesty of heaven hath any regard unto us, how must it astonish and delight us. how must it overcome our spirits, and melt our hearts, and put our whole soul into a flame! Now, as the word of God is full of the expressions of his love towards men; so all his works do loudly proclaim it: He gave us our being, and, by preserving us in it, doth renew the donation every moment. He hath placed us in a rich and well-furnished world, and liberally provided for all our necessities; he raineth down blessings from heaven upon us, and causeth the earth to bring forth our provision; he giveth us our food and raiment, and while we are spending the productions of one year, he is preparing for us against another. He sweeteneth our lives with innumerable comforts, and gratifieth every faculty with suitable objects: The eye of his providence is always upon us, and he watcheth for our safety when we are fast asleep, neither minding him nor ourselves. But, lest we should think these testimonies of his kindness less considerable, because they are the easy issues of his omnipotent power, and do not put him to any trouble or pain, he hath taken a more wonderful method to endear himself to us; he hath testified his affection to us, by suffering as well as by doing; and because he could not suffer in his own nature, he assumed ours. The eternal Son of God did clothe himself with the infirmities of our flesh, and left the company of those innocent and blessed spirits, who knew well how to love and adore him, that he might dwell among men, and wrestle with the obstinacy of that rebellious race, to reduce them to their allegiance and felicity, and then to offer himself up as a sacrifice and propitiation for them. I remember one of the poets hath an ingenious fancy to express the passion wherewith he found himself overcome after a long resistance, That the God of love had shot all his golden arrows at him, but could never pierce his heart, till at length he put himself into the bow, and darted himself straight into his breast. Methinks this doth some way adumbrate God's method of dealing with



with men: He had long contended with a stubborn world, and thrown down many a blessing upon them; and when all his other gifts could not prevail, he at last made a gift of himself, to testify his affection and engage theirs. The account which we have of our Saviour's life in the gospel, doth all along present us with the story of his love; all the pains that he took, and the troubles that he endured, were the wonderful effects, and uncontrollable evidences of it. But O that last, that dismal scene! Is it possible to remember it, and question his kindness, or deny him ours? Here, here it is (my dear Friend) that we should fix our most serious and solemn thoughts, *That Christ may dwell in our hearts by faith; that we being rooted and grounded in love, may be able to comprehend with all saints, what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height: And to know the love of Christ which passeth knowledge, that we may be filled with all the fulness of God*<sup>a</sup>.

We ought also frequently to reflect on those particular tokens of favour and love, which God hath bestowed on ourselves; how long he hath born with our follies and sins, and waited to be gracious unto us, wrestling, as it were, with the stubbornness of our hearts, and essaying every method to reclaim us. We should keep a register in our minds of all the eminent blessings and deliverances we have met with, some whereof have been so conveyed, that we might clearly perceive they were not the issues of chance, but the gracious effects of the divine favour, and the signal returns of our prayers. Nor ought we to imbitter the thoughts of these things with any harsh or unworthy suspicion, as if they were designed on purpose to enhance our guilt, and heighten our eternal damnation. No, no, my Friend, God is love, and he hath no pleasure in the ruin of his creatures. If they abuse his goodness, and turn his grace into wantonness, and thereby plunge themselves into the greater depth of guilt and misery, this is the effect of their obstinate wickedness,

<sup>a</sup> Eph. iii. 17, 18, 19.

ness, and not the design of those benefits which he bestows.

If these considerations had once begotten in our hearts a real love and affection towards Almighty God, that would easily lead us unto the other branches of religion; and therefore I shall need say the less of them.

*To beget charity, we must remember that all men are nearly related unto God.* We shall find our heartse enlarged in charity toward men, by considering the relation wherein they stand unto God, and the impresses of his image which are stamped upon them. They are not only his creatures, the workmanship of his hands, but such of whom he taketh special care, and for whom he hath a very dear and tender regard, having laid the designs of their happiness before the foundation of the world, and being willing to live and converse with them to all the ages of eternity. The meanest and most contemptible person whom we behold, is the offspring of heaven, one of the children of the Most High; and however unworthy he might behave himself of that relation, so long as God hath not abdicated and disowned him by a final sentence, he will have us to acknowledge him as one of his, and, as such, to embrace him with a sincere and cordial affection. You know what a great concernment we are wont to have for those that do any ways belong to the person whom we love: how gladly we lay hold on every opportunity to gratify the child or servant of a friend; and sure, our love towards God would as naturally spring forth in charity towards men, did we mind the interest that he is pleased to take in them, and consider that every soul is dearer unto him than all the material world; and that he did not account the blood of his Son too great a price for their redemption.

*That they carry his image upon them.* Again, As all men stand in a near relation to God, so they have still so much of his image stamped on them as may oblige and excite us to love them. In some this image is  
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more eminent and conspicuous, and we can discern the lovely traces of wisdom and goodness; and though in others it may be miserably sullied and defaced, yet it is not altogether razed, some lineaments at least do still remain. All men are endowed with rational and immortal souls, with understandings and wills capable of the highest and most excellent things; and if they be at present disordered, and put out of tune by wickedness and folly, this may indeed move our compassion, but ought not, in reason, to extinguish our love. When we see a person of a rugged humour, and perverse disposition, full of malice and dissimulation, very foolish and very proud, it is hard to fall in love with an object that presents itself unto us under an idea so little grateful and lovely: But when we shall consider these evil qualities as the diseases and distempers of a soul, which, in itself, is capable of all that wisdom and goodness wherewith the best of saints have ever been adorned, and which may, one day, come to be raised to such heights of perfection as shall render it a fit companion for the holy angels, this will turn our aversion into pity, and make us behold him with such resentments as we should have when we look upon a beautiful body that were mangled with wounds, or disfigured by some loathsome disease; and however we hate the vices, we shall not cease to love the man.

*To beget purity, we should consider the dignity of our nature.* In the next place, for purifying our souls, and disentangling our affections from the pleasures and enjoyments of this lower life, let us frequently ponder the excellency and dignity of our nature, and what a shameful and unworthy thing it is for so noble and divine a creature as the soul of man, to be sunk and immersed in brutish and sensual lust, or amused with airy and fantastical delights, and so to lose the relish of solid and spiritual pleasures; that the beast should be fed and pampered, and the man and the Christian be starved in us. Did we but mind who we are, and for what we were made, this would teach us, in a right sense,



sense, to reverence and stand in awe of ourselves; it would beget a modesty and shamefacedness, and make us very shy and reserved in the use of the most innocent and allowable pleasures.

*We should meditate oft on the joys of heaven.* It will be very effectual to the same purpose, that we frequently raise our minds toward heaven, and represent to our thoughts the joys that are at God's right hand, those pleasures that endure for evermore; *for every man that hath this hope in him, purifieth himself even as he is pure*<sup>a</sup>. If our heavenly country be much in our thoughts, it will make us as *strangers and pilgrims, to abstain from fleshly lusts, which war against the soul*, and keep ourselves *unspotted from this world*, that we may be fit for the enjoyments and felicities of the other. But then we must see that our notions of heaven be not gross and carnal, that we dream not of a *Mahometan* paradise, nor rest on those metaphors and similitudes by which these joys are sometimes represented: For this might perhaps have a quite contrary effect: It might entangle us further in carnal affections, and we should be ready to indulge ourselves in a very liberal foretaste of those pleasures wherein we had placed our everlasting felicity. But when we come once to conceive aright of those pure and spiritual pleasures; when the happiness we propose to ourselves is from the sight, and love, and enjoyment of God, and our minds are filled with the hopes and fore-thoughts of that blessed estate; O how mean and contemptible will all things here below appear in our eyes! With what disdain shall we reject the gross and muddy pleasures that would deprive us of those celestial enjoyments, or any way unfit and indispose us for them!

*Humility arises from the consideration of our failings.* The last branch of Religion is *humility*, and sure we can never want matter of consideration for begetting it. All our wickednesses and imperfections, all our follies and our sins, may help to pull down that fond and overweening conceit which we are apt to entertain of ourselves.

ourselves. That which makes any body esteem us, is their knowledge or apprehension of some little good, and their ignorance of a great deal of evil that may be in us; were they thoroughly acquainted with us, they would quickly change their opinion. The thoughts that pass in our heart, in the best and most serious day of our life, being exposed into public view, would render us either hateful or ridiculous: And now, however we conceal our failings from one another, yet sure we are conscious of them ourselves, and some serious reflections upon them would much qualify and allay the vanity of our spirits. Thus holy men have come really to think worse of themselves, than of any other person in the world: Not but that they knew that gross and scandalous vices are, in their nature, more heinous than the surprisals of temptations and infirmity; but because they were much more intent on their own miscarriages than on those of their neighbours, and did consider all the aggravations of the one, and every thing that might be supposed to diminish and alleviate the other.

*Thoughts of God give us the lowest thoughts of ourselves.*

But it is well observed by a pious writer, that the deepest and most pure humility doth not so much arise from the consideration of our own faults and defects, as from a calm and quiet contemplation of the divine purity and goodness. Our spots never appear so clearly, as when we place them before this infinite light; and we never seem less in our own eyes, than when we look down upon ourselves from on high. O how little, how nothing do all those shadows of perfection then appear, for which we are wont to value ourselves! That humility, which cometh from a view of our own sinfulness and misery, is more turbulent and boisterous; but the other layeth us full as low, and wanteth nothing of that anguish and vexation wherewith our souls are apt to boil when they are the nearest object of our thoughts.

Prayer

*Prayer another instrument of Religion.* There remains yet another means for begetting a holy and religious disposition in the soul; and that is, *fervent and hearty prayer*. Holiness is the gift of God,—indeed the greatest gift he doth bestow, or we are capable to receive; and he hath promised his Holy Spirit to those that ask it of him. In prayer we make the nearest approaches to God, and lie open to the influences of heaven: Then it is that the Son of righteousness doth visit us with his directest rays, and dissipateth our darkness, and imprinteth his image on our souls. I cannot now insist on the advantages of this exercise, or the disposition wherewith it ought to be performed: and there is no need I should, there being so many books that treat on this subject. I shall only tell you, that as there is one sort of prayer wherein we make use of the voice, which is necessary in public, and may sometimes have its own advantages in private; and another, wherein, though we utter no sound, yet we conceive the expressions, and form the words, as it were, in our minds; so there is a third and more sublime kind of prayer, wherein the soul takes a higher flight, and having collected all its forces by long and serious meditation, it darteth itself (if I may so speak) towards God in sighs and groans, and thoughts too big for expression. As when, after a deep contemplation of the divine perfections appearing in all his works of wonder, it addresseth itself unto him in the profoundest adoration of his majesty and glory: For, when after sad reflections on its vileness and miscarriages, it prostrates itself before him with the greatest confusion and sorrow, not daring to lift up its eyes, or utter one word in his presence; or when having well considered the beauty of holiness, and the unspeakable felicity of those that are truly good, it panteth after God, and sendeth up such vigorous and ardent desires as no words can sufficiently express, continuing and repeating each of these acts as long as it finds itself upheld by the force and impulse of the previous meditation.



Mental prayer is of all others the most effectual to purify the soul, and dispose it unto a holy and religious temper, and may be termed the great secret of devotion, and one of the most powerful instruments of the divine life: And it may be the Apostle hath a peculiar respect unto it, when he saith, that *the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, making intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered*, or, the original may bear, *that cannot be worded*. Yet I do not so recommend this sort of prayer, as to supersede the use of the other; for we have so many several things to pray for, and every petition of this nature requireth so much time, and so great an intention of spirit, that it were not easy therein to overtake them all. To say nothing, that the deep sighs and heavings of the heart, which are wont to accompany it, are something oppressive to nature, and make it hard to continue long in them. But certainly a few of these inward aspirations, will do more than a great many fluent and melting expressions.

*Religion is to be advanced by the same means by which it is begun.* Thus (my dear Friend) I have briefly proposed the method which I judge proper for moulding the soul into a holy frame; and the same means which serve to beget this divine temper, must still be practised for strengthening and advancing it; and therefore I shall recommend but one more for that purpose, and 'tis the frequent and conscientious use of that holy sacrament, which is peculiarly appointed to nourish and increase the spiritual life, when once it is begotten in the soul. All the instruments of Religion do meet together in this ordinance; and while we address ourselves unto it, we are put to practise all the rules which were mentioned before. Then it is that we make the severest survey of our actions, and lay the strictest obligations on ourselves; then are our minds raised to the highest contempt of the world, and every grace doth exercise itself with the greatest activity and vigour; all the subjects of contemplation do there present themselves unto us with the greatest advantage; and then, if ever, doth  
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the soul make its most powerful sallies toward heaven, and assault it with a holy and acceptable force. And certainly the neglect or careless performance of this duty, is one of the chief causes that bedwards our religion, and makes us continue of so low a size.

But it is time I should put a close to this letter, which is grown to a far greater bulk than at first I intended: If these poor papers can do you the smallest service, I shall think myself very happy in this undertaking; at least I am hopeful you will kindly accept the sincere endeavours of a person who would fain acquit himself of some part of that which he owes you.

### A PRAYER.

**A**ND now, O most gracious *GOD*, Father and Fountain of mercy and goodness, who hast blessed us with the knowledge of our happiness, and the way that leadeth unto it! excite in your souls such ardent desires after the one, as may put us forth to the diligent prosecution of the other. Let us neither presume on our own strength, nor distrust thy divine assistance; but while we are doing our utmost endeavours, teach us still to depend on thee for success. Open our eyes, O *GOD*, and teach us out of thy law. Bless us with an exact and tender sense of our duty, and a knowledge to discern perverse things. O that our ways were directed to keep thy statutes, then shall we not be ashamed when we have respect unto all thy commandments. Possess our hearts with a generous and holy disdain of all those poor enjoyments which this world holdeth out to allure us, that they may never be able to inveigle our affections, or betray us to any sin: Turn away our eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou us in thy law. Fill our souls with such a deep sense, and full persuasion of those great truths which thou hast reveal'd in the gospel, as may influence

ence and regulate our whole conversation; and that the life which we henceforth live in the flesh, we may live through faith in the Son of God. O that the infinite perfections of thy blessed nature, and the astonishing expressions of thy goodness and love, may conquer and overpower our hearts, that they may be constantly rising toward thee in flames of devourest affection, and enlarging themselves in sincere and cordial love towards all the world for thy sake; and that we may cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit, perfecting holiness in thy fear, without which we can never hope to behold and enjoy thee. Finally, *O GOD!* grant that the consideration of what thou art, and what we ourselves are, may both humble and lay us low before thee, and also stir up in us the strongest and most ardent aspirations toward thee. We desire to resign and give up ourselves to the conduct of thy Holy Spirit; lead us in thy truth, and teach us, for thou art the *GOD* of our salvation; guide us with thy counsel, and afterwards receive us unto glory, for the merits and intercession of thy blessed Son our Saviour. *Amen.*





FLAVELL'S  
SAINT INDEED.



*Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of Life.* Prov. iv. 23.

**T**HE heart of man is his worst part before it be regenerate, and the best afterwards; it is the seat of principles, and the fountain of actions. The eye of God is, and the eye of a Christian ought to be, principally fixed upon it.

The greatest difficulty of conversion is to win the heart to God; and the greatest difficulty after conversion, is to keep the heart with God. Here lies the very pinch and stress of religion; here's that that makes the way to life a narrow way, and the gate of heaven a strait gate. Direction and help in this great work, it is the scope and sum of this text; wherein we have,

1. An exhortation, 'Keep thy heart with all diligence.'
2. The reason or motive inforcing it, 'for out of it are the issues of life.'

In the exhortation I shall consider,

1. The matter of the duty.
2. The manner of performing it.
  1. The matter of duty, 'Keep thy heart.' Heart is not here taken properly for that noble part of the body which the Philosophers call the *primum vivens*, & *ultimum moriens*; the first that lives and the last that dies: but by heart, in a metaphor, the scripture sometimes understands some particular noble faculty of the soul: In Rom. i. 21. It is put for the understanding part;

part; 'Their foolish heart,' *i. e.* their foolish understanding 'was darkened.' And, Psalm cxix. 11. it is put for the memory; 'Thy word I have hid in my heart.' And, 1 John iii. 20. It is put for the conscience, which hath in it both the light of the understanding, and the recognitions of the memory; 'If our heart condemn us,' *i. e.* If our conscience, whose proper office it is to condemn. But here we are to take it more generally for the whole soul, or inner man: For, look, what the heart is to the body that the soul is to the man; and what health is to the heart, that holiness is to the soul. The state of the whole body depends upon the soundness and vigour of the heart, and the everlasting state of the whole man upon the good or ill condition of the soul.

And by keeping the heart, understand the *diligent* and *constant* use and improvement of all holy means and duties, to preserve the soul from sin, and maintain its sweet and free communion with God. *Lavator* will have the word taken from a besieged garrison, begirt by many enemies without, and in danger of being betrayed by treacherous citizens within; in which danger, the soldiers, upon pain of death, are commanded to watch. And whereas the expression, *keep thy heart*, seems to put it upon us as our work, yet it doth not imply a sufficiency or ability in us to do it: we are as able to stop the sun in its course, or make the rivers run backward, as by our own skill and power to rule and order our hearts; we may as well be our own *saviours*, as our own *keepers*: And yet *Solomon* speaks properly enough, when he saith, *keep thy heart*; because the duty is ours, though the power be God's. A natural man hath no power, a gracious man hath some, though not sufficient; and that power he hath depends upon the exciting and assisting strength of Christ: grace within us is beholden to grace without us, John xv. 5. 'Without me ye can do nothing.' So much of the matter of the duty.

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2. The manner of performing it is 'With all diligence.' The *Hebrew* is emphatical, *keep with all keeping*, q. d. Keep, keep; set double guards, your heart would be gone else. And this vehemency of expression, with which the duty is urged, plainly implies how difficult it is to keep our hearts, and how dangerous to let them go.

1. The reason or motive, quickning to this duty, is very forcible and weighty: 'For out of it are the issues of life,' that is, it is the source and fountain of all vital actions and operations; it is the spring and original both of good and evil, as the spring in a watch that sets all the wheels in motion. The heart is the treasury; the hand and tongue but the shops; what is in these came from thence; the hand and tongue always begin where the heart ends: The heart contrives, and the members execute, Luke vi. 45. 'A good man out of the good treasury of his heart, bringeth forth good things, and an evil man out of the evil treasury of his heart, bringeth forth evil things: for out of the abundance of his heart his mouth speaketh.' So then, if the heart err in its work, these must miscarry in theirs; for heart errors are like the error of the first concoction, which cannot be rectified afterwards: or like the mis-placing and inverting of the stamps and letters in the press, which must needs cause so many erratas in all the copies that are printed off. O then, how important a duty is that which is contained in the following proposition?

Doct. *That the keeping and right managing of the heart in every condition is the great business of a Christian's life.*

It is hard to keep them within bounds: God hath set bounds and limits to them, yet how frequently do they transgress, not only the bounds of grace and religion, but even of reason and common honesty. It is not the cleansing of the hand that makes a christian, for many a hypocrite can shew as fair a hand as he; but the purifying, watching and right ordering of the heart;



this is the thing that provokes so many sad complaints, and costs so many deep groans and brinish tears. It was the pride of *Hezekiah's* heart that made him lay in the dust before the Lord, 2 Chron. xxxii. 26. It was the fear of hypocrisy invading the heart, that made *David* cry, 'Let my heart be sound in thy statutes, that I be not ashamed,' Psal. cxix. 80. It was the sad experience he had of divisions and distractions of his own heart in the service of God, that made him pour out that prayer, Psal. lxxxvi. 1. 'Unite my heart to fear thy name.'

The method in which I shall improve the point shall be this.

*First*, I shall enquire what the keeping of the heart supposes and imports.

*Secondly*, Assign divers reasons, why christians must make this the great work and business of their lives.

*Thirdly*, Point at those special seasons which especially call for this diligence in keeping the heart.

*Fourthly* and *Lastly*, apply the whole in several uses.

*First*, What the keeping of the heart supposes and imports.

To keep the heart, necessarily supposes a previous work of sanctification, which hath set the heart right, by giving it a new spiritual bent and inclination; for, as long as the heart is not *set right* by grace, as to its habitual frame, no duties or means can *keep it right* with God. Self is the poise of the unsanctified heart, which biasses and moves it in all its designs and actions; and as long as it is so, it is impossible that any external means should keep it with God.

Man, by creation, was of one constant, uniform frame and tenor of spirit, held one straight and even course; not one thought or faculty ravelled or disordered: his mind had a perfect illumination to understand and know the will of God; his will a perfect compliance therewith; his sensitive appetite and other inferior powers, stood in a most obedient subordination.

Man,

Man, by degeneration, is become a most disordered and rebellious creature, contesting with and opposing his maker, as the *first cause*, by self dependence; as the *chiefest good*, by self-love; as the *highest Lord*, by self-will: and as the *last end*, by self-seeking; and so is quite disordered, and all his acts irregular: his illuminated understanding is clouded with ignorance; his complying will full of rebellion and stubbornness; his subordinate powers casting off the dominion and government of the superior faculties.

But by regeneration this disordered soul is set right again; sanctification being the rectifying and due framing, or, as the scripture phrases it, 'the renovation of the soul after the image of God,' Eph. iv. 24. In which *self-dependence* is removed by faith; *self-love*, by the love of God; *self-will*, by subjection and obedience to the will of God; and *self-seeking*, by self-denial. The darkened understanding is again illuminated, Eph. i. 18. The refractory will sweetly subdued, Psalm cx. 3. The rebellious appetite, or concupiscence gradually conquered, Rom. vi. 7. *per tot.* And thus the soul, which sin had universally depraved, is again by grace restored and rectified.

Thus being presupposed, it will not be difficult to apprehend what it is to keep the heart, which is nothing else but the constant care and diligence of such a renewed man, to preserve his soul in that holy frame to which grace hath reduced it, and daily strives to hold it.

For, though grace hath in great measure rectified the soul, and given it an habitual and heavenly temper; yet sin often actually discomposes it again; so that even a gracious heart is like a musical instrument, which, though it be never so exactly tuned, a small matter brings it out of tune again; yea, hang it aside but a little, and it will need setting again, before you can play another lesson on it: Even so stands the case with gracious hearts; if they are in frame in one duty, yet how dull, dead, and disordered when they come

to another? And therefore every duty needs a particular preparation of the heart, Job xi. 13. 'If thou prepare thine heart, and stretch out thy hands towards him.' Well then, to keep the heart, is carefully to preserve it from sin, which disorders it; and maintain that spiritual and gracious frame, which fits it for a life of communion with God. And this includes these six acts in it.

1. Frequent observation of the frame of the heart, turning in and examining how the case stands with it; this is one part of the work: Carnal and formal persons take no heed to this, they cannot be brought to confer with their own hearts; there are some men and women that have lived forty or fifty years in the world, and have scarce had one hour's discourse with their own hearts all that while; It is an hard thing to bring a man and himself together upon such an account: but saints know those soliloquies and self-conferences to be of excellent use and advantage. The soul is made wise by sitting still in quietness. Though bankrupts care not to look in their books of account, yet upright hearts will know whether they go backward or forward, Psal. lxxvii. 6. 'I commune with mine own heart:' The heart can never be kept, until its case be examined and understood.

2. It includes deep humiliation for heart-evils and disorders. Thus 'Hezekiah humbled himself for the pride of his heart,' 2 Chron. xxxii. 26. Thus the people were ordered to spread forth their hands to God in prayer, in a sense of the plague of their own hearts, 1 Kings viii. 38. Upon this account many an upright heart had been laid low before God: O what an heart have I? They have in their confessions pointed at the heart, the pained place; Lord, here is the wound, here is the plague sore. It is with the heart well kept, as it is with the eye, which is a fit emblem of it, if a small dust get into the eye, it will never leave twinkling and watering till it has wept it out: So the upright heart cannot be at rest till it has wept out



out its troubles, and poured out its complaints before the Lord.

3. It includes earnest supplication and instant prayer for heart purifying and rectifying grace, when sin hath defiled and disordered it; Psalm xix. 12. 'Cleanse thou me from secret faults;' and, Psalm lxxxvi. 11. 'Unite my heart to fear thy name.' Saints have always many such petitions depending before the throne of grace; this is the thing which is most pleaded by them with God: When they are praying for outward mercies, haply their spirits may be more remiss; but, when it comes to the heart-case, then they intend their spirits to the utmost, fill their mouths with arguments, weep and make supplication; Oh, for a heart to love God more, to hate sin more, to walk more evenly with God! Lord, deny not to me such a heart, whatever thou deny me; give me an heart to fear thee, love and delight in thee, if I beg my bread in desolate places. It is observed of holy Mr. *Bradford*, that, when he was confessing sin, he would never give over confessing until he had felt some brokenness of heart for that sin; and, when praying for any spiritual mercy, would never give over that suit, till he had got some relish of that mercy. That's the third thing included in keeping the heart.

4. It includes the imposing of strong engagements and bonds upon ourselves to walk more accurately with God, and avoid the occasions whereby the heart may be induced to sin. Well composed, advised, and deliberate vows, are in some cases of excellent use to guard the heart against some special sin, so, Job xiii. 1. 'I made a covenant with mine eyes:' By this means, holy-ones have overawed their souls, and preserved themselves from defilement by some special heart-corruptions.

5. It includes a constant holy jealousy over our own hearts. Quick-sighted self-jealousy is an excellent preservative from sin; he that will keep his heart, must have the eyes of his soul awake and open upon all the disorderly

disorderly and tumultuous stirrings of his affections: If the affections break loose, and the passions be stirred, the soul must discover and suppress them before they get to an height. O my soul, dost thou well in this? My tumultuous thoughts and passions, where is your commission.

'Happy is the man that thus feareth always,' Prov. xxviii. 14. By this fear of the Lord it is that men depart from evil, shake off security, and preserve themselves from iniquity: He that will keep his heart must feed with fear, rejoice with fear, and pass the whole time of his sojourning here in fear, and all little enough to keep the heart from sin.

6. And *lastly*, to add no more, it includes the realizing of God's presence with us, and setting the Lord always before us: This the people of God have found a singular mean to keep their hearts upright, and awe them from sin: When the eye of our faith is fixed upon the eye of God's omniscience, we dare not let out our thoughts and affections to vanity: Holy *Job* durst not suffer his heart to yield to an impure vain thought: and what was it that moved him to so great a circumspection? why he tells you, *Job* xxxi. 4. 'Doth he not see my ways, and count all my steps? Walk before me (saith God to *Abraham*) and be thou perfect,' Gen. xviii. 1. Even as parents use to set their children in the congregation before them, knowing that else they will be toying and playing; so would the heart of the best man too, were it not for the eye of God.

In these, and such like particulars, do gracious souls express the care they have of their hearts; they are as careful to prevent the breaking loose of their corruptions, in times of temptation, as seamen are to bind fast the guns, that they break not loose in a storm: As careful to preserve the sweetness and comfort they have got from God in any duty, as one that comes out of an hot bath, or great sweat, is of taking cold, by going forth into the chill air: This is the work; and of all works

works in religion it is the most difficult, constant, and important work.

1. It is the hardest work. Heart-work is hard work indeed: To shuffle over religious duties with a loose and heedless spirit, will cost no great pains: But to set thyself before the Lord, and tie up thy loose and vain thoughts, to a constant and serious attendance upon him, this will cost thee something: To attain a facility and dexterity of language in prayer, and put thy meaning into apt and decent expressions, is easy; but to get thy heart broken for sin, whilst thou art confessing it, melted with free grace whilst thou art blessing God for it, to be really ashamed and humbled through the apprehensions of God's infinite holiness, and to keep thy heart in this frame, not only in, but after duty, will surely cost thee some groans, and travelling pains of soul: To repress the outward acts of sin, and compose the external part of thy life in a laudable and comely manner, is no great matter, even carnal persons by the force of common principles can do this: But to kill the root of corruption within, to set and keep up an holy government over thy thoughts, to have all things lie straight and orderly in the heart, this is not easy.

2. It is a constant work; the keeping of the heart is such a work, as is never done till life be done, this labour and our life end together. It is with a Christian in his business as it is with seamen that have sprung a leak at sea, if they tug not constantly at the pump, the water increases upon them, and will quickly sink them: It is in vain for them to say, the work is hard, and we are weary. There is no time or condition in the life of a Christian which will suffer an intermission of this work: It is in the keeping watch over our hearts, as it was in the keeping up of *Moses's* hands, whilst *Israel* and *Amalek* were fighting below, *Exod. xvii. 11.* No sooner do *Moses's* hands grow heavy and sink down, but *Amalek* prevails: You know it cost *David* and *Peter* many a sad day and night for intermitting



intermitting the watch over their own hearts, but a few minutes.

3. It is the most important business of a Christian's life: Without this we are but formalists in religion; all our professions, gifts, and duties, signify nothing, 'My Son give me thine heart,' Prov. xxiii. 26. God is pleased to call that a gift, which is indeed a debt: He will put his honour upon the creature to receive it from him in the way of a gift: But if this be not given him, he regards not whatever else you bring to him: There is so much only of worth and value of what we do, as there is of heart in it: Concerning the heart, God seems to say, as *Joseph* did of *Benjamin*; 'If you bring not Benjamin with you, ye shall not see my face.' Among the Heathens, when the beast was cut up for sacrifice, the first thing the priest looked upon was the heart, and if that were unsound and naught, the sacrifice was rejected. God rejects all duties (how glorious soever in other respects) offered him without a heart. He that performs duty without a heart, *viz.* heedlessly, is no more accepted with God, than he that performs it with a double heart, *viz.* hypocritically, Isa. lxvi. 3. And thus I have briefly opened the nature of the duty, what is imported in this phrase, *Keep thy heart.*

2. Next, I shall give you some rational account why Christians should make this the great business of their lives, to keep their hearts.

The importance and necessity of making this our great and main business, will manifestly appear in that;  
1. The honour of God. 2. The sincerity of our profession. 3. The beauty of our conversation. 4. The comfort of our souls. 5. The improvement of our graces. And 6. our stability in the hour of temptation, are all wrapt up in, and dependent on our sincerity and care in the management of this work.

1. The glory of God is much concerned therein; heart-evils are very provoking evils to the Lord. How severely hath the great God declared his wrath from heaven

ven against heart-wickedness? The great crime for which the old world stands indicted, Gen. vi. 5, 6, 7. is heart-wickedness; 'God saw that every imagination (or fiction) of their hearts was only evil, and that continually.' For which he sent the dreadfullest judgment that was ever executed since the world began. 'And the Lord said, I will destroy man whom I have created from the face of the earth, both man and beast, and the creeping things, and the fowls of heaven; for it repenteth me that I have made man,' ver. 7. We find not their murders, adulteries, blasphemies, (though they were defiled with these) particularly alledged against them, but the evils of their hearts; yea, that which God was so provoked by, as to give up his peculiar inheritance into the enemies hand, was the evil of their hearts: Jer. iv. 14. 'O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved: How long shall vain thoughts lodge within thee?' The wickedness and vanity of their thoughts God took special notice of; and because of this the *Chaldean* must come upon them as a 'lion from his thicket,' ver. 7. 'and tear them to pieces.' For the very sin of thoughts it was that God threw down the fallen angels from heaven, and keeps them still in everlasting chains, to the judgment of the great day; by which expression is not obscurely intimated some extraordinary judgment to which they are reserved, as prisoners that have most irons laid upon them, may be supposed to be the greatest malefactors: And what was their sin? Why, only spiritual wickedness; for they having no bodily organs, could act nothing externally against God. Yea, mere heart-evils are so provoking, that for them he rejects with indignation all the duties that some men perform unto him; Isa. lxvi. 3. 'He that killeth an ox, is as if he slew a man; he that sacrificeth a lamb, as if he cut off a dog's neck; he that offereth an oblation, as if he offered swines blood; he that burneth incense, as if he blessed an idol. In what words could the abhorrence of a creature's actions be more fully expressed by

the holy God? Murder and idolatry are not more vile in his account than their sacrifices, though materially such as himself appointed: And what made them so? The following words inform us; 'Their soul delighted in their abominations.'

To conclude, such is the vileness of mere heart-fins, that the scriptures sometimes intimate the difficulty of pardon for them. So in the case of *Simon Magus*, Acts viii. 21. His heart was not right, he had vile thoughts of God, and the things of God: The apostle bids him 'repent and pray, if perhaps the thoughts of his heart may be forgiven him.' O then never slight heart-evils! for by these God is so highly wronged and provoked: And for this reason let every Christian make it his work to keep his heart with all diligence.

2. The sincerity of our profession much depends upon the care and conscience we have in keeping our hearts; for it is most certain, that a man is but an hypocrite in his profession, how curious soever he be in the externals of religion, that is heedless and careless of the frame of his heart: You have a pregnant instance of this in the case of *Jehu*, 2 Kings x. 31. 'But *Jehu* took no heed to walk in the ways of the Lord God of Israel with his heart.' That context gives us an account of the great service performed by *Jehu* against the house of *Ahab* and *Baal*, as also of a great temporal reward given him by God for that service, even that his children, to the fourth generation, should sit upon the throne of *Israel*. And yet in these words *Jehu* is censured for an hypocrite; though God approved and rewarded the work, yet he abhorred and rejected the person that did it, as hypocritical: And wherein lay his hypocrisy, but in this, that he took no heed to walk in the ways of the Lord with his heart? That is, he did all unsincerely and for self-ends; and though the work he did, were materially good, yet he not purging his heart from those unworthy self-designs in doing it, was an hypocrite: And *Simon*, of whom he spake before, though



though he appeared such a person that the apostle could regularly refuse him: yet his hypocrisy was quickly discovered: And what discovered it, but this, that though he professed and associated himself with the saints, yet he was a stranger to mortification of heart-sins? 'Thy heart is not right with God,' Acts viii. 21.—It is true, there is a great difference among Christians themselves in their diligence and dexterity about heart-work; some are more conversant and successful in it than others are, but he that takes no heed to his heart, he that is not careful to order it aright before God, is but an hypocrite; Ezek. xxxiii. 31, 32. 'And they come unto thee as the people cometh, and sit before thee as my people, and they hear thy words, but they will not do them: For with their mouth they shew much love, but their heart goeth after their covetousness.' Here were a company of formal hypocrites, as is evident by that expression, *as my people*, like them, but not of them: And what made them so? Their outside was fair; here were very reverend postures, high professions, much seeming joy and delight in ordinances; thou art to them as a lovely song; yea, but for all that, they keep not their hearts with God in those duties; their hearts were commanded by their lusts, they went after their *covetousness*: Had they kept their hearts with God, all had been well, but not regarding which way their heart went in duty: There lay the core of their hypocrisy.

*Object.* If any upright soul should hence infer, Then I am an hypocrite too, for many times my heart departs from God in duty; do what I can, yet I cannot hold it close with God.

*Sol.* To this I answer, the very objection carries in its own solution! Thou sayest, do what I can, yet I cannot keep my heart with God. Soul, if thou dost what thou canst, thou hast the blessing of an upright, though God sees good to exercise thee under an affliction of a discomposed heart; there remains still some wildness in the thoughts and fancies of the best, to

humble them: But if you find a care before to prevent them, and opposition against them when they come, grief and sorrow afterwards, you will find enough to clear you from reigning hypocrisy. 1. This fore-care is seen partly in laying up the word in thine heart to prevent them, Psalm cxix. 11. 'Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee:' Partly in our endeavours to engage our hearts to God, Jer. xxx. 21. And partly in begging preventing grace from God in our onsets upon duty, Psalm cxix. 36. 37. It is a good sign where this care goes before a duty. And 2. It is a sweet sign of uprightness, to oppose them in their first rise, Psalm cxix. 113. 'I have vain thoughts,' Gal. v. 7. 'The Spirit lusteth against the flesh.' And 3. Thy after-grief discovers thy upright heart: If with *Hezekiah* thou art humbled for the evils of thy heart, thou hast no reason from these disorders to question the integrity of it; but to suffer sin to lodge quietly in the heart, to let thy heart habitually and uncontrouledly wander from God, is a sad and dangerous symptom indeed.

3. The beauty of our conversation arises from the heavenly frame and holy order of our Spirits: There is a spiritual lustre and beauty in the conversation of saints. 'The righteous is more excellent than his neighbour.' They shine as lights of the world; but whatever lustre and beauty is in their lives come from the excellency of their spirits; as the candle within puts a lustre upon the lanthorn in which it shines. It is impossible that a disordered and neglected heart, should ever produce a well ordered conversation; and since (as the text observes) the issues or streams of life flow out of the heart as their fountain, it must needs follow, that such as the heart is, the life will be; hence, 1 Pet. ii. 11, 12, 'Abstain from fleshly lusts, —having your conversation honest, (Kalon) or beautiful, as the Greek word imports. So Isa. lv. 7. 'Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts.' His way notes the course of his life,

life, his thoughts the frame of his heart: And therefore since the way and course of his life flows from his thoughts, or the frame of his heart, both or neither will be forsaken: The heart is the womb of all actions, these actions are virtually and feminally contained in our thoughts; these thoughts being once made up into affections, are quickly made out into suitable actions and practices. If the heart be wicked, then as Christ saith, Matt. xv. 19. 'Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries,' &c. Mark the order, first, wanton or revengeful thoughts, then unclean or murderous practices.

And if the heart be holy and spiritual, then as *David* speaks from sweet experience, in Psal. xlv. 1. 'My heart is inditing a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made: My tongue is as the pen of a ready writer.' Here is a life richly beautified with good works: Some ready made; 'I speak of things which I have made: Others upon the wheel making; 'My heart is inditing,' but both proceeding from the heavenly frame of his heart.

Put but the heart in a frame, and the life will quickly discover that it is so: I think it is not very difficult to discern by the duties and converses of Christians, what frames their spirits are under; take a Christian in a good frame, and how serious, heavenly, and profitable will his converses and duties be? What a lovely companion is he, during the continuance of it? It would do any one's heart good to be with him at such a time, Psalm xxxvii. 30, 31. 'The mouth of the righteous speaketh wisdom, and his tongue talketh of judgment, the law of his God is in his heart.'

When the heart is up with God, and full of God; how dexterously and ingenuously will he wind in spiritual discourse, improving every occasion and advantage to heavenly purpose, few words run then at the waste spout.

And what else can be the reason why the discourses and duties of many Christians are become so frothy and



and unprofitable; their communion both with God, and one another, become as a dry stalk, but because their hearts are neglected? Surely this must be the reason of it; and verily it is an evil greatly to be bewailed: For as by this, Christian fellowship is become a sapless thing, so the attracting beauty that was wont to shine from the conversations of the saints, upon the faces and consciences of the world, (which if it did not allure and bring them in love with the ways of God, yet at least left a testimony in their consciences of the excellency of those men and their ways) this is in a great measure lost, to the unspeakable detriment of religion.

Time was when Christians did carry it at such a rate; that the world stood gazing at them, their life and language was of a different strain from others; their tongues discovered them to be *Galileans*, where-ever they came: But now since vain speculations, and fruitless controversies have so much obtained, and heart-work and practical godliness so much neglected among professors, the case is sadly altered, their discourse is become like other men's; if they come among you now, they may (to allude to that Acts ii. 6.) 'hear every man speak in his own language.' And truly I have little hope to see this evil redressed, and the credit of religion again repaired, till Christians fall again to their old work, till they ply heart-work closer; when the salt of heavenly-mindedness is again cast into the spring, the streams will run clearer and sweeter.

The comfort of our souls doth much depend upon the keeping of our hearts: For he that is negligent in attending his own heart, is ordinarily a great stranger to assurance, and the sweet comforts flowing from it.

Indeed if the *Antinomian* doctrine were true, which teaches you to reject all marks and signs for the trial of your conditions, telling you it is not only the Spirit that immediately assures you by witnessing your adoption directly without them; then you might be careless of your hearts, yea, strangers to them, and yet

yet no strangers to comfort; but since both Scripture and experience do confute this dotage, I hope you will never look for comfort in that unscriptural way. I deny not but it is the work and office of the Spirit to assure you, and yet do confidently affirm, that if ever you attain assurance in the ordinary way wherein God dispenses it, you must take pains with your own hearts, you may expect your comforts upon easier terms; but I am mistaken if ever you enjoy them upon any other: 'Give all diligence: prove yourselves;' this is the scripture way. I remember Mr. Roberts in his treatise of the covenant, tells us, that he knew a christian, who in the infancy of his christianity so vehemently panted after the infallible assurance of God's love, for a long time together he earnestly desired some voice from heaven: Yea, sometimes walking in the solitary fields, earnestly desired some miraculous voice from the trees and stones there; this after many desires and longings was denied him; but in time, a better was afforded in the ordinary way of searching the word and his own heart. An instance of the like nature the learned Gerson gives us, of one that was driven by temptation upon the very borders of desperation; at last being sweetly settled and assured, one asked him how he attained it? he answered, Not by an extraordinary revelation, but by subjecting his understanding to the scriptures, and comparing his own heart with them. The spirit indeed assures by witnessing our adoption; and he witnesseth two ways.

1. Objectively, *i. e.* by working those graces in our souls, which are the conditions of the promise, and so the spirit and his graces in us are all one: the spirit of God dwelling in us is a mark of our adoption. Now the spirit cannot be discerned in his essence but in his operations: and to discern these, is to discern the spirit; and how these should be discerned without serious searching and diligent watching of the heart, I cannot imagine.

2. The

2. The other way of the spirits witnessing, is effectively; *i. e.* by irradiating the soul with a grace-discovering light shining upon his own work; and this in order of nature, follows the former work; he first infuses the grace, and then opens the eye of the soul to see it. Now, since the heart is the subject of that infused grace, even this way of the spirit's witnessing also includes the necessity of keeping carefully our own hearts.

For, (1.) A neglected heart is so confused and dark, that the little grace which is in it, is not ordinarily discernable: the most accurate and laborious christians, that take most pains, and spend most time about their hearts, do yet find it very difficult to discover the pure and genuine workings of the spirit there: how then shall the christians which are (comparatively) negligent and remiss about heart-work, be ever able to discover it? Sincerity, which is the thing sought for, lies in the heart like a small piece of gold in the bottom of a river, he that will find it must stay till the water be clear and settled, and then he shall see it sparkling at the bottom; and that the heart may be clear and settled, how much pains and watching, care and diligence will it cost?

(2.) God doth not usually indulge lazy and negligent souls with the comforts of assurance, he will not so much as seem to patronize sloth and carelessness; he will give it, but it shall be in his own way. His command hath united our care and comfort together; they are mistaken that think the beautiful child of assurance may be born without pangs: Ah! how many solitary hours have the people of God spent in heart-examination? how many times have they looked into the word, and then into their heart? sometimes they thought they discovered sincerity, and were even ready to draw forth the triumphant conclusion of assurance, then comes a doubt they cannot resolve, and dashes all again: many hopes and fears, doubtings and reasonings, they have



have had in their own breasts, before they arrived at a comfortable settlement.

To conclude, suppose it possible for a careless christian to attain it : For it is with those whose hearts are big with the joys of assurance, as with a pregnant woman subject to miscarriages ; if extraordinary care be not used, it is a thousand to one if ever she embrace a living child : So 'tis here, a little pride, vanity, and carelessness, dashes all that for which thou hast been labouring a long time in many a weary duty. Since then the joy of our life, the comfort of our souls, rises and falls with our diligence in this work ; keep your hearts with all diligence.

5. The improvement of our graces depends on the keeping of our hearts. I never knew grace thrive in a negligent and careless soul ; the habits and roots of grace are planted in the heart ; and the deeper they are radicated there, the more thriving and flourishing grace is ; In Eph. iii. 17. we read of ' being rooted in grace.' Grace in the heart is the root of every gracious word in the mouth, and of every holy work in the hand, Psalm cxvi. 10. 2 Cor. iv. 13. But in the disregarded heart, swarms of vain foolish thoughts are perpetually working, and juggle out those spiritual ideas and thoughts of God, by which the soul should be refreshed.

Besides, the careless heart makes nothing out of any duty or ordinance it performs or attends on, and yet these are the conduits of heaven from whence grace is watered and made fruitful. A man may go with an heedless spirit from ordinance to ordinance, abide all his days under the choicest teaching, and yet never be improved by them ; for heart-neglect is a leak in the bottom ; no heavenly influences, how rich soever, abide in that soul, Matt. xiii. 3, 4. The heart that lies open and common like the highway, free for all passengers, when the seed fell on it, the fowls came and devoured it. Alas ! it is not enough to hear, unless we take heed how we hear : a man may pray, and never be the bet-

ter, unless he watch unto prayer. In a word, all ordinances, means and duties, are blessed unto the improvement of grace, according to the care and strictness we use in keeping our hearts in them.

6. *Lastly*, The stability of our souls in the hour of temptation, will be much, according to the care and conscience we have of keeping our hearts: the careless heart is an easy prey to Satan in the hour of temptation, his main batteries are raised against that Fort-royal, the heart; if he win that, he wins all, for it commands the whole man: and alas, how easy a conquest is a neglected heart! It is no more difficult to surprise it, than for an enemy to enter that city, whose gates are open and unguarded; 'tis the watchful heart that discovers and suppresses the temptation before it comes to its strength.

By this time, reader, I hope thou art fully satisfied how consequential and necessary a work the keeping of the heart is, being a duty that wraps up so many dear interests of the soul in it.

3. Next according to the method propounded, I proceed to point out those special seasons in the life of a Christian, which require and call for our utmost diligence in keeping the heart:

1. To consider the dangerous insnaring temptations attending a pleasant and prosperous condition: few, yea, very few of those that live in the pleasures and prosperity of this world, escape everlasting perdition, Matt. xix. 24. 'It is easier,' saith Christ, 'for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven.' And, 2 Cor. i. 26. 'Not many mighty, not many noble are called.' It might justly make us tremble when the Scripture tells us in general, That few shall be saved, much more when it tells us, that of that rank and sort of which we are, but few shall be saved. When Joshua called all the tribes of Israel to lot upon them for the discovery of Achan, doubtless Achan feared; when the tribe of Judah was taken, his fear increased;

ed; but when the family of the Zarahites was taken, it was time then to tremble. So when the Scripture comes so near us, as to tell us that of such a sort of men very few shall escape, it is time then to look about. O how many have been coached to hell in the chariots of earthly pleasures, whilst others have been whipt to Heaven by the rod of affliction! How few, like the daughter of Tyre, come to Christ with a gift! how few among the rich intreat his favour!

2. It may yet keep us more humble and watchful in prosperity, if we consider, that among Christians many have been much the worse for it. How good had it been for some of them if they had never known prosperity? When they were in a low condition, how humble, spiritual and heavenly were they! But when advanced, what an apparent alteration hath been upon their spirits? It was so with Israel when they were in a low condition in the wilderness, then 'Israel was holiness to the Lord,' Jer. ii. 23. But when they came into Canaan, and were fed in a fat pasture, then, 'we are lords, we will come no more unto thee,' ver. 31. Outward gains are ordinarily attended with inward losses: As in a low condition, their civil employments were wont to have a tang and savour of their duties; so in an exalted condition, their duties commonly have a tang of the world. He indeed is rich in grace, whose graces are not hindered by his riches; there are but few Jehoshaphats in the world, of whom it is said, 2 Chron. xvii. 5, 6. 'He had silver and gold in abundance, and his heart was lifted up in the way of God's commands.' Will not this keep thy heart humble under prosperity, to think how dear many godly men have paid for their riches, that through them they have lost that which all the world cannot purchase? Then, in the next place,

3. Keep down thy vain heart by this consideration; 'That God values no man a jot the more of these things.' God values no man by outward excellencies, but by inward graces; they are the internal ornaments of the Spirit, which are of great price in



God's eyes, 1 Pet. iii. 4. He despises all worldly glory, and respects no man's person; 'but in every nation, he that feareth God, and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him,' Acts x. 35. Indeed if the judgment of God went by the same rule that man's doth, we might value ourselves by these things, and stand upon them: But, as one said (when dying) I shall not appear before God as a doctor, but as a man: so much every man is, and no more, as he is in the judgment of God. Doth thy heart yet swell? And will neither of the former considerations keep it humble?

4. Then, *Fourthly*, Consider how bitterly many persons have bewailed their folly when they came to die, that ever they set their hearts upon these things, and heartily wish, that they had never known them. What a sad story was that of Pius Quintus, who dying cried out despairingly: When I was in a low condition, I had some hopes of salvation, but when I was advanced to be a Cardinal, I greatly doubted it; but, since I came to the Popedom, I have no hope at all. Mr. Spencer also tells us a real but sad story, of a rich oppressor, who had scraped up a great estate for his only son; when he came to die, he called his only son to him, and said, Son, do you indeed love me? The son answered, that nature, besides his paternal indulgence, obliged him to that. Then said the father, express it by this, hold thy finger in the candle, as long as I am saying a *Pater Noster*; the son attempted, but could not endure it: Upon that the father brake out into these expressions, thou canst not suffer the burning of thy finger for me, but to get this wealth, I have hazarded my soul for thee, and must burn body and soul in hell for thy sake; thy pains would have been but for a moment, but mine will be unquenchable fire.

5. The heart may be kept humble, by considering of what a clogging nature earthly things are to a soul heartily engaged in the way to heaven. They shut out much

much of heaven from us at present, though they may not shut us out of heaven, at last. If thou consider thyself under the notion of a stranger in this world, travelling for heaven and seeking a better country, thou hast then as much reason to be taken and delighted with these things, as a weary horse hath with a heavy cloke-bag. There was a serious truth in that atheistical scoff of Julian, when he took away the Christians' estates, and told them it was to make them fitter for the kingdom of heaven.

6. Is thy spirit for all this flatulent and lofty, then urge upon it the consideration of that awful day of reckoning, wherein according to our receipts of mercies shall be our accounts of them: And methinks this should awe and humble the vainest heart that ever was in the breast of a saint. Know for certain that the Lord records all the mercies that ever he gave thee, from the beginning to the end of thy life, Mic. vi. 4. 'Remember, O my people, from Shittim unto Gilgal,' &c. Yea they are exactly numbered and recorded, in order to an account; and thy account will be suitable, Luke xii. 48. 'To whomsoever much is given, of him much shall be required.' You are but stewards, and your Lord will come to take an account of you: And what a great account have you to make, who have much of this world in your hands? What swift witnesses will your mercies be against you, if this be the best fruits of them.

2. 'The second special season in the life of a Christian, requiring more than a common diligence to keep his heart, is the time of adversity. When Providence frowns upon you, and blasts your outward comforts, then look to your hearts, keep them with all diligence from repining against God, or fainting under his hand; for troubles, though sanctified, are troubles still; even sweet briar, and holy thistle have their prickles. Jonah was a good man, and yet how pettish was his heart under affliction? Job was the mirror of patience, yet how was his heart discomposed by  
'pleasure?

'trouble? You will find it is as hard to get a composed spirit under great afflictions, as it is to fix quick-silver: 'O the hurries and tumults which they occasion even in the best hearts!'

Though God hath reserved to himself a liberty of afflicting his people, yet he hath tied up his own hands by promise, never to take away his loving-kindness from them. Can I look that Scripture in the face with a repining discontented spirit, 2 Sam. vii. 14. 'I will be his Father, and he shall be my son; if he commit iniquity, I will chasten him with the rod of men, and with the stripes of the children of men; nevertheless my mercy shall not depart away from him.' O my heart, my haughty heart, dost thou well to be discontented, when God hath given thee the whole tree, with all the clusters of comfort growing on it, because he suffers the wind to blow down a few leaves? Christians have two sorts of goods, the goods of the throne, and the goods of the footstool, moveables, and immoveables: If God have secured these, never let my heart be troubled at the loss of those. Indeed, if he had cut off his love, or discovenanted my soul, I had reason to be cast down; but this he hath not, he cannot do.

It is of marvellous efficacy to keep the heart from sinking under afflictions, to call to mind that thine own Father hath the ordering of them: not a creature moves hand or tongue against thee, but by his permission. Suppose the cup be a bitter cup, yet it is the cup thy Father hath given thee to drink; and canst thou suspect poison to be in that cup which he delivers thee? Foolish man, put home the case to thine own heart, consult thine own bowels: Canst thou find in thy heart to give thy child that which would hurt and undo him? No, thou would'st as soon hurt thyself as him; 'If thou then, being evil, knowest how to give good gifts to thy children,' how much more doth God, Matt. vii. 11. The very consideration of his nature, a God of love, pity, and tender mercies; or of his relation to thee as a father, husband, friend,

might



might be security enough, if he had not spoken a word, to quiet thee in this case: And yet you have his word too, Jer. xxv. 7. 'I will do you no hurt:' You lay too near his heart to hurt you: Nothing grieves him more than your unworthy suspicions of his designs do; would it not grieve a faithful tender-hearted physician, when he hath studied the case of his patient, prepared the most excellent receipts to save his life, to hear him cry out, O he hath undone me, he hath poisoned me, because it gripes and pains him in the operation. O when will ye be ingenuous?

God respects you as much in a low as in a high condition, and therefore it needs not so much trouble you to be made low. Nay, to speak home, he manifests more of his love, grace and tenderness, in the time of affliction, than prosperity; as God did not at first chuse you because you were high, so he will not forsake you because you are low. Men may look shy upon you, and alter their respects as your condition is altered: When Providence hath blasted your estates, your summer-friends may grow strange, as fearing you may be troublesome to them: But will God be so? No no, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee,' Heb. xiii. 5. Indeed if adversity and poverty could bar you from access to God, it were a sad condition, but you may go to God as freely as ever. 'My God,' saith the Church, 'will hear me,' Micah vii. Poor David, when stript of all other earthly comforts, could yet encourage himself in the Lord his God, and why cannot you? Suppose your husband or child had lost all at sea, and should come to you in rags, could you deny the relation, or refuse to entertain him? If you would not, much less will God: Why then are you so troubled? Though your condition be changed, your Father's love and respects are not changed.

And what if by the loss of your outward comforts, God will preserve your souls from the ruining power of temptation? Sure then you have little cause to sink your hearts by such sad thoughts about them. Are  
not

not these earthly enjoyments the things that make men shrink and warp in times of trial? For the love of these, many have forsaken Christ in such an hour, Matt. xix. 22. 'He went away sorrowful, for he had great possessions:' And if this be God's design, what have I done in quarrelling with him about it? We see mariners in a storm can throw over-board rich bales of silk, and precious things, to preserve the vessel and their lives with it; and every one saith, they act prudently: We know it is usual for soldiers in a city besieged, to batter down or burn the fairest buildings without the walls, in which the enemy may shelter in the siege; and no man doubts but it is wisely done. Such as have gangrened legs or arms, can willingly stretch them out to be cut off, and not only thank, but pay the chirurgeon for his pains: And must God only be repined at for casting over what would sink them in a storm? for pulling down that which would advantage your enemy in a siege of temptation? for cutting off what would endanger your everlasting life? O inconsiderate, ungrateful man! Are not these things for which thou grieveest, the very things that have ruined thousands of souls? Well, what Christ doth in this, thou knowest not now, but hereafter thou mayest.

3. 'The third season, calling for more than ordinary diligence to keep the heart, is the time of Sion's troubles: When the church, like the ship in which Christ and his disciples were, is oppressed, and ready to perish in the waves of persecution, then good souls are ready to sink, and be shipwreckt too, upon the billows of their own fear. I confess most men rather need the spur than the reins in this case; and yet some sit down as over-weighted with the sense of the Church's troubles. The loss of the ark cost old Eli his life; the sad posture Jerusalem lay in, made good Nehemiah's countenance to change in the midst of all the pleasures and accommodations of the court, Neh. ii. 2. Ah, this goes close to honest hearts.

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' But

'But though God allow, yea, command the most  
'awakened apprehensions of these calamities, and in  
'such a 'day call to mourning and weeping, girding  
'with sackcloth,' Isa. xxii. 12. And severely threatens  
'the insensible, Amos vi. 1. Yet it will not please  
'him to see you sit like pensive Elijah, under the juniper-tree, 1 Kings xix. 4. 'Ah Lord God! it is  
'enough, take away my life also: No, mourners in  
'Sion, you may, and ought to be; but self-tormenters  
'you must not be: Complain to God you may, but  
'to complain of God (though but by an unsuitable  
'carriage and the language of your actions) you must  
'not.'

1. *Ponder the great advantages attending the people of God in an afflicted condition.*

If a low and an afflicted state in the world be really best for the church, then your dejections are not only irrational, but ungrateful. Indeed, if ye estimate the happiness of the church by its worldly ease, splendour, and prosperity, then such times will seem bad for it; but, if you reckon its glory to consist in its humility, faith, patience, and heavenly-mindedness, no condition in the world abounds with advantages for these, as an afflicted condition doth. It was not persecutions and prisons, but worldliness and wantonness that was the poison of the church; neither was it the earthly glory of its professors, but the blood of the martyrs that was the seed of the church. The power of godliness did never thrive better than in affliction, and never ran lower than in the time of the greatest prosperity; when 'we are left a poor and an afflicted people,' then we learn 'to trust in the name of the Lord,' Zeph. iii. 12. What say ye, Sirs? Is it indeed for the saints advantage to be weaned from the love and delights of ensnaring worldly vanities; to be quickened and pricked forward with more haste to heaven, to have clearer discoveries of their own hearts, to be taught to pray more fervently, frequently, spiritually, to look and long for the rest to come, more ardently? If this be their

14 T 1 advantage



advantage, experience teacheth us, that no condition is ordinarily blest with such fruits as these, like an afflicted condition.

And is it well done then to repine and droop, because your father consults more the advantage of your souls, than the pleasing of your humours; because he will bring you another way to heaven than you are willing to go? Is this a due requital of his love, who is pleased so much to concern himself in your welfare, which is more than he will do for thousands in the world, upon whom he will not lay a rod, or spend an affliction for their good? *Hos. iv. 17. Matt. xv. 14.* But alas! we judge by sense, and reckon things good or evil, according to what we for the present can taste and feel in them.

*2. Take heed that you overlook not the many precious mercies which the people of God enjoy amidst all their troubles.*

It is a pity that our tears, upon the account of our troubles should so blear and blind our eyes, that we should not see our mercies and grounds of comfort. I will not insist upon the mercy of having your lives given you for a prey; nor yet upon the many outward comforts, temporal conveniencies, and accommodations, which you enjoy, even above what Christ and his precious servants, of whom the world was not worthy, ever had.

But, what say you to pardon of sin, interest in Christ, the covenant of promise, and an eternity of happiness in the presence of God, after a few days are over? O that ever a people intitled to such mercies should droop under any temporal affliction, or be so much concerned for the frowns of men, and loss of trifles! You have not the smiles of great men, but you have the favour of the great God: You are, it may be, cast back in your estates, but thereby furthered in spirituals. You cannot live so bravely, plentifully, and easily as before, but still may live as holy and heavenly as ever. Will you then grieve so much for these

these circumstantial, as to forget your substantial? Shall light troubles make you forget weighty mercies? Remember the church's true riches are laid out of the reach of all its enemies. They may make you poor, but not miserable. What though God do not distinguish in his outward dispensations betwixt his own and others? Yea, what though his judgments single out the best, and spare the worst? What though an *Abel* be killed in love, and a *Cain* survive in hatred; a bloody *Dionysius* die in his bed, and a good *Josiah* fall in battle? What though the belly of the wicked be filled with hid treasures, and the teeth of the saints broken with gravel-stones? yet still here is much matter of praise; for electing love hath distinguished, though common Providence did not; and whilst prosperity and impunity slay the wicked, even slaying and adversity shall benefit and save the righteous.

3. *Believe, that how low soever the church be plunged under the waters of adversity, it shall assuredly rise again.* Fear not, for as sure as Christ arose the third day, notwithstanding the seal and watch that was upon him, so sure the church shall arise out of all her troubles, and lift up its victorious head above its enemies: There is no fear of ruining that people that thrive by their losses, and multiply by being diminished. O be not too quick to bury the church before she be dead; stay till Christ hath tried his skill, before you give it up for lost: The bush may be all in a flame, but shall never be consumed, and that because of the good-will of him that dwelleth in the bush.

4. *Record the famous instances of God's care and tenderness over his people in former straits.* Christ hath not suffered it to be devoured yet; for above these 1600 years the Christian church hath lived in affliction, and yet it is not consumed; Many a wave of persecution hath gone over it, and yet it is not drowned; Many designs to ruin it, and hitherto none hath prospered: This is not the first time that *Hamans* and *Ahiathophels* have plotted its ruin; that an *Herod* hath stretched out

his hand to vex it. Still it hath been preserved from, supported under, or delivered out of all its troubles. And is it not as dear to God as ever? Is he not as able to save it now as formerly, though we know not whence deliverance should arise, yet 'the Lord knoweth how to deliver the godly out of temptations,' 1 Pet. vi. 9.

5. If you can fetch no comfort from any of the former arguments, then in the last place, *Try whether you cannot draw some comfort out of your very trouble.* Surely this trouble of yours is a good argument of your integrity. Union is the ground of sympathy; if you had not some rich adventure in that ship, you would not tremble as you do when it is in danger: Besides that frame of spirit may afford you this argument, that if you be so sensible of the church's troubles, Jesus Christ is much more sensible and solicitous about it than you can be; and he will have an eye of favour upon them that mourn for it, Isa. lvii. 18.

4. 'The fourth special season for expressing our utmost diligence in keeping our hearts, is the time of danger and public distraction: In such times the best hearts are but too apt to be surprised by slavish fear, it is not easy to secure the heart against distraction in the times of common distraction. If *Syria* be confederate with *Ephraim*, how do the hearts of the house of *David* shake, even as the trees of the wood which are shaken with the wind, Isa. vii. 2. When there are ominous signs in the heavens, on the earth distress of nations, with perplexity, the seas and waves roaring, then the hearts of men fail for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming upon the earth, Luke xxi. 25, 26. Even a *Paul* himself may sometimes complain of fightings within, when there are fears without.' 2 Cor. vii. 5.

But, my brethren, these things ought not to be so; saints should be of a more raised spirit: So was *David* when his heart was kept in a good frame, Psal. xxvii. 1. 'The Lord is my light and my salvation, whom shall I fear?



'I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life, of whom 'shall I be afraid?' Let none but the servants of sin be the slaves of fear: Let them that have delight in evil, fear evil. O let not that which God hath threatened as a judgment upon the wicked, ever seize upon the breasts of the righteous; 'I will send (saith God) 'faintness into their hearts in the land of their enemies, 'and the sound of a shaking leaf shall chase them,' Lev. xxvi. 36. O what poor spirited men are these, to fly at a shaking leaf! which makes a pleasant and not a terrible noise, and is in itself a kind of natural music! but to a guilty conscience, the whistling leaves are drums and trumpets: 'But God hath not given us the 'spirit of fear: but of love, and of a sound mind,' 2 Tim. i. 7. A sound mind, as it stands there in opposition to the spirit of fear, is an unwounded conscience, not infirmed by guilt; and this should make a man as bold as a lion. I know it cannot be said of a saint what God spake of *Leviathan*, that he is made without fear: There is a natural fear in every man, and it is as impossible to be wholly put off, as the body itself is: '*Tis a perturbation of the mind, arising from the apprehension of approaching danger*; and, as long as dangers can approach us, we shall find some perturbations within us. It is not my purpose to commend to you a stoical apathy, nor yet to take you off from such a degree of cautional preventive fear, as may fit you for troubles, and be serviceable to your souls. There is a provident fear that opens our eyes to foresee danger, and quickens to a prudent and lawful use of means to prevent it; such was *Jacob's* fear, Gen. xxxii. 7, 9, 10. &c. But it is the fear of diffidence. I persuade you to keep your hearts from that tyrannical passion which invades the heart in times of danger, distracts, weakens, and unfits the heart for duty, drives men upon unlawful means, and brings a snare with it.

5. The fifth season to exert this diligence in keeping the heart, is the time of straits and outward pinching wants; although at such times we should complain to God,

God, and not of God, 'the throne of grace being erected for a time of need,' Heb. iv. 16. yet when the waters of relief run low, and wants begin to pinch hard, how prone are the best hearts to distrust the fountain! when the meal in the barrel, and oil in the cruse are almost spent, our faith and patience are almost spent too; now it is difficult to keep down the proud and unbelieving heart in an holy quietude and sweet submission at the foot of God. 'Tis an easy thing to talk of trusting God for daily bread while we have a full barn or purse; but to say as the Prophet, Hab. iii. 17. 'Though the fig-tree should not blossom, neither fruit be in the vine, etc. yet I will rejoice in the Lord.'

Now, to secure the heart from the dangers attending this condition, the following consideration, through the blessing of the Spirit, may prove effectual.

Your condition is not singular: though you have hitherto been strangers to wants, other saints have daily conversed, and been familiarly acquainted with them, Hear what blessed *Paul* speaks, not of himself only, but in the names of other saints reduced to like exigencies, 1 Cor. iv. 11. 'Even to this present hour we both hunger and thirst, and are naked, and buffeted, and have no certain dwelling place.' To see such a man as *Paul* going up and down the world with a naked back, and empty belly, and not a house to put his head in, one that was so far above thee in grace and holiness, one that did more service to God in a day, than perhaps thou hast done all thy days, and yet thou repines as if hardly dealt with. Have you forgot what necessities and straits even a *David* hath suffered? how great were his straits and necessities? 1 Sam. xxv. 8. 'Give, I pray thee' (saith he to Nabal) 'whatsoever cometh to thy hand, to thy servants and thy Son *David*.' Renowned *Musculus* was forced to dig in the Town-ditch for a maintenance. Famous *Ainsworth* as I have been credibly informed) was forced to sell the bed he lay on to buy him bread. But what  
speak

‘speak I of these? Behold, a greater than any of them, even the Son of God, who is heir of all things, and by whom the worlds were made, yet sometimes would have been glad of any thing, having nothing to eat, Mark xi. 12. ‘And on the morrow when they were ‘come from *Bethany*, he was hungry, and seeing a fig-tree afar off, having leaves, he came if haply he might ‘find any [any thing] thereon.’

Well then, hereby God hath set no mark of hatred upon you; neither can you infer the want of love from the want of bread. When thy repining heart puts the question, ‘Was there ever any sorrow like unto mine?’ Ask these worthies, and they will tell thee, though they did not complain and fret as thou dost, yet they were driven to as great straits as thou art.

6. ‘The sixth season of expressing this diligence in ‘keeping the heart, is the season of duty. When we ‘draw near to God in public, private or secret duties, ‘then it is time to look to the heart; for the vanity of ‘the heart seldom discovers itself more than at such ‘times. How oft doth the poor soul cry out, O Lord, ‘how fain would I serve thee, but vain thoughts will ‘not let me. I came to open my heart to thee, to delight my soul in communion with thee, but my corruptions have set upon me: Lord, raze off these ‘vain thoughts, and suffer them not to prostitute the ‘soul which is espoused to thee, before thy face.

How the heart may be kept from distractions by vain thoughts, in the time of duty.

There is a two-fold distraction or wandering of the heart in duties, (1.) Voluntary and habitual, Psalm lxxviii. 8. ‘They let not their hearts aright, and their spirit was not stedfast with God.’ This is the case of formalists, and it proceeds from the want of an holy bent and inclination of the heart to God: their hearts are under the power of their lusts, and therefore it is no wonder they go after their lusts, even when they are about holy things, Ezek. xxxiii. 31. (2.) Involuntary  
and



and lamented distractions, Rom. vii. 21, 22. 'I find  
 ' then a law, that when I would do good, evil is present  
 ' with me. O wretched man that I am,' &c. This  
 proceeds not from the want of an holy bent and aim,  
 but from the weakness and imperfection of grace. And  
 in this case the soul may make the like complaint against  
 its own corruptions, that Abijah did against Jeroboam,  
 2 Chron. xiii. 6, 7. 'Yet Jeroboam the son of Nebat  
 ' is risen up against his Lord, when Rehoboam was  
 ' young and tender-hearted, and could not withstand  
 ' them, and there are gathered unto him vain men the  
 ' children of Belial.' Grace hath a dominion, but lusts  
 are mutinous and seditious, during the infancy thereof.  
 But it is not my business to shew you how these distrac-  
 tions come into the heart, but rather how to get, and  
 keep them out of the heart: in order whereto take  
 the following helps.

1. Sequester yourselves from all earthly employments,  
 and set apart some time for solemn preparation to meet  
 God in duty. You cannot come reeking hot out of  
 the world into God's presence, but you will find a tang  
 of it in your duties. It is with the heart, a few mi-  
 nutes since plunged in the world, now at the feet of  
 God, just as with the sea after a storm, which still con-  
 tinues working, muddy and disquieted, though the  
 wind be laid, and storm over: Thy heart must have  
 some time to settle. There are few musicians that can  
 take down a lute, or viol, and play presently upon it,  
 without some time to tune it; there are few Christians  
 can presently say, as Psalm lvii. 7. 'O my God, my  
 heart is fixed.' O when thou goest to God in any  
 duty, take thy heart aside, and say, O my soul, I am  
 now addressing myself to the greatest works that ever  
 a creature was employed about: I am going into  
 the awful presence of God, about business of everlasting  
 moment.

Oh my soul! leave trifling now, be composed, watch-  
 ful, serious; this is no common work, it is God's-work,  
 soul-work, eternity-work: I am now going forth bear-  
 ing

ing seed, which will bring forth fruit to life or death in the world to come. Pause a while upon thy sins, wants, troubles: steep thy thoughts a while in these, before thou address thyself to duty. David first mused, and then spake with his tongue, Psalm xxxix. 3, 4. so Psalm lv. 1. 'My heart is inditing,' &c.

2. Having composed thy heart by previous meditation, presently set a guard upon thy senses. How often are poor Christians in danger of losing the eyes of their mind by those of their body? For this Job covenanted with his senses, xxxi. 1. For this David prayed, Psalm cxix. 37. 'Turn away mine eyes from beholding vanity, and quicken thou me in thy way.' This may serve to expound that mystical Arabian proverb, which advises 'to shut the windows, that the house may be light.' It were excellent if you could say in your onsets upon duty, as an holy man once did, when he came off from duty. Be shut, O my eyes, be shut: for it is impossible you should ever see such beauty and glory in any creature, as I have now seen in God. You had need avoid all occasions of distraction from without; for be sure you will meet enough from within. Intention of spirit in the work of God, locks up the eye and ear against vanity. When Marcellus entered the gates of Syracuse, Archimides was so intent about his mathematical scheme, that he took no notice of the soldiers when they entered his very study with drawn swords. A fervent cannot be a vagrant heart.

3. Beg of God a mortified fancy. A working fancy (saith one) how much soever it be extolled among men, is a great snare to the soul; except it work in fellowship with right reason, and a sanctified heart. The phantasy is a power of the soul placed between the senses and the understanding; it is that which first stirs itself in the soul, and by its motions the other powers are stirred; it is the common shop where thoughts are first forged and framed; and as this is, so are they: if imaginations be not first cast down, it is impossible that

every thought of the heart should be brought into obedience to Christ, 2 Cor. x. 5. This fancy is naturally the wildest and most untameable power in the soul. Some Christians (especially such as are of hot and dry constitutions) have much to do with it.

And truly, the more spiritual the heart is, the more it is troubled about the vanity and wildness of it. O what a sad thing is it, that the nobler soul must lackey up and down after a vain roving fancy! that such a beggar should ride on horseback, and such a prince run after it on foot! that it should call off the soul from attendance upon God, when it is most sweetly engaged in communion with him, to prosecute such vanities as it shall start at such times before it! Beg earnestly of God, that the power of sanctification may once come upon it. Some Christians have attained such a degree of sanctification of their fancies, that they have had much sweetness left upon their hearts by the spiritual workings of it in the night season. When thy fancy is more mortified, thy thoughts will be more orderly and fixed.

4. If thou wouldst keep thy heart from those vain excursions, realize to thyself by faith the holy and awful presence of God in duties.

If the presence of a grave man will compose us to seriousness, how much more the presence of an holy God? Thinkest thou thy soul durst be so garish and light, if the sense of a divine eye were upon it? Remember, the place where thou art, is the place of his feet, Isa. lx. 13. Act faith upon the omniscience of God; 'All the churches shall know that I am he that searcheth the heart, and trieth the reins, and will give to every one of you according to your works,' Rev. ii. 23. 'All things are naked and open to the eyes of him with whom we have to do,' Heb. iv. 13. Realize his infinite holiness. Into what a serious composed frame did the sight of God in his holiness put the spirit of the Prophet, Isa. vi. 5. Labour to get also upon thy heart due apprehensions of the greatness of God, such



as Abraham had, Gen. xi. 27. 'I that am but dust  
'and ashes, have taken upon me to speak to God.'  
And lastly, remember the jealousy of God, how tender  
he is over his worship, Lev. x. 3. 'And Moses said  
'unto Aaron, This is that the Lord spake, saying, I  
'will be sanctified in them that come nigh me, and be-  
'fore all the people I will be glorified.'

7. 'The seventh season calling for more than com-  
'mon diligence to keep the heart, is, when we receive  
'injuries and abuses from men: such is the depraved-  
'ness and corruption of man in his colapsed state, that  
'one man is become a wolf, a tyger to another; they  
'are as the Prophet complains, Hab. i. 14. 'As the  
'fishes of the sea, and as the creeping things that have  
'no rule over them.' And as wicked men are cruel  
'and oppressive one to another, so they conspire toge-  
'ther to abuse and wrong the people of God, as the  
'same Prophet complains, verse 13. 'The wicked  
'devoureth the man that is more righteous than he.'  
'Now when we are thus abused and wronged, it is  
'hard to keep the heart from revengeful motions, to  
'make it meekly and quietly to commit the cause to  
'him that judgeth righteously, to exercise no other  
'affection but pity towards them that abuse us. Surely  
'the spirit that is in us lusteth to revenge; but it must  
'not be so; you have choice helps in the gospel to  
'keep down your hearts from such sinful motions  
'against your enemies, and to sweeten your imbitter'd  
'spirits.'

'How a Christian may keep his heart from revenge-  
'ful motions, under the greatest injuries and abuses from  
'men.'

The gospel indeed allows a liberty to vindicate our  
innocency, and assert our rights, but not to vent our  
corruptions, and invade God's right; when therefore  
thou findest thy heart begin to be inflamed by revenge-  
ful motions, presently apply the following remedies;  
and the first is this.

1. 'Urge upon thy heart the severe prohibitions of 'revenge by the law of God.'

Remember that this is forbidden fruit, how pleasing and luscious soever it be to our vitiated appetites. O saith nature, revenge is sweet, O but, saith God, the effects thereof shall be bitter. How plainly hath God interdicted this flesh-pleasing sin, Prov. xxix. 22. 'Say not, I will recompense evil, Prov. xxiv. 22. 'Say not I will do so to him as he hath done to me. Rom. xii. 17. 'Recompense no man evil for evil.' and verse 19. 'Avenge not yourselves, but rather give place to wrath.' Nay, that is not all; but, Prov. xxv. 21. 'If thine enemy hunger, feed him: If he 'thirst, give him drink.' The words, *feed him*, as critics observe, signifies to feed cheerfully and tenderly, as birds do their young ones. The scripture is a great friend to the peace and tranquillity of human societies, which can never be preserved, if revenge be not deposed. It was wont to be an argument urged by the Christians, to prove their religion to be supernatural and pure, that it forbids revenge which is so sweet to nature; and verily it is a thousand pities such an argument should be lost. Well then, awe your hearts with the authority of God in these scriptures; and when carnal reason saith, mine enemy deserves to be hated, let conscience reply, but doth God deserve to be disobeyed? Thus, and thus hath he done, and so he hath wronged me; but what hath God done that I should wrong him? If he dare be so bold as to break the precept? If he fears not to wrong me, shall not I fear to wrong God? O let the fear of God's threatening repress such sinful motions.

2. Set before your eyes the most eminent patterns of meekness and forgiveness, that your souls may fall in love with it.

This is the way to cut off those common pleas of the flesh for revenge; as thus, no man would bear such an affront. Yes, such and such have born as bad and worse. I shall be reckoned a coward, a fool, if I pass  
by

by this: no matter, as long as I follow the examples of the wisest and holiest men; never did any suffer more greater abuses from men than Christ did, and never did any carry it more peaceably and forgivingly, Isa. liii. 7. 'He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: He is brought as a Lamb to the slaughter,' &c. This pattern the Apostle 'sets before you for your imitation, 2 Pet. ii. 21, 22, 23. 'For even hereunto are ye called, because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that we should follow his steps: Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; when he suffered, he threatened not, but committed himself to him that judgeth righteously.' To be of a meek forgiving spirit, is Christ-like, God-like; 'Then shall you be the children of your Father which is in heaven: For he maketh his sun to rise upon the evil and upon the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust,' Matt. v. 45. How eminently also did the Spirit of Christ rest upon his apostles? Never were there such men upon earth for true excellency of spirit. None were ever abused more, or suffered their abuses better. 'Being reviled (say they) we bless; being persecuted, we suffer it; being defamed, we entreat,' 1 Cor. iv. 12, 13.

I have often heard it reported of holy Mr. Dodd, that when one enraged at his close convincing doctrine, picked a quarrel with him, smote him on the face, and dashed out two of his teeth: This meek servant of Christ spat out the teeth and blood into his hand, and said, 'See here, you have knocked out two of my teeth, and that without any just provocation; but, on condition I might do your soul good, I would give you leave to dash out all the rest.' Here is the excellency of a Christian's spirit, above all the attainments of moral heathens: Though they were excellent at many other things, yet they could never attain this forgiving spirit.

3. Consider well the quality of the person that hath wronged thee. Either he is a good man, or a wicked man,



man, that hath done thee the injury: If he be a good man, there is light and tenderness in his conscience, and that will bring him at last to a sense of the evil he hath done; however Christ hath forgiven him greater injuries than these, and why shouldst not thou? Will not Christ upbraid him with any of those wrongs done to him, but frankly forgives them all, and wilt thou take him by the throat for some petty abuse that he hath done to thee?

Or is he a wicked man? If so, truly you had more need to exercise pity than revenge towards him, and that upon a double account: For (1.) He is beside himself, so indeed is every unconverted sinner, Luke xv. 17. Should you go into Bedlam, and there hear one rail at you, another mock you, and a third threaten you, would you say, I will be revenged upon them? No, you would rather go away pitying them. Alas, poor creatures, they are out of their wits, and know not what they do. Besides, (2.) There is a day a-coming, if they repent not, they will have more misery than you can find in your hearts to wish them; you need not study revenge, God's vengeance sleepeth not, and will shortly take place upon them, and is not that enough? Have they not an eternity of misery coming? If they repent not, this must be the portion of their cup, and if ever they do repent, they will be ready to make you reparation.

4. *Seriously propound this question to thy own heart, have I got any good by the wrongs and injuries received, or have I not?* If they have done you no good, turn the revenge upon yourselves: O that I should have such a bad heart, that can get no good out of such troubles! O that my spirit should be so unlike to Christ's! The patience and meekness of other Christians have turned all the injuries thrown at them into precious stones; the spirits of others have been raised in blessing God when they have been loaden with reproaches by the world, they have bound them as an ornament to their necks.

If you have got any good by them, if the reproaches and wrongs you have received, have made you search your hearts the more, watch your ways the more narrowly; if their wronging you, have made you see how you have wronged God; then let me say for them, as *Paul* did for himself, Pray forgive them this wrong.

What, can you find not an heart to forgive one that hath been instrumental of so much good to you? That is strange! What though they meant it for evil? Yet, if God hath turned it to good, you have no more reason to rage against the instrument, than he had who received a wound from his enemy, which only brake and let out that imposthume, which otherwise had been his death.

5. Lastly, *Let the consideration of the day of the Lord, which draweth nigh, withhold your hearts from anticipating it by acts of revenge.*

Why are you so quick? Is not the Lord at hand, to avenge all his abused servants? 'Be patient therefore my brethren, unto the coming of the Lord: behold the husbandman waiteth,' &c. 'Be ye also patient, for the coming of the Lord draws nigh. Grudge not one against another, brethren, lest ye be condemned. Behold the Judge standeth at the door,' Jam. v. 7, 8, 9. This text affords three arguments against revenge. (1.) The Lord's near approach. (2.) The example of the husbandman's patience. (3.) The danger we draw upon ourselves by anticipating God's judgment; 'Vengeance is mine, saith the Lord.' And he will distribute justice more equally and impartially than you can. They that believe they have a God to right them, will not so much wrong themselves as to avenge their own wrongs.

8. 'The eighth season in which we are in danger of losing our hearts, is, when we meet with great crosses and provocations; then sinful passion is apt to transport the heart. It is the fault of many good men, to be of hasty and quick spirits when provoked, though

‘ though they dare not concoct anger into malice, for  
 ‘ that would be a note of *wickedness*. yet are they very  
 ‘ incident to sudden anger, which is a sign of *weakness*.  
 ‘ *Beza* in the life of *Calvin*, observes, that he was of  
 ‘ a keen and hasty spirit: And he that writes the life of  
 ‘ great *Cameron*, saith, That his anger was soon stirred  
 ‘ towards his near and familiar friends; but then he  
 ‘ would soon depose it, and acknowledge his weakness.  
 ‘ Alas, when provocations and trials of our patience  
 ‘ come, we know not what spirits we are of.’

The humble is ever the patient man. Pride is the root of passion; a lofty will be a surly spirit: bladders blown up with wind, will not lie close together; but prick them, and you may pack a thousand in a small room: ‘ Only by pride cometh contention,’ Prov. xiii. 10. When we over-rate ourselves, then we think we are unworthily treated by others, and that provokes. And here (by the way) take notice of one great benefit of acquaintance with your own hearts, even the meekening and calming of your spirits. Christian, methinks thou shouldst know so much by thyself, that it is impossible any should lay thee lower, or have baser thoughts of thee than thou hast of thyself. Some render the original of that text, Hab. ii. 5. thus; ‘ The proud man is as he that transgresseth by wine: and drunkards you know are quarrellsome. O get more humility and that will bring you more peace.’

Wrath and strife are hugely opposite to the frame and temper of a spiritual heart, because inconsistent with the delight and contentment of that dove-like spirit, which loves a sedate and quiet breast. O saith a soul that feeds upon the sweet communion of the spirit, shall the sparkles of provocations now catch in my passions, and raise such a smoke in my soul, as will offend and drive away the Comforter from me? This is so effectual a remedy against passion, that I durst almost venture in a Christian of a hasty nature, to make long-suffering a sign of communion with God. Seest thou such a Christian quiet and calm under pro-



vocations, it is very like his soul feeds upon such sweetness in God, as he is loth to leave: And, on the other side, feest thou a Christian turbulent and clamorous? doubtless all is not well within; his Spirit is like a bone out of joint, which cannot move without pain or trouble.

9. 'The ninth season of exerting of greatest diligence is the critical hour of temptation, wherein Satan lays close siege to the fort-royal of a Christian's heart, and often surprises for want of watchfulness: To keep thy heart now, is no less a mercy than a duty; few Christians are so well skilled in detecting the fallacies, and retorting the arguments by which Satan uses to draw them to sin, as to come off safe in those encounters. *Watch and pray* (saith our Lord) *lest ye enter into temptation*, Mark xiv. 38. Even an eminent *David* and a wise *Solomon* have smarted for their carelessness at such a time as this.'

Now there are arguments by which Satan subtilty insinuates and winds in the temptation; in which I shall offer thee some helps for the keeping of thy heart. And,

1. The first argument is drawn from the pleasure of sin. O (saith Satan) here is pleasure to be enjoyed; the temptation comes with a smiling countenance, and charming voice. What, art thou so flegmatick and a dull soul, as not to feel the powerful charms of pleasure? Who can with-hold himself from such delights?

Now thine heart may be kept from the danger of this temptation, by retorting this argument of pleasure upon the tempter: which is done two ways.

1. Thou tellest me, Satan, that sin is pleasant; be it so: But are the grips of conscience, and the flames of hell, so too? Is it pleasant to feel the wounds and throbs of conscience? If so, why did *Peter* weep so bitterly? Matt. xxvi. 75. Why did *David* cry out of broken bones? Psalm li. I hear what thou sayest of the pleasure of sin, and I have read what *David* hath said

said of the terrible effects of sin in his psalm to bring to remembrance, Psalm xxxviii. 2. 'Thine arrows stick fast in me, and thy hand presseth me sore, ver. 3. 'There is no soundness in my flesh, because of thine anger; neither is there any rest in my bones, because of my sin, verse 4. For mine iniquities are gone over mine head; as an heavy burden they are too heavy for me. verse 5. My wounds stink and are corrupt, because of my foolishness. verse 6. I am troubled, I am bowed down greatly, I go mourning all the day long. verse 7. My loins are filled with a loathsome disease, and there is no soundness in my flesh. verse 8. I am feeble and sore broken, I have roared by reason of the disquietness of my heart.

Here I see the true face of sin; if I yield to thy temptation, I must either feel these pangs of conscience, or the flames of hell.

2. What talkest thou of the pleasure of sin? When by experience I know there is more true pleasure in the mortification, than can be in the commission of sin. O how sweet is it to please God, to obey conscience, to preserve inward peace, to be able to say, In this trial I have discovered the sincerity of my heart; now I know I fear the Lord, now I see that I truly hate sin. Hath sin any such delights as this? This will choke that temptation.

2. The second argument is drawn from the secrecy of sin: O (saith Satan) this sin will never disgrace thee abroad, none shall know it.

This argument shall be retorted, and the heart secured thus: Thou sayest, none shall know it; but, Satan, canst thou find a place void of the divine Presence for me to sin in? Thus *Job* secured his heart from this temptation, Job xxxi. 4. 'Doth he not see my ways, and count all my steps?' Therefore he makes a covenant with his eyes, verse 1. After the same manner *Solomon* teacheth us to retort this temptation, Prov. v. 20, 21. 'And why, my son, wilt thou

'thou be ravished with a strange woman, and embrace the bosom of a stranger? For the ways of man are before the eyes of the Lord, and he pondereth all his goings.' What if I hide it from the eyes of all the world for the present, I cannot hide it from God: and the time is at hand, when all the world shall know it too; for the word assures me, Luke viii. 17. 'That what is done now in secret shall be proclaimed as upon the house-top.'

3. The third argument by which Satan tempteth to sin, is taken from the gain and profit arising out of it: Why so nice and scrupulous, it is but to stretch conscience a little, and thou mayest make thyself: Now is thy opportunity.

The heart may be kept from falling into this dangerous snare, by retorting the temptation thus, 'But what profit should it be if a man should gain the whole world and lose his own soul? Or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?' Matt. xvii. 26. O my soul, my precious soul! shall I hazard thee for all the good that is in this world? There is an immortal spirit dwelling in this fleshly tabernacle, of more value than all earthly things, which must live to all eternity, when this world shall lie in white ashes: A soul for which Jesus Christ shed his precious and invaluable blood: I was sent into this world to provide for this soul; indeed God hath also committed to me the care of my body, but with this difference: A master commits two things to a servant, the child and child's clothes; will the master thank the servant, if he plead, I have kept the clothes, but I have neglected the life of the child?

4. The fourth argument is drawn from the smallness of the sin; It is but a little one, a small matter, a trifle, who would stand upon such niceties?

This argument may be retorted three ways.

1. But is the Majesty of heaven a little one too? If I commit this sin, I must offend and wrong a great God, Isa. xl. 15, 16, 17, 22.

X x 2

2. Is



2. Is there any little hell to torment little sinners in? Are not the least sinners there filled with the fullness of wrath? O there is great wrath treasured up for such as the world counts little sinners.

3. The less sin, the less inducement to commit it: What, shall I break with God for a trifle? destroy my peace, wound my conscience, grieve the spirit, and all this for nothing? O what madness is this?

5. The fifth argument is drawn from the grace of God, and hopes of pardon. Come, God will pass by this as an infirmity, he will not be extreme to mark it. But stay, my heart,

1. Where do I find a promise of mercy to presumptuous sinners? Indeed, for involuntary surprisals, unavoidable and lamented infirmities, there is a pardon of course, but where is the promise to a daring sinner, that sins upon presumption of pardon? Pause a while my soul upon that Scripture, Numb. xv. 27, 30. 'And if a soul sin through ignorance, then he shall bring a she-goat of the first year for a sin-offering, &c. But the soul that doth ought presumptuously, the same reproacheth the Lord, and that soul shall be cut off from among his people.'

2. If God be a God of so much mercy, how can I abuse so good a God? Shall I take so glorious an attribute as the mercy of God is, and abuse it unto sin? Shall I wrong him because he is good? or should not rather the goodness of God lead me to repentance? Rom. ii. 4. 'There is mercy with thee, that thou may'st be feared,' Psalm. cxxx. 4.

Lastly, Sometimes Satan encourages to sin from the examples of good and holy men. Thus and thus have they sinned, and been restored, therefore this may consist with grace, and thou be saved nevertheless. The danger of this temptation is avoided, and the heart secured, by retorting the argument these three ways.

1. Though good men may commit the same sin materially, which I am tempted to, yet did ever any good  
man

man venture to sin upon such a ground and encouragement as this?

2. Did God record these examples for my imitation, or for my warning? Are they not set as sea-marks, that I may avoid the rocks upon which they split? 1 Cor. x. 6. 'Now these were our examples, to the intent we should not lust after evil things, as they also lusted.'

3. Am I willing to feel what they felt by sin? O I dare not follow them in the ways of sin! lest God plunge me into the depths of horror, into which he cast them.

Thus learn to keep your hearts in the hour of temptation from sin.

10. 'The tenth special season *to keep the heart with all diligence*, is the time of spiritual darkness and doubting, when it is with the soul, as it is with Paul in his dangerous voyage, neither sun, nor moon, nor star appears for many days; when by reason of the hidings of God's face, the prevalency of corruption, and the inevidence of grace, the soul is even ready to give up all its hopes and comforts for lost, to draw sad and desperate conclusions upon itself, to call its former comforts vain delusions, its grace hypocrisy. When the serene and clear heavens are overcast with dark clouds, yea, filled with thunders, and horrible tempests; when the poor penfive soul sits down and weeps for this sad lamentation, *My hope is perished from the Lord*. Now to keep the heart from sinking in such a day as this, to enable to maintain its own sincerity, is a matter of great difficulty.'

The general truths requisite for poor doubting souls to be acquainted with, are these,

1. That every working, and appearance of hypocrisy, doth not presently prove the person in whom it is, to be a hypocrite. You must carefully distinguish between the presence and predominacy of hypocrisy: There are remains of deceitfulness in the best hearts; David and Peter had sad experience of it; yet the  
standing

standing frame and general bent of the heart being upright, it did not denominate them hypocrites.

2. That we ought as well to hear what can be said for us, as against us. It is the sin of upright hearts, sometimes to use an over-rigid and merciless severity against themselves: They do not indifferently consider the case of their own souls. It is in this case, as Solomon speaks in another, Prov. xii. 7. 'There is that maketh himself rich, and yet hath nothing; and there is that maketh himself poor, and yet hath great riches.' It is the damning sin of the self-flattering hypocrite, to make his condition better than it is: And it is the sin and folly of some upright ones, to make their condition worse than indeed it is. Why should you be such enemies to your own peace, to read over the evidences of God's love to your souls, as a man doth a book which he intends to confute? why do you study to find evasions, to turn off those comforts which are due to you? It is said of *Joseph*, that he was minded to put away his espoused *Mary*, not knowing that that holy thing which was conceived in her was by the holy Ghost: and this may be your case. A third truth is this.

3. That many a saint hath charged and condemned himself for that, which God will never charge him with, nor condemn him for, 'Why hast thou hardened our hearts from thy fear?' (saith the church) Isa. lxii. 17. And yet the verse before manifests that their hearts were not so hardened. Godly *Bradford* wrote himself a hypocrite, a painted sepulchre, yet doubtless God acquitted him of that charge.

4. *Lastly*, Whatever our sin or trouble be, it should rather drive us to God, than from God: Psalm xxv. 11. 'Pardon my sin; for it is great.' Suppose it be true, that thou hast so and so sinned, that thou art thus long and sadly deserted, yet it is a false inference that therefore thou shouldst be discouraged, as if there were no help for thee in thy God.



11. 'The eleventh special season, calling for this diligence to keep our hearts, is, when sufferings for religion come to an height, then look to your hearts, Matt. xxiv. 8, 9, 10. 'All these are the beginning of sorrows. And they shall deliver you up to be afflicted, and shall kill you; and ye shall be hated of all nations for my name's sake; and then shall many be offended.' The sufferings for religion grow hot, then blessed is he that is not offended in Christ. Troubles are then at an height, 1. When a man's nearest friends and relations forsake and leave him, Mic. vii. 5, 6. 2 Tim. iv. 16. When a man is engaged alone. 2. When temptations are presented to us in our sufferings, Heb. xi. 37. 4. When eminent persons for profession turn aside, and desert the cause of Christ, 2 Tim. ii. 19. 5. When God hides his face in a suffering hour, Jer. xvii. 17. 6. When Satan falls upon us with strong temptations, to question the grounds of our sufferings, or the soul's interest in Christ. Now it is hard to keep the heart from turning back, and the steps from declining God's ways.'

How the heart may be kept from relapsing under the greatest sufferings for religion? If the bitterness of sufferings at any time cause the soul to distaste the way of God, and take up thoughts of forsaking it, stay thine heart under that temptation, by propounding these questions solemnly to it.

1. What reproach and dishonour shall I pour upon Christ and religion, by deserting him at such a time as this? This will proclaim to all the world, that how much soever I have boasted of the promises, yet when it comes to the trial, I dare hazard nothing upon the credit of them? And how will this open the mouths of Christ's enemies to blaspheme? O better I had never been born, than that worthy name should be blasphemed through me! Shall I furnish the triumphs of the uncircumcised? Shall I make mirth in hell? O, if I did but value the name of Christ, as much as many  
a wicked

a wicked man values his own name, I would never endure to see it exposed to such contempt. Will proud dust and ashes venture death, yea, hell, rather than a blot upon their name? And shall I venture nothing to save the honour and reputation of Christ?

2. Is not the public interest of Christ and religion, infinitely more than any private interest of my own? It is a famous passage that of Terentius, captain to Adrian the emperor, he presented a petition to Adrian, that the Christians might have a temple by themselves to worship God apart from the Arians. The emperor tore his petition, and threw it away, bidding him to ask something for himself, and it should be granted: But he modestly gathered up the pieces of his petition again, and told him, 'If he could not be heard in God's cause, he would never ask any thing for himself.' Yea, even Tully, though an heathen, could say, He would not accept even of immortality itself against the common-wealth. O if it were more public, we should not have such cowardly spirits.

3. Did Jesus Christ serve me so, when, for my sake, he exposed himself to far greater sufferings than can be before me? His sufferings were great indeed, he suffered from all hands, in all his offices, in every member, not only in his body, but in his soul; yea, the sufferings of his soul were the very soul of his sufferings: Witness the bloody sweat in the garden, witness that heart-melting and heaven-rending outcry upon the cross, 'My God, My God, why hast thou forsaken me?' And yet he flinched not, 'He endured the cross, despising the shame.' Alas, what are my sufferings compared with Christ's? He hath drunk up all the vinegar and gall that would make my sufferings bitter. When one of the martyrs was asked, why he was so merry at his death? 'O (said he) it was because the soul of Christ was so heavy at his death.' Did Christ bear such a burden for me, with unbroken patience and constancy, and shall I shrink back for momentary and light afflictions for him?

4 Is not eternal life worth the suffering of a moment's pain?

If I suffer with him, I shall reign with him. O how will men venture life and limbs for a fading crown, swim through seas of blood to a throne, and will I venture nothing, suffer nothing for the crown of glory that fadeth not away? My dog will follow my horse's heels from morning to night, take many a weary step through mire and dirt, rather than leave me, though at night all he gets by it, is but bones and blows. If my soul had any true greatness, any sparks of generosity in it, how would it despise the sufferings of the way, for the glory of the end? How would it break down all difficulties before it, whilst by the eye of faith it sees the forerunner, who is already entered, standing, as it were, upon the walls of heaven, with the crown in his hand, saying, 'He that overcometh shall inherit all things?' Come 'on then, my soul, come on, there is eternal life laid 'up for them that by patient continuance in well-'doing, seek for glory, honour and immortality,' Rom. ii. 7.

5. Have I seriously considered the terrible scripture comminations against backsliders? O my heart, darest thou turn back upon the very points of such threatenings as those? Jer. xvii. 5, 6. 'Thus saith the 'Lord, Cursed be the man that trusteth in man, and 'maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from 'the Lord. For he shall be like the heath in the de-'sart, and shall not see when God cometh;' that is, The curse of God shall wither him root and branch. And Heb. xiv. 26, 27. 'If we sin wilfully after we 'have received the knowledge of the truth, there 'remaineth no more sacrifice for sins; but a certain 'fearful looking for of judgment, and fiery indignation 'which shall devour the adversaries.' And again, 'verse 38. 'If any man draw back, my soul shall 'have no pleasure in him;' As if he should say, Take him, world, take him, devil, for your own, I have no delight in him. O who dare draw back, when



God hath hedged up the way with such terrible threats as these?

6. Can I look Christ in the face at the day of judgment, if I desert him now?

‘He that is ashamed of me and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation, of him shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father, with the holy angels,’ Mark viii. 38. Yet a little while and ye shall see the sign of the Son of man, coming in the clouds of heaven with power and great glory; the last trump shall sound, the dead both small and great, even all that sleep in the dust shall awake and come before that great white throne on which Christ shall sit in that day. And now, do but imagine thou sawest the trembling knees, and quivering lips of guilty sinners; imagine thou heardst the dreadful sentence of ‘Go ye cursed,’ &c. And then a cry; the weeping, wailing, and wringing of hands that there shall be: Wouldst thou desert Christ, now to protract a poor miserable life on earth? If the word of God be true, if the sayings of Christ be sealed and faithful, this shall be the portion of the apostate. It is an easy thing to stop the mouth of conscience now, but will it be easy to stop the mouth of the Judge then? Thus keep thy heart, that ‘it depart not from the living God.’

12. ‘The twelfth season of looking diligently to our hearts, and keeping them with greatest care, is the time of sickness. When a child of God draws nigh to eternity, when there are but a few sands more in the upper part of his glass to run down; now Satan busily bestirs himself. Of him it may be said, as of the natural serpent: He is never seen at his full length till dying. And now his great design, since he cannot win the soul from God, is to discourage, and make it unwilling to go to God, though the gracious soul with Jacob, should then rouse up itself upon a dying bed, and rejoice that the marriage-day of the Lamb is now almost come; though it should then say with dying

'dying Austin, I despise life to be with Christ: Or as  
'dying Milius, when one asked him, whether he were  
'willing to die? O, said he, Let him be unwilling to  
'die, who is unwilling to go to Christ. But, O what  
'shrinking from death, what lothness to depart, may  
'sometimes (indeed too frequently) be observed in the  
'people of God? How loth are some of them to take  
'Death by the cold hand? If such a liberty were indulg-  
'ed to us, not to be dissolved till we dissolve ourselves,  
'when should we say with St. Paul, 'I desire to be  
'dissolved?'

There are Arguments which I shall urge upon the  
people of God at such a time as this, to make them  
cheerfully entertain the messengers of death, and die as  
well as live like saints. And the first is this,

1. The harmlessness of death to the people of God.  
Though it keeps its dart, it hath lost its sting. A saint  
(to allude to that, Isa. xi. 8.) may play about the hole  
of the asp, and put his hand into the cockatrice's den.  
Death is the cockatrice or asp, the grave is his hole or  
den; a saint need not fear to put his hand boldly into  
it; it hath left and lost its sting in the sides of Christ,  
1 Cor. xv. 55. 'O death, where is thy sting?' Why  
art thou afraid, O saint, that this sickness may be thy  
death, as long as thou knowest that the death of Christ  
is the death of death? Indeed, if thou didst die in thy  
sins, as Job viii. 21. If death as a king did reign over  
thee, Rom. v. 14. If it could feed upon thee, as the  
lion doth upon the prey he hath taken, as Psalm xlix.  
14. If 'hell followed the pale horse,' as it is Rev.  
vi. 8. then thou might'st well startle and shrink back  
from it: But when God hath put away thy sins from  
thee, 'as far as the east is from the west,' Psal. ciii. 12.  
As long as there is no other evil left in death for thee  
to encounter with, but bodily pain, as long as the  
Scriptures represent it to thee under such harmless and  
easy notions, as the putting off thy clothes, 2 Cor.  
v. 2. and laying down to sleep upon thy bed, Isa.  
lvii. 2. Why shouldst thou be afraid? There is as

much difference betwixt death to the people of God and others, as betwixt the unicorn's horn when it is upon the head of the fierce beast, and when it is in the apothecaries shop, where it is made salubrious or medicinal.

2. Thy heart may be kept from shrinking back at such a time as this, by considering the necessity of death in order to the full fruition of God.

Whether thou art willing to die or no, I assure thee, there is no other way to obtain the full satisfaction of thy soul, and complete its happiness; till the hand of death do thee the kind office to draw aside the curtain of flesh, thy soul cannot see God; this animal life stands betwixt him and thee, 2 Cor. v. 6. Whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord. Thy body must be refined and cast into a new mould, else that new wine of heavenly glory would break it. Paul, in his highest rapture, 2 Cor. xii. 4. When he heard things unutterable, was then but as a stander-by, a looker-on, not admitted into the company, as one of them; but, as the angels are in our assemblies, so was Paul in that glorious assembly above, and no otherwise; and yet even for this he must, as it were, be taken out of the body, unclothed for a little time, to have a glimpse of that glory, and then put on his clothes again. O then! who would not be willing to die for a full sight and enjoyment of God? Methinks thy soul should look and sigh like a prisoner through the gates of this mortality; 'O that I had wings like a dove, then 'would I fly away and be at rest.' Most men need patience to die, but a saint that understands what death admits him to, should rather need patience to live: Methinks he should often look out, and listen on a death-bed for his Lord's coming; and, when he receives the news of his approaching change, should say, 'the voice of my Beloved, behold he cometh 'leaping over the mountains, skipping over the hills,' Cant. ii. 8.

3. Another



3. Another argument persuading to this willingness is, The immediate succession of a more excellent and glorious life.

It is but wink, and you shall see God: Your happiness shall not be deferred till the resurrection; but as soon as the body is dead, the gracious soul is swallowed up in life, Rom. viii. 10, 11. When once you have loosed from this shore, in a few moments your souls will be wafted over upon the wings of angels to the other shore of a glorious eternity, Phil. i. 23. 'I desire to be dissolved, and to be with Christ.' Did the soul and body die together, as Berilius taught, or did they sleep till the resurrection, as others have groundlessly fancied, it had been a madness for Paul to desire a dissolution for the enjoyment of Christ. For, if this were so, he enjoyed more of Christ whilst his soul dwelt in its fleshly tabernacle, than he should do out of it.

There are but two ways of the soul's living known in Scripture, to wit the life of faith, and the life of vision, 1 Cor. v. 5. Those two divide all time, both present and future, betwixt them, 1 Cor. xiii. 12. If when faith fails, sight should not immediately succeed, what should become of the unbodied soul? But, blessed be God, this great heart-establishing truth is evidently revealed in Scripture, Luke xxiii. 43. You have Christ's promise, John xiv. 3. 'I will come and receive you to myself.' O what a change will a few moments make upon your condition? Rouze up, dying faint; when thy soul is come out a little farther, when it shall stand like Abraham in its tent door, the angels of God shall soon be with it. The souls of the elect are, as it were, put out to the angels to nurse, and when they die, these angels carry them home again to their Father's house. If an angel were caused to fly swiftly to bring a faint the answer of his prayer, Dan. ix. 22. how much more will the angels come post from heaven to receive and transfer the praying soul itself?

4. Further

4. Further, It may much conduce to thy willingness to die, to consider, That by death God oftentimes hides his people out of the way of all temptations and troubles upon the earth, Rev. xiv. 13. 'Write 'from henceforth, blessed are the dead that die in 'the Lord.' It is God's usual way, when some extraordinary calamities are coming upon the world, to set his people out of harm's-way before-hand, Isa. lvii. 1. 'Merciful men are taken away from the evil to come.' So Mic. vi. 1, 2. when such an evil time comes, as is there described, 'That they all lie in wait for blood, 'and every man hunts his brother with a net;' 'before that, God by an act of favour, houses his people before-hand. Dost thou know what evil may be in the earth, which thou art so loth to leave? Thy God removes thee for thy great advantage; thou art disbanded by death, and called off the field; other poor saints must stand to it, and endure a great fight of afflictions.

It is observed that Methuselah died the very year before the flood; Augustine a little before the sacking of Hippo, Pareus just before the taking of Heidelberg; Luther observes that all the apostles died before the destruction of Jerusalem; and Luther himself before the wars broke out in Germany. It may be the Lord sees thy tender heart cannot endure to see the misery, or bear the temptations that are coming, and therefore will now gather thee to thy grave in peace; and yet thou wilt cry, O spare me a little longer.

And thus I have finished those Cases which so nearly concern the people of God, in the several conditions of their life, and taught them how to keep their hearts in all. I shall next apply the whole.

#### I. *Use of Information.*

YOU have heard that the keeping of the heart is the great work of a Christian, in which the very soul and life of religion consists, and without which all other duties are of no value with God; hence then

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I shall infer to the consternation of hypocrites and formal professors,

1. That the pains and labours which many persons have taken in religion, is but lost labour, and pains to no purpose, such as will never turn to account.

Many great services have been performed, many glorious works are wrought by men, which yet are utterly rejected by God, and shall never stand upon record, in order to an eternal acceptation, because they took no heed to keep their hearts with God in those duties: This is that fatal rock upon which thousands of vain professors split themselves eternally, which are curious about the externals of religion, but regardless of their hearts. O how many hours have some professors spent in hearing, praying, reading, conferring, and yet as to the main end of religion, as good they had sat still and done nothing: For all this signifies nothing, the great work, I mean heart-work, being all the while neglected. Tell me, thou vain professor, when didst thou shed a tear for the deadness, hardness, unbelief, or earthliness of thy heart? Thinkest thou, such an easy religion can save thee? If so, we may invert Christ's words, and say, 'Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to life, and many there be that go in thereat.' Hear me, thou self-deluding hypocrite, thou that hast put off God with heartless duties, thou that hast acted in religion, as if thou hadst been blessing an idol, thou that couldst not search and discover thy heart; thou that hast offered to God but the skin of the sacrifice, not the marrow, fat, and inward of it; how wilt thou abide the coming of the Lord? how wilt thou hold up thy head before him, when he shall say, O thou dissembling false hearted man, how couldst thou profess religion? with what face couldst thou so often tell me, thou lovedst me, when thou knewest all the while in thine own conscience, that thine heart was not with me? O tremble to think, what a fearful judgment it is to be given over to a heedless and careless heart, and then to have religious duties



duties instead of a rattle to quiet and still the conscience!

2. Hence I also infer, for the humiliation even of upright hearts, That, unless the people of God spend more time and pains upon their hearts, than generally and ordinarily they do, they are never like to do God much service, or be owners of much comfort in this world.

I may say of that Christian that is remiss and careless in keeping his heart, as Jacob said of Reuben, 'Thou shalt not excel.' It grieves me to see how many Christians there are, that go up and down dejected and complaining, that live at a poor low rate, both of service and comfort, and how can they expect it should be otherwise, as long as they live at such a careless rate? O how little of their time is spent in the closet, in searching, humbling, and quickning their hearts!

You say, your hearts are dead; and do you wonder they are so, as long as you keep them not with the fountain of life? If your bodies had been pierced as your souls have been, they would have been dead too; never expect better hearts till you take more pains with them: He that will not have the sweat, must not expect the sweet of religion.

O Christians, I fear your zeal and strength hath run in the wrong channel: I fear most of us may take up the Church's complaint, Cant. i. 6. 'They have made me the keeper of their vineyards, but mine own vineyard have I not kept.' Two things have eaten up the time and strength of the professors of this generation, and sadly diverted them from heart-work: 1. Fruitless controversies started by Satan, I doubt not, to this very purpose, to make us puzzle our heads, when we should be searching our hearts. O how little have we minded that of the apostle, Heb. xiii. 9. 'It is a good thing that the heart be established with grace, and not with meats,' that is, with disputes and con-

troverfies about meats, 'which have not profited them  
'that have been occupied therein.'

O how much better is it to fee men live exactly, than to hear them difpute fubtilly! Thefe unfruitful queftions, how have they rended the churches, wafte time and fpirits, and called Chriftians off from their main bufinefs, from looking to their own vineyard? What think you, Sirs, had it not been better if the queftions ventilated among the people of God of late days, had been fuch as thefe? How fhall a man difcern the fpecial, from the common operations of the fpirit? How may a foul difcern its firft declinings from God? How may a backfiding Chriftian recover his firft love? How may the heart be preferved from unfeafonable thoughts in duty? How may a bofom-fin be difcovered and mortified? &c. Would not this have tended more to the credit of religion and comfort of your fouls? O it is time to repent, and be afhamed of this folly! When I read what Suarez a papift faid, who wrote many tomes of difputations, that he prized the time he fet apart for the fearching and examining of his heart, in reference to God, above all the time that ever he fpent in other ftudies: I am afhamed to find the profeffors of this age fo infenfible of their folly: Shall the confcience of a Suarez feel a relenting pang for ftrength and time fo ill employed? and fhall not yours? This is it your minifters long fince warned you of; your fpiritual nurfes were afraid of the rickets, when they faw your heads only to grow, and your hearts to wither. O when will God beat our fwords into plow-fhares! I mean our difputes and contentions, into practical godlinefs. 2. Another caufe of neglecting our hearts, hath been earthly incumbrances: The heads and hearts of many have been filled with fuch a crowd and noife of worldly bufinefs, that they have fadly and fenfibly declined, and withered in their zeal, love, and delight in God, in their heavenly, ferious and profitable way of converfing with man.

O how hath this wilderness entangled us! Our discourses and conferences, nay, our very prayers and duties, have a tang of it: We have had so much work without doors, that we have been able to do but little within. It was the saying of an holy one, 'O, (saith he) it is sad to think how many sweet motions and admonitions of the Spirit I have posted over unfruitfully, and made the Lord to speak in vain: In the secret illapses of the spirit, the Lord hath called upon me, but my worldly thoughts did still lodge with me, and there was no place in my heart for such calls of God.' Surely there is a way of enjoying God, even in our worldly employments; God would never have put us upon them to our loss. Enoch 'walked with God, and begat sons and daughters,' Gen. v. 19. He walked with God, but did not retire and separate himself from the things of this world; (for the 'spirit of the living creatures is in the wheels,') they are finite creatures, and cannot be in a two-fold *Ubi* at one time, yet they lose nothing of the beatifical vision, all the time of their administration: For Matt. xvii. 10. 'There angels' (even whilst they are employed for them) 'behold the face of their Father, which is in Heaven.' We need not lose our visions by our employments, if the fault were not our own. Alas that ever Christians, who stand at the door of eternity, and have more work upon their hands than this poor moment of interposing time is sufficient for, should yet be filling both our heads and hearts with trifles!

3. Hence also I infer, for the 'awakning' of all, 'That, if the keeping of the heart be the great work of a Christian, then there are but few real Christians in the world.'

Indeed, if every one that hath learned the dialect of Christianity, and can talk like a saint, if every one that hath gifts and parts, and, by the common assisting presence of the spirit, can preach, pray, or discourse like a Christian; in a word, if such as associate themselves with the people of God, and delight in ordi-

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nances,



nances, might pass for Christians, the number then is great.

But, alas, to what a small number will they shrink, if you judge them by this rule! How few are there that make conscience of keeping their hearts, watching their thoughts, judging their ends, &c. O there be but few closet men among professors! 'Tis far easier for men to be reconciled to any duties in religion, than to these: The profane part of the world will not so much as touch with the outside of religious duties, much less to this: and for the hypocrite, though he be polite and curious about those externals, yet you can never persuade him to this inward work, this difficult work, this work to which there is no inducement by human applause; this work, that would quickly discover, what the hypocrite seems not to know. So that, by a general consent, this heart-work is left to the hands of a few secret ones, and I tremble to think in how few hands it is.

## II. *Use of Exhortation.*

'IF the keeping of the heart be so important a business, if such choice advantages accrue to you thereby; if so many dear and precious interests be wrapt up in it, then let me call upon the people of God every where to fall close to this work.'

O study your hearts, watch your hearts, keep your hearts: away with fruitless controversies and idle questions, away with empty names and vain shews, away with unprofitable discourse and bold censures of others; turn in upon yourselves, get into your closets, and now resolve to dwell there. You have been strangers to this work too long, you have kept others vineyards too long, you have trifled about the borders of religion too long, this world hath detained you from your great work too long: will you now resolve to look better to your heart? will you haste and come out of the crowd of business and clamours of the world, and retire your-

selves more than you have done? O that this day you would resolve upon it!

Reader, methinks I should prevail with thee: All that I beg for, is but this, that thou wouldst step aside a little oftner to talk with God, and thine own heart; that thou wouldst not suffer every trifle to divert thee; that thou wouldst keep a more true and faithful account of thy thoughts and affections; that thou wouldst but seriously demand of thine own heart, at least every evening, O my heart, where hast thou been to-day? Whither hast thou made a road to-day? If all that hath been said by way of inducement be not enough, I have yet more motives to offer you, and the first is this.

1. 'The studying, observing, and diligent keeping of your own hearts, will marvellously help your understanding in the deep mysteries of religion.'

An honest well experienced heart is a singular help to a weak head: such a heart will serve you instead of a commentary upon a great part of the scriptures: by this means you shall far better understand the things of God, than the learned rabbies and profound doctors (if graceless and unexperienced) ever did. You shall not only have a more clear, but a more sweet perception and gust of them: A man may discourse orthodoxly and profoundly of the nature and effects of faith, the troubles and comforts of conscience, the sweetness of communion with God, that never feels the sweet efficacy and impressions of these things upon his own spirit; but, O how dark and dry are these notions compared with his, upon whose heart they have been acted? When such a man reads *David's* Psalms, or *Paul's* Epistles, there he finds his own objections made and answered. O, saith he, these holy men speak my very heart! Their doubts were mine, their troubles mine, and their experience mine. Experience is the best school-master. O then study your hearts, keep your hearts.

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2. 'The study and observation of your own hearts will antidote you against the dangerous and infecting errors of the times and places you live in.'

For, what think you is the reason that so many professors in England have departed from the faith, giving heed to fables; that so many thousands have been led away by the error of the wicked, but because they have met with a company of empty notional professors, that never knew what belongs to practical godliness, and the study of their own hearts.

If professors did but give diligence to study, search and watch their own hearts, they would have that steadfastness that Peter speaks of, 1 Pet. iii. 17. And this would ballast and settle them, Heb. xiii. 9.

3. 'Your care and diligence in keeping your hearts, will prove one of the best evidences of your sincerity.'

I know no external act of religion that differences the sound from the unsound professor: 'Tis wonderful to consider, how far hypocrites go in all external duties, how plausibly they can order the outward man, hiding all their indecencies from the observation of the world.

But then, they take no heed to their hearts, they are not in secret what they appear to be in public: and before this trial no hypocrite can stand. It is confessed, they may in a fit, under a pang upon a death-bed, cry out of the wickedness of their hearts; but, alas, there is no heed to be taken to these extorted complaints: In our law, no credit is to be given to the testimony of one upon the rack, because it may be supposed that the extremity of the torture may make him say any thing to be eased. But if self-jealousy, care and watchfulness be the daily workings and frame of thy heart, it strongly argues the sincerity of it: for what but the sense of the divine eye, what but the real hatred of sin, as sin could put thee upon those secret duties which lie out of the observation of all creatures.

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If then it be a desirable thing in thine eyes to have a fair testimony of thine integrity, and to know of a truth that thou fearest God, then study thy heart, watch thy heart, keep thy heart.

4. 'How fruitful, sweet and comfortable would all ordinances and duties be to us, if our hearts were better kept.'

O what precious communion might you have with God, every time you approach him, if your hearts were but in frame! You might then say with *David*, Psalm civ. 34. 'My meditation of him shall be sweet.' That which loses all our comforts in ordinances and more secret duties, is the indisposedness of the heart: A Christian whose heart is in a good frame, gets the start of all others that come with him in that duty. They are tugging hard to get up their hearts to God, now trying this argument upon them, and then that to quicken and affect them, and sometimes go away as bad as they came. Sometimes the duty is almost ended before their hearts begin to stir, or feel any warmth, quickning or power from it: but all this while the prepared heart is at its work; this is he that ordinarily gets the first sight of Christ in a sermon, the first seal from Christ in a sacrament, the first kiss from Christ in secret prayer. I tell you, but what I have felt, that prayers and sermons would appear to you other manner of things than they do, did you but bring better ordered hearts unto them; you would not go away dejected and drooping, saying, O this hath been a lost day, a lost duty to me! If you had not lost your hearts, it had not been so. If then the comfort of ordinances be sweet, look to your hearts, keep your hearts.

5. 'Acquaintance with your own hearts would be a fountain of matter to you in prayer.'

A man that is diligent in heart-work, and knows the state of his own soul, will have a fountain-fulness of matter to supply him richly in all his addresses to God: his tongue shall not faulter, and make pauses for want of

of matter, Psalm xlv. 1. 'My heart is indicting good matter;' or, as Montanus renders the original, my heart is boiling up good matter, like a living spring, that is still bubbling up fresh water; and then, 'my tongue is as the pen of a ready writer.' Others must pump their memories, rack their inventions, and are often at a loss when they have done all: but if thou have kept and faithfully studied thine own heart, it will be with thee (as Job speaks in another case) like bottles full of new wine, that want vent, which are ready to burst; as holy matter flows plentifully, so more feelingly and sweetly from such a heart. When a heart-experienced Christian is mourning before God for some special heart-corruption, wrestling with God for the supply of some special inward want, he speaks not as other men do, that have learned to pray by rote, their confessions and petitions are squeezed out, his drop freely like pure honey from the comb; 'tis a happiness then, to be with or near such a Christian: I remember *Bernard* having given rules to prepare the heart for prayer, concluded them thus, when thy heart is in this frame, then remember me.

6. 'By this the decaying power of religion will be recovered again among professors, which is the most desirable sight in this world.'

O that I might live to see that day when professors shall not walk in a vain shew, when they shall please themselves no more with a name to live, being spiritually dead; when they shall be no more (as many of them now are) a company of frothy, vain and unserious persons, but the majestic beams of holiness shining from their heavenly and serious conversations, shall awe the world, and command reverence from all that are about them; when they shall warm the hearts of those that come nigh them, so that men shall say, God is in these men of a truth.

Well, such a time may again be expected, according to that promise, Isa. lx. 21. 'The people shall be all righteous.' But, till we fall closer to this great work

work of keeping our hearts, I am out of hopes to see those blessed days; I cannot expect better times, till God give better hearts. Doth it not grieve you to see what a scorn religion is made in the world? What objects of contempt and scorn the professors of it are made in the world?

Professors, would you recover your credit? would you again obtain an honourable testimony in the consciences of your very enemies? then keep your hearts, watch your hearts; it is the looseness, frothiness, and earthliness of your hearts, that hath made your lives so; and this hath brought you under contempt of the world: you first lost your sight of God and communion with him, then your heavenly and serious deportment among men, and, by that, your interest in their consciences: O then, for the credit of religion, for the honour of your profession, keep your hearts.

7. 'By diligence in keeping our hearts, we should prevent and remove the fatal scandals and stumbling-blocks out of the way of the world.'

'Woe to the world' (saith Christ) 'because of offences,' Matt. xviii. 7. Doth not shame cover your faces? do not your hearts bleed within you to hear of the scandalous miscarriages of many loose professors? could you not, like *Shem* and *Japhet*, go backward with a garment to cover the shame of many professors? how is that worthy name blasphemed, Jam. ii. 7. 2 Sam. xii. 23, 24. The hearts of the righteous sated? Psalm xxv. 3. Ezek. xxxvi. 20. By this the world is fearfully prejudiced against Christ and religion, the bonds of death made fast upon their souls; those that had a general love and liking to the ways of God, startled and quite driven back, and thus soul-blood is shed: 'Woe to the world.'

Yea, how are the consciences of fallen professors plunged, and even overwhelmed in the deeps of trouble? God inwardly excommunicating their souls from all comfortable fellowship with himself, and the joys of his salvation;



salvation; infinite are the mischiefs that come by the scandalous lives of professors.

And what is the true cause and reason of all this, but the neglecting of their hearts? were our hearts better kept, all this would be prevented: had David kept his heart, he had not broken his bones; a neglected careless heart must of necessity produce a disorderly scandalous life. I thank God for the freedom and faithfulness of a reverend brother, in shewing professors their manifold miscarriages, and from my heart do wish that when their wounds have been thoroughly searched by this probe, God would be pleased to heal them by that plaster. O professors! If ever you will keep religion sweet, if ever you hope to recover the credit of it in the world, keep your hearts; either keep your hearts, or lose your credit; keep your hearts, or lose your comforts; keep your hearts, lest ye shed soul-blood. What words can express the deep concernments, the wonderful consequences of this work! every thing puts a necessity, a solemnity, a beauty upon it.

8. 'An heart well kept will fit you for any condition God casts you into, or any service he hath to use you in.'

He that hath learnt how to keep his heart lowly, is fit for prosperity, and he that knows how to use and apply to it scripture promises, and supports, is fit to pass through any adversity. He that can deny the pride and selfishness of his heart, is fit to be employed in any service for God: such a man was *Paul*, he did not only spend his time in preaching to others, in keeping others vineyards, but he look't to himself, kept his own vineyard, 1 Cor. ix. 27. 'Lest when I have preached to others, I myself should be a cast-away.' And what an eminent instrument was he for God? he could turn his hand to any work, he could dexterously manage both an adverse and prosperous condition; 'I know how to abound, and how to suffer want.' Let the people deify him, it moves him not, unless to indignation; let them stone him, he can bear

it: 'If a man purge himself from these' (saith he, 2 Tim. ii. 21.) 'he shall be a vessel unto honour sanctified and meet for the master's use, and prepared unto every good work.'

First, The heart must be purged; and then it is prepared for any service of God. When the heart of Isaiah was purified, which was the thing signified by the touching of his lips with a coal from the altar, Isa. vi. 7. Then he was fit for God's work: 'Here am I, send me,' ver. 8. A man that hath not learned to keep his heart, put him upon any service for God, and if it be attended with honour, it shall swell up and overtop his spirit: if with suffering, it will exanimate and sink him.

Jesus Christ had an instrumental fitness for his Father's work, above all the servants that ever God employed; he was zealous in public work for God, so zealous, that sometimes he forgot to eat bread, yea, that his friends thought he had been besides himself. But yet he so carried on his public work, as not to forget his own private communion with God, and therefore you read in Matt. xiv. 23. That when he had been labouring all day, yet after that, he went up to a mountain apart to pray, and was there alone. O let the keepers of the vineyard look to their own vineyard! We shall never be so instrumental to the good of others, as when we are most diligent about our own soul.

9. If the people of God would more diligently keep their hearts, how exceedingly would the communion of saints be thereby sweetened!

How goodly then would be thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel! Then as it is prophesied of the Jews, Zech. viii. 23. 'Men would say, 'We will go with you, for we have heard that God is 'among you.' It is the fellowship your souls have with the Father, and with the Son, that draws out the desires of others after fellowship with you, 1 John i. 3. I tell you, if saints would be persuaded to take more pains,

pains, and spend more time about their hearts, there would quickly be such a divine lustre upon the face of their conversations, that men would account it no small privilege, to be with, or near them.

It is the pride, passion, and earthliness of our hearts, that hath spoiled Christian fellowship; Whence is it, that, when Christians meet, they are often jarring and contending, but only from their unmortified passions? Whence are their uncharitable censures of their brethren, but only from self-ignorance? Why are they so rigid, and unmerciful towards those that are fallen, but because they consider not themselves? as the apostle speaks, Gal. vi. 1. Why is their discourse so frothy and unprofitable when they meet? Is not this from the earthliness and vanity of their hearts?

My brethren, these be the things that have spoiled Christian-fellowship, and made it become a dry and sapless thing; so that many Christians are even weary of it, and are ready to say, with the prophet, Jer. ix. 2. 'O that I had a cottage in the wilderness,' &c. 'That I might leave my people, and go from them!' And with David, Psalm cxx. 6. 'My soul hath long dwelt with them that hate peace.' This hath made them long for the grave, that they might go from them that are their own people, as the original of that text imports, 2 Cor. v. 8.

But now, if professors would study their own hearts more, watch and keep them better, all this would be prevented; and the beauty and glory of communion again restored. They would divide no more, contend no more, censure rashly no more; when their hearts are in tune, their tongues will not jarr: How charitable, pitiful and tender will they be one of another, when every one is daily humbled under the evil of his own heart? Lord, hasten those much desired days, and bless those counsels in order to them.

10. Lastly, By this the comforts of the Spirit, and precious influences of all ordinances would be fixed and much longer preserved in your souls than now they are.



Ah! What would I give, that my soul might be preserved in that frame I sometimes find it after an ordinance. Sometimes, (saith one of the Fathers sweetly) thou admittest me into the most inward, unusual, and sweet delights, to I know not what sweetness, which were it perfected in me, I know not what it would be, or rather, what it would not be: But, alas! the heart grows careless again, and quickly returns, like water removed from the fire, to its native coldness. Could you but keep those things for ever in your hearts, what Christians would you be? what lives would you live. And how is it, that these things remain no longer with us? Doubtless it is because we suffer our hearts to take cold again. We should be as careful after an ordinance or duty to prevent this, as one that comes out of an hot bath, or great sweat, is of going out into the chill air. We have our hot and cold fits by turns, and what is the reason, but our unskilfulness and carelessness in keeping the heart?

It is a thousand pities that the ordinances of God, as to their quickning and comforting effects, should be like those human ordinances the apostle speaks of, that perish in the using. O then let me say to you, as Job xv. 11. 'Do the consolations of God seem small to you?' Look over those ten special benefits, weigh them in a just balance; are they small matters? Is it a small matter to have thy weak understanding assisted, thine endangered soul antidoted, thy sincerity cleared, thy communion with God sweetened, thy sails filled in prayer? Is it a small thing to have the decayed power of godliness again recovered, all fatal scandal removed, an instrumental fitness to serve Christ obtained, the communion of saints restored to its primitive glory, and the influences of ordinances abiding in the souls of saints? If these be no common blessings, no small benefits, then surely it is a great duty to keep the heart with all diligence.

*The III. Use, for direction.*

THE next use shall be for direction to some special means for the keeping of the heart: And here besides what hath been hinted in the explication of the duty: To which I refer the reader, and to all those directions throughout the whole, appropriated to particular cases and seasons, I shall farther add several other general means, of excellent use to this end: And the first is this.

1. Would you thus keep your hearts, as hath been persuaded, then furnish your hearts richly with the word of God, which is their best preservative against sin.

Keep the word, and the word will keep you: As the first receiving of the word regenerated your hearts, so the keeping of the word within you, will preserve your hearts, Col. iii. 16. 'Let the word of Christ dwell richly in you;' let it dwell, not tarry with you for a night, and let it dwell richly or plentifully; in all that is of it, in its commands, promises, threats; in all that is of you, in your understandings, memories, consciences, affections, and then it will preserve your hearts, Psalm cxix. 11. 'Thy word have I hid in mine heart, that I might not sin against thee.' It is the slipperiness of our hearts, in reference to the world, that causes so many slips in our lives. Conscience cannot be urged, or awed with forgotten truths; but keep it in the heart, and it will keep both heart and life upright, Psalm xxxvii. 31. 'The law of his God is in his heart, none of his steps shall slide;' or, if he do, the word will recover the straying heart again, Matt. xxvi. 57. 'Then Peter remembered [the words of Jesus] and wept bitterly.' We never lose our hearts till they have first lost the efficacious and powerful impressions of the word.

2. Call your hearts frequently to an account, if ever you mean to keep them with God.

Those that put a flock into the hands of unfaithful or suspicious servants, will be sure to make short reckonings

konings with them. 'The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked,' Jer. xvii. 9. O it is as necessary as sweet, that we and our reins, that is, we and our secret thoughts should confer together every night, Psalm xvi. 7. We should call our hearts to an account every evening, and say, O my heart, where hast thou been to-day? Where have thy thoughts wandered to-day? What account canst thou give of them? O naughty heart, vain heart, couldst not thou abide by the Fountain of delights? Is there better entertainment with the creature than with God? The oftner the heart meets with rebukes and checks for wandering, the less it will wander; if every vain thought were retracted with a sigh, every excursion of the heart from God a severe check, it would not dare so boldly and frequently to digress and step aside; those actions which are committed with reluctancy, are not committed with frequency.

3. He that will keep his heart, must take heed of plunging himself into such a multiplicity of earthly business, as he cannot manage without neglecting his main business.

It cannot be imagined he should keep his heart with God, that hath lost himself in a wood of earthly business; take heed you do not pinch your souls by gratifying the immoderate desires of your flesh, I wish many Christians could truly say what *Seneca* once did, 'I do not give, but only lend myself to business.' It is said Germanicus reigned in the Romans' hearts, Tiberius only in their provinces: Though the world be in your hands, let it not juggle Christ out of your hearts.

Take heed, Christian, lest thy shop steal away thy heart from thy closet. God never intended earthly employments for a stop, but rather for a step to heavenly ones. O let not Aristippus, the heathen, arise in judgment against thee, who said, 'He would rather neglect his means than his mind, his farm than his soul.' If thy ship be overladen, thou must cast some over-board; more business than thou canst well manage, is like more meat



meat than thou canst well digest, which will quickly made a sickly soul.

4. He that means to keep his heart, must carefully observe its first declinings from God, and stop it there.

He that will keep his house in good repair, must stop every chink as soon as discovered; and he that will keep his heart, must not let a vain thought be long neglected: The serpent of heart-apostacy is best killed in the egg of a small remission. O if many poor decayed Christians had looked to their hearts in time, they had never come to that sad pass they now are: We may say of heart-neglects, as the apostle did of vain babblings, that they increate to more and more ungodliness. Little sins neglected will quickly become great and masterless. The greatest crocodile once lay in an egg, the greatest oak was once but an acorn. The firing of a small train of powder may blow up all, by leading to a great quantity. Men little think what a proud, vain, wanton, or worldly thought may grow to: Behold how great a matter a fire kindles!

5. Take heed of losing the liveliness and sweetness of your communion with God, lest thereby your hearts be loosed off from God.

The heart is an hungry and restless thing, it will have something to feed upon; if it enjoy nothing from God, it will hunt for something among the creatures, and there it often loses itself, as well as its end. There is nothing more engages the heart to a constancy and evenness in walking with God, than the sweetness which it tastes therein: As the Gauls, when once they tasted the sweet wine of Italy, could never be satisfied, till they conquered the country where it grew.

It is true, conscience of duty may keep the heart from neglecting it; but when there is no higher motive, it drives on deadly, and is filled with distractions. That which we delight in, we are never weary of, as is evident in the motions of the heart to earthly things, where the wheels being oiled with delight, run nimbly, and have  
often

often need of triggging; the motions of the heart upward would be as free, if its delights in heavenly things were as great.

6. Habituate thy heart to spiritual meditations, if thou wouldst have it freed from those burdensome diversions.

By this means you will get a facility and dexterity in heart-work. It is pity those smaller portions of our time betwixt solemn duties, should lie upon our hands, and be rendered useless to us. O learn to save and be good husbands upon your thoughts; to this purpose a neat author speaks, These parentheses which happen to come between the more solemn passages (whether business or recreations) of human life, are wont to be lost by most men, for want of a due value for them, and even by good men for want of skill to preserve them: For though they do not properly despise them, yet they neglect or lose them, for want of knowing how to rescue them, or what to do with them; but although grains of sand and ashes be a part but of a despicable smallness, and liable to be scattered and blown away, yet the skilful artificer, by a vehement fire, brings numbers of these to afford him that noble substance glass, by whose help we may both see ourselves and our blemishes lively represented, (as in looking-glasses) and discern celestial objects (as with telescopes) and with the sun-beams kindle disposed materials (as with burning-glasses) so when these little fragments, or parcels of time, which, if not carefully looked to, would be dissipated and lost, come to be managed by a skilful contemplator, and to be improved by the celestial fire of devotion, and may be so ordered as to afford us both looking-glasses to dress our souls by, and prospectives to discover heavenly wonders, and incentives to inflame our hearts with zeal. Thus far he.

Something of that nature I have under-hand, for a public benefit, if God give life to finish, and opportunity to produce it. Certainly this is a great advantage for the keeping of the heart with God.

IV. *Use, Of Consolation.*

I SHALL now close the whole with a word or two of consolation to all diligent and serious Christians, that faithfully and closely apply heart-work, that are groaning and weeping in secret over the hardness, pride, earthliness and vanity of their hearts, that are fearing and trembling over the experienced deceitfulness and falseness of them, whilst other vain professors' eyes are abroad, their time and strength eaten up by fruitless disputes, and earthly employments, or at best, by cold and formal performances of some heartless and empty duties. Poor Christian, I have three things to offer thee in order to thy support and comfort; and, doubtless, either of them alone mixed with faith, is sufficient to comfort thee over all the trouble thou hast with thine own heart.

1. This argues thy heart to be upright and honest, whatever thy other gifts and abilities are.

It is uprightness of heart will comfort thee upon a death-bed, 2 Kings xx. 2, 3. 'Then he turned his face to the wall, and prayed to the Lord, saying, Remem-ber now, O Lord, how have I walked before thee in truth, and with a perfect heart,' &c.

I am really of his mind, who said, Might I have my wish, I would prefer the most despicable and sordid work of a rustic Christian, before all the victories and triumphs of Alexander or Cæsar. Yea, let me add, before all the elaborate duties and excellent gifts of vain professors, before the tongues of men and angels: It will signify more to my comfort to spend one solitary hour in mourning before the Lord over heart-corruption, than many hours in seeming zealous, but really dead performance of common duties, with the greatest enlargements and richest embellishments of parts and gifts.

By this very thing Christ distinguishes the formal and serious Christian, Matt. vi. 5. The one is for the street and synagogue, for the observation and applause of man;



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but the other is a closet-man, he drives on a home-trade, a heart-trade. Never be troubled then for the want of these things that a man may have and be eternally damned, but rather bless God for that which none but the favourites and darlings of heaven have; many a one is now in hell, that had a better head than thine, and many a one is now in heaven, that complained of as bad an heart as thine.

2. Know farther, for thy comfort, That God would never leave thee under so many heart-troubles and burdens, if he intended not thy real benefit thereby.

Thou art often crying out, Lord, why is it thus? why go I mourning all the day, having sorrow in my heart? Thus long have I been exercised with hardness of heart, and to this day have not obtained a broken heart; many years have I been praying and striving against vain thoughts, yet am still infested and perplexed with them. O when shall I get a better heart! I have been in travail, and brought forth but wind: I have obtained no deliverance, neither have the corruptions of my heart fallen! I have brought this heart many times to prayers, sermons, sacraments, expecting and hoping for a cure from them; and still my sore runneth and ceaseth not.

Pensive soul, let this comfort thee, Thy God designs thy benefit, even by these occasions of thy sad complaints. For, 1. Hereby he would let thee see what thy heart by nature is and was, and therein take notice how much thou art beholden to free grace. He leaves thee under these exercises of spirit, that thou mayest lay as with thy face upon the ground, admiring that ever the Lord of glory should take such a toad, so vile a creature into his bosom. Thy base heart, if it be good for nothing else, yet serves to commend and set off the unsearchable riches of free grace. 2. This serves to beat thee off continually from resting, yea, or but glancing upon thine own righteousness, or excellency: The corruption of thy heart, working in all thy duties, makes



makes thee sensible to feel that the bed is too short and the covering too narrow. Were it not for those reflections thou hast, after duties, upon the dulness and distractions of thine heart in them; how apt wouldst thou be to fall in love with, and admire thine own performances and enlargements? For, if, notwithstanding these; thou hast much to do with the pride of thy heart; how much more, if such humbling and self-abasing considerations were wanting. And, Lastly, this tends to make thee the more compassionate and tender towards others. Perhaps thou wouldst have little pity for the distressed and soul troubles of others, if thou hadst less experience of thine own.

3. To conclude, God will shortly put a blessed end to all these troubles, cares and watchings.

The time is coming when thy heart shall be as thou wouldst have it, when thou shalt be discharged of all these cares, fears and sorrows, and never cry out, O my hard, my proud, my vain, my earthly heart, any more! When all darkness shall be banished from thine understanding, and thou shalt clearly discover all truths in God, that chrystal ocean of truth: When all vanity shall be purged perfectly out of thy thoughts, and they be everlastingly, ravishingly, and delightfully entertained and exercised upon that supreme goodness, and infinite excellency of God, from whom they shall never start any more like a broken bow. And, as for thy pride, passion, earthliness, and all the matters of thy complaint and trouble, it shall be said of them, as of the Egyptians to Israel, 'Stand still, and see the salvation of God:' These corruptions thou seest to-day, henceforth thou shalt see them no more for ever; when thou shalt lay down thy weapons of prayer, tears and groans, and put on the armour of light, not to fight, but to triumph in.

Lord, when shall this blessed day come? 'How long, how long, Holy and True,' my soul waiteth for thee; 'Come, my Beloved, and be thou like a roe, or a young hart upon the mountains of Bether.' *Amen.*

## A PRAYER.

**O** MY God! thou art a Lord that hast pleasure in the prosperity of thy servants; and thy servants have all the greatest reason to be most highly pleased in the performance of thy service. It is good for me to draw nigh to God, in whose presence is fulness of joy: and the hearts of them may rejoice that seek the Lord; for thou dost not employ us but to oblige us; not for any advantage to thyself, but only for our own greatest good every way, that it may go well with us, both here and for ever. O my Lord, I am full of trouble and confusion, that ever I should be so listless as I have been to thy blessed work, and so lifeless in it, and soon weary of it, to the dishonour of thy name, and the reproach of thy service, as if I had a hard master, and a doleful work. O that I should bear as a burden that which should be the solace of my life, and the rejoicing of my heart! Forgive me, I beseech thee, good Lord, all this which I bewail before thee, and heal the indisposedness in me, which makes thy service a weariness to me; and so renew my spirit, and draw and join my heart to thy blessed self, that I may not serve thee as out of compulsion, but inclination; not as forcing myself, but loving thy work. O rid my mind of that tormenting dread which makes me uneasy in the service of my Lord; and give me a heavenly heart set upon the heavenly business, and such a mighty love as may sweeten all my obedience, that I may not account it grievous or tedious, but my soul's satisfaction and exceeding joy. O let me not serve thee, my God, with the spirit of bondage as a slave, but with the cheerfulness and gladness of an ingenious child, sitting down with delight under thy shadow, delighting myself in the Lord, and so pleased with thy work, that my services may also be pleasing in thy sight, through Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

PIOUS

# PIOUS MEMORIALS;

OR,

The Life and Power

OF

*True Christianity.*



THE LIFE OF MR. RICHARD BAXTER.

**H**E was a native of Shropshire, born November 12, 1615.

The early opening of his mind, and the great capacity with which God had blessed him, were evident presages of his future usefulness to the church of Christ. The learned author of the abridgment of his life and times says,—“That though he had no external advantages to raise and distinguish him, but as many difficulties to break through as most men, yet hath his personal merit advanced his reputation to that height, that it will outlive the calumnies of all his detractors.”

He was unhappy in his education on many accounts, but chiefly from the ignorance of the persons concerned in it; yet by the divine blessing upon his extraordinary diligence, his sacred knowledge was in that degree of eminence as few in the university ever arrive at.

Intending for the ministry, he was earnestly desirous of that knowledge that was necessary to qualify him for it. Indeed, he was more indefatigable in the pursuit of it than can be imagined. He continued a while at Dudley, having accepted of a Mastership of a free-school that had lately been erected there; in which



which time God fitted him for great service in his church, by bringing him to more than ordinary seriousness.

At about fourteen years of age he was under more than usual convictions of sin, and God was pleased thoroughly to awaken his soul, and shew him the inexpressible weight of eternal things.

Some time after this, being in expectation of death by a violent cough, with spitting of blood, of two years continuance, he was awakened to be yet more solicitous about the everlasting state of his soul. He apprehended himself to fall so short of that seriousness which a matter of that infinite weight required, that he was long in doubt about his sincerity, and fearful that he was yet a stranger to the true spiritual and divine life.

This spiritual trouble was greatly recompensed by the after-fruits of it. It kept him humble, and made pride detestable to him. It restrained him from levity and vanity. It made him the better relish the doctrine of redemption, and rendered the thoughts of Christ the more serious and affecting. It made the world seem to him as a carcase, without either life or loveliness. It set him upon the most advantageous method of study. It caused him first to seek God's kingdom and his righteousness, and most to mind the *one thing needful*; to determine first his ultimate end, by which he was engaged to choose and prosecute all other studies but as means to that end. And therefore he studied practical divinity first in the best books, aiming in all primarily at the informing and reforming his own soul: So that he had read over and digested all the practical treatises he could meet with, before he meddled with any considerable body of divinity; by which means his affections were carried on with his judgment, and he prosecuted all his studies with unweariedness and delight.

Having the great happiness and benefit of an early conversion, and finding his own soul under serious apprehensions

apprehensions of the matters of another world, he was very desirous to communicate those apprehensions to such ignorant, careless, presumptuous sinners as the world abounds with; and therefore, having duly weighed and considered the importance of the work, he enters upon the ministerial employ, having been examined and ordained by the Bishop of Worcester at about the age of twenty-four.

We must now leave him for a course of many years, in which there were many remarkable events of Providence both to the nation and the church of God. How he acted for the interest of both, and how his faith and patience, his holy submission and Christian courage were exercised, the history of his life and times must inform us; to which I shall at present refer, and accompany him to those years of manifold temptations that at length brought him to his chamber of confinement, and his bed of sickness and death.

“Few ever had more weakness and bodily illness to imbitter life than this good man; and this was a means of cherishing the peculiar seriousness of his spirit. But once, being under an unusual distemper, which put him upon the present expectation of his change, going for comfort to the promises of the covenant as he used to do, the tempter strongly assaulted his faith, and would have drawn him into infidelity. Before his entrance into the ministry, his apprehensions of the hardness of his heart, and doubting of his sincerity, gave him the most disturbance: But, in after-life, his temptations were to question the truth of scripture, and the life to come. These temptations did not assault him as they do melancholy persons, with vexing importunity, but with a shew of sober reason.”

Hereupon he endeavoured to examine the foundation of his religion, by most accurately looking into the principles and reasons of it;—“That so his faith might be his own. And at last he found, that nothing is so firmly believed, as that which hath been some time

time doubted of. In a storm of this temptation, he questioned whether he were indeed a Christian or an Infidel, and whether faith could consist with such doubts as his? Dr. Jackson's determination in the case, satisfied and much supported him:—That as in the very assenting act of faith there may be such weakness as may make us cry,——*Lord, increase our faith: We believe; Lord, help our unbelief.* So when faith and unbelief are in conflict, it is the effects must shew us which of them is victorious; and that he that hath so much faith as will cause him to *deny himself, take up his cross,* and forsake all the profits, honours, and pleasures of this world, for the sake of Christ, and the love of God, and the hope of glory, hath a saving faith, how weak soever. For God cannot condemn the soul that truly loves and seeks him; and those that Christ bringeth to persevere in the love of God, he bringeth to salvation.”

His great relief under these trials and temptations was,—“That the being and perfections of God were so clear to him, he being to his intellect like the sun to his eye, by which he saw itself and all things. It helped him to consider that God stood related to us as our Owner, our Governor and Benefactor, as well as our Creator; and that we stood related to him as his creatures, his subjects, and the partakers of his bounty; from whence arise our various obligations and duties to him: So that godliness is a duty founded in the nature and reason of things, and nothing but unreasonableness can contradict it.”

But his greatest relief was from the gospel-revelation, where—“he saw an admirable suitableness in the offices and designs of Christ, to the ends of God and the felicity of man. How wonderfully faith was fitted to bring men to the love of God, when it is nothing else but the beholding his amiable attractive love and goodness in the face of Christ, and the promises of heaven, as in a glass, till we see his glory. He had withal felt much of the power of his Word and Spirit upon himself,  
doing



doing that which he found must be done. He could not question his Physician, when he had done so much of the cure, and recovered his depraved soul so much to God."

And as his faith had these assistances, he was very diligent in farther searching into the divine word, that he might be more stedfast and immoveable as to the truths of it, and more zealous as to the practice of it:—"For it is the belief of the word of God, and the life to come, that is the spring that sets all grace on work, and with which it rises or falls, flourishes or decays, is actuated or stands still; and that it is from unbelief, arises the love of the world, boldness with sin, and neglect of duty.

"He found the temper of his mind alter something with the temper of his body. When he was young, he was more fervent, vigorous, and affectionate in preaching, conference, and prayer, than he could ordinarily be in his advanced age: But then he found his judgment more fixed and solid. In his younger years his trouble for sin was most about his actual failings in thought, word, and deed; but afterwards he was much troubled for inward defects, and the omission or want of the vital duties or graces in his soul. His daily trouble was most for his ignorance of God, and weakness of belief, and want of greater love to God, and strangeness to him and the life to come, and for want of a greater willingness to die, and longing to be with God in heaven. Had he all the riches of the world, he would have given them for a fuller knowledge, belief, and love of God and everlasting glory. His defects here were the burden of his life. Though he was greatly convinced of the need of heart-acquaintance and employment, yet he saw more need of an higher work, and that he should look oftener upon God, and Christ, and heaven, than upon his own heart. At home he could find distempers to trouble him, and some evidences of his peace; but above,

he found he must see matter of delight and joy, love, and peace itself."

After a variety of other instances, in which there appeared an apparent difference between his younger and elder life, my author goes on to observe the many remarkable deliverances he met with in several instances; and says,—“That he was from first to last very observant of Providence, and took great notice of God's dealing with him. And that he had many remarkable answers of prayer, which he has particularly noted and specified.

“He continued his public work as long as he was able, which was much longer than either he or any one else could have imagined. After his settlement in Charter-House Yard with Mr. Silvester, he continued about four years and an half, and then was altogether disabled by his growing weakness for public service. But like one whose soul was strong and lively, and filled with an ardent zeal for God and the good of souls, he opened the doors of his own house morning and evening, every day, to all that would come to join in family-worship with him; to whom he read and expounded the scriptures with great seriousness and freedom.” But at length his indisposition increased; he was forced to retire to his chamber, and was soon confined to his bed, and he felt the approaches of death, which usually reveals the secrets of the heart.

“But Mr. Baxter was the same in his life and death. His last hours were spent in preparing others and himself to appear before God. He said to his friend that visited him,—You come hither to learn to die. I am not the only person that must go this way: I can assure you that your life, be it never so long, is little enough to prepare for death. Have a care of this vain, deceitful world, and the lusts of the flesh. Be sure you choose God for your portion, heaven for your home, God's glory for your end, his word for your rule, and then you need never fear but we shall meet with comfort.”

meet

He was greatly resigned to the will of God. And even when in extremity of pain he had earnestly desired a release by death, he would check himself, and say,—“It is not fit for me to prescribe. When thou wilt, what thou wilt, how thou wilt.”

Being asked by his friend, how it was with his inward man, he replied,—“I bless God, I have a well-grounded assurance of my eternal happiness, and great peace and comfort within.”

But it was his trouble, he could not triumphantly express it by reason of great pain. He said,—“Flesh must perish, and we must feel the perishing of it. And that though his judgment submitted, yet sense would still make him groan.”

“He gave excellent counsel to young ministers that visited him, and earnestly prayed to God to bless their labours, and make them very successful in converting souls unto Christ; and expressed great joy in the hopes that God would do a great deal of good by them, and blessed God that they were of moderate and peaceful spirits. He often prayed,—That God would be merciful to this distracted world; and that he would preserve his church and interest in it.”

Towards the close of life, he was asked, How he did? His answer was,—“Almost well.” And at last he slept in Jesus, December 8, 1691, aged 76.

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THE REV. MR. WILLIAM BURKITT. A. M.

**T**HE Reverend *Mr. William Burkitt* was born *July 25th, 1650.* His father was *Mr. Miles Burkitt*, of *Northamptonshire*: His mother was of the *Sparrows*, of *Reed* in *Suffolk*. *Hitcham* in the same County was the place of his birth.—In his childhood he was endowed with a very tenacious memory, which



through the happiness of a good education, was made a repository of scriptures and catechism.

While at *Cambridge Shool*, it pleased God to visit him with the Small-Pox, which proved an happy correction; for then God began, by the influences of his Holy Spirit, to move him to mind in earnest the things of his peace, and performed a holy change in the frame of his mind.

He entered upon the ministry early, being ordained by the pious Bishop *Reynolds*; and not long after was settled at *Milden in Suffolk*; and in 1692, he removed to *Dedham in Essex*.

In his *Public Ministrations*, he performed the offices of the Church in a very grave and solemn manner, attracting the attention and affections of the congregation attending upon those devout and holy forms.—He preached much, spared not himself at home or abroad, and delighted in that great work, our Saviour's particular calling.—In his preaching, he aimed to profit his hearers, and render them serious and holy. And it pleased God to prosper his preaching gift with great success upon many of his hearers. Till towards the conclusion of his Life, he preached statedly three sermons a week at *Dedham*, besides many occasional discourses both there and at other places.—In the pulpit he used the allowed liberty of prayer in his own words, and therein had divine matter, and solemn moving expressions, assisting the affections of those who prayed with him.—In administering the Lord's-Supper, he managed with much solemnity becoming that awful, mysterious institution of our Redeemer, his sermon and prayer before it leading to great devotion therein.

He found time to visit the sick and those in health, and in their houses to instruct, admonish, exhort, and comfort them, as their cases required. He shunned no house, though ever so poor and mean, that he knew would receive him. And in his visits to the poor, he not only ministered to their souls, but enquir-  
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ing into their bodily wants, by himself and others procured them supplies, Charity being one of his known virtues.

*In his common Conversation*, he acted with sobriety, justice, humility, affability. No uncomely demeanor stained his function; every where he appeared as a *Christian* and a *Minister*.—Some treated him unkindly; which provokes human nature to passion and revenge: But the grace of God in him prevailed against the inclination of corrupt nature, so that he would never speak bitterly or contemptibly of his adversaries: And if they needed him, he was ready to serve them, heaping coals of fire upon their heads.—He used persuasions, interest, and friends, to reduce to harmony and peace, any of his neighbours who were at variance, and left no stone unturned to effect a reconciliation; and may be numbered among the *Peace-Makers, who are called the Children of God*.

*In Reference to the Youth*, the hopes of the rising generation; besides his public Catechising and instruction, managed in a very graceful way, no man was ever more frequent, solemn, and fervent, in prayers to God for young persons. They were much upon his thoughts, with desire that they might be early religious, and *Remember their Creator in the Days of their Youth*.

He was much and seriously employed in *secret exercises of Religion*. But of this the great testimony is in the memoirs of his Life contained in his Diary written with his own hand. His *Family Religion* was as becomes the gospel. His house was an house of Morning and Evening Prayer, and the sound of the scriptures was daily heard in it: And many times his reading of the scriptures was attended with exposition. And besides Family Prayer twice in the day, he prayed with the most intimate companion of his cares, joys, and sorrows. And these, and his secret addresses to God, may come up to David's *seven times a day*.

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As to his *Charities*, he was liberal in distributions of money yearly and often to the poor, especially in *Dedham* and *Milden*, besides what he expended for them in corn and other provisions. He hath given his Dwelling-House and Lands in *Dedham* to the succeeding lecturers of that place. He was always ready and forward to promote pious and charitable designs, respecting both the bodies and souls of others. To mention only two or three instances; He preached some time to the people of a country village, some considerable distance from his own charge, who for a long season had unhappily been seldom provided with sermons: and by his endeavours and contribution, and assistance from others obtained by his interest, there hath been a settled minister there for some years. Nor was this generous instance of the best kind of charity confined within the bounds of *England*, or *Europe*, but extended to *America*, having by his great care, pains and expence, procured a pious minister to go and settle in *Carolina*.—He also expended not a little toward the maintenance of poor students in the University of *Cambridge*.—He greatly sympathized with the persecuted people of God in their sufferings for Religion and conscience: The *French-Protestants* were driven hither in the reign of King *James* the second by a severe persecution, and were in a deplorable condition, not having wherewith to subsist, but what they received from public and private charities. He had a fellow-feeling for them in their sufferings, as being a living member of the same body of Christ with them, and this put him upon improving his interest for them: He got several sums of money, and with great prudence and faithfulness distributed it among many of them year after year, as their necessities called for it.

When the providence of God called him to *Dedham*, it was with the unanimous approbation of that people; and he chearfully complied with their desires, justly promising himself, that his person and labours, as a minister



minister of the gospel, would be highly prized and duly entertained, in a place that had been so long blest with the faithful preaching of the word, and had been noted for so many eminent professors of true religion; and he was not altogether mistaken: He was received as an angel of God.

As a member of the Church universal, he had a good respect and esteem for many of our *dissenting brethren* that are found in the faith, and holy and exemplary in their lives, though they had different sentiments from him in matters of lesser moment; and when he met with any of them, conversed with them freely.—As a minister of the Church of *England* he was conformable to its doctrine, discipline, and ceremonies, and served the interest of this Church perhaps as much as most men of his rank and station; however he might be reproached by some men. For (1.) He who in doctrine comes nearest to the *thirty-nine Articles*, serves and honours the Church of *England*, more than they who contradict those articles, in which is contained the Church of *England's* confession of faith.—(2.) He who in the use of our holy forms, is solemn, serious, and grave, serves and honours the Church of *England*, more than they who huddle over the prayers, and carry no appearance of reverence in divine offices.—(3.) He who is strict in his conversation, according to the gravity of the *Canons*, serves and honours the Church of *England*, more than they who appear with much air and levity; and comply with riot and disorder.—(4.) He who spends most of his time in studying, preaching, praying, and visiting his flock, serves and honours the Church of *England*, more than they who waste their time in recreations, or worse things.—And by these means it was, that he kept the people of his parish firm to the public assemblies, free from those Kents and divisions that are to be seen in many numerous parishes: and the number of communicants at the Lord's table was very considerable, and such as, generally speaking, he could meet there with good satisfaction;

tion; many of whom he brought to that ordinance by a personal application to them in private.

His sermons were plain and practical, suited to the meanest capacities; and such as God blessed to the conversion, edification, and salvation, of many souls. He preached much upon the fundamental truths of the scripture and the Church of *England*; such as relate to the person, natures, and offices of Christ, and justification, *not by our best works, but by him, and faith in him*; and such as relate to the divinity and offices of the Holy Spirit with respect to the Church and people of God, as their teacher, sanctifier, helper, remembrancer, and comforter, without whose influence no good thing is done: Nor was he at all inattentive to practical preaching; for every doctrine concerning Christ and the Holy Spirit, is to be improved in an application to the urging and promoting all virtue and godliness. Religion and piety have flourished under these doctrines, and will always decay where they are forsaken, or not heeded.

His zeal and devotion were eminent in the Church; but he did not leave his religion there, but lived himself what he preached, being under the influence of those truths which he pressed upon others.—He was a strict observer of the Lord's-day, and did not think the duties of the day were over, when public worship was ended; But he spent the evening with his family, in hearing them read the scriptures, in examining them concerning the sermons they had heard, in catechising of them, in praising God, and in praying with and for them.

He was a great redeemer of time. He made it appear that time was precious in his esteem, by his diligent improvement of it. Variety of business and employment was the chief diversion that he had; and he was a man more than ordinarily mortified to the profits, pleasures, and vanities of the world.

His parish and people were very dear to him, and he pursued their temporal and eternal advantages with

all his might. He seldom joined with others in prayer, but he prayed particularly for his people.

Thus did he serve his generation by the will of God, magnify his office, adorn his profession, and answer the dignity of his holy calling; giving diligence to the full assurance of hope, which was a privilege that God gave him; for as he was a man of much *grace*, so he was a man of much *peace* and *comfort*. He enjoyed an uninterrupted calmness and serenity of mind, and lived in the comfortable hopes of God's love to his soul, and his title to glory for many years: A mercy which those who are involved in the business of the world, and swallowed up in the pleasures of sin and sensuality, are strangers to, and will not believe: nay, a mercy that God is pleased to deny to some of his faithful servants, who sometimes walk in darkness, and have no light.

Upon the Lord's day, Oct. 17th, 1703, attending in the congregation at *Dedham*, his dear friend and assistant then officiating, he was seized with the beginning of his concluding sickness. This messenger found him in God's house and service; not profaning or neglecting, but keeping a sabbath; in the place where he had prayed fervently, preached zealously, and sung the praises of the glorious Creator, Redeemer, and Comforter, cheerfully; where he had instructed diligently; exhorted to repentance, faith and holiness, warmly; and reproved sin faithfully; in the place where he had pleaded the cause of God against the Romish *Baal*; the cause of Christ against *Deism*; *the cause of the Holy Ghost against the deriders of his name and office*; *the cause of Faith against justification by imperfect works*; and *the cause of special grace against the pretended powers of nature to save*; in the place where he had devoutly received and administered the Lord's supper, and where his lips had fed many; and where he had most delightfully conversed with God, and had foretastes and first-fruits of heavenly joys; in this place the messenger of God came to call him from the lower to the upper house, from the temple into the holy of holies.—His illness



was such as made him leave that beloved place that morning; And his next approach to it was when devout men carried him thither, and made great lamentation.

In the view of approaching death, he religiously entertained his kind and mournful friends who came to see him, prayed much himself with great ardour, and had the help also of his assistant's prayers by his bed.—In the midst of his bodily affliction, he remembered his beloved *Dedham*, and in a pang of love, signed a letter with his dying hand to his *Diocesan*, recommending a successor to him, who he hoped would be faithful and diligent in the spiritual care of the flock he was now leaving.

This sickness was indeed to him the valley of the shadow of death; but God so encouraged him that he feared no evil; and a light shined in this darkness, so that his fears vanished, and his hopes flourished; his conscience witnessed his integrity; and the spirit of God witnessed with his spirit his adoption; and he went *full sail* to Heaven, as one of his friends who was present expressed it.

When his friends about him bewailed their great loss, which they feared was coming upon them by his departure, he desired them not to be too much concerned for him; for *to him*, he said, *to live was Christ, and to die would be gain*. And added, that God would provide for them.—He blessed God that he had finished what he designed upon the New Testament, and that the way of it was prepared by very many prayers of his: (which prayers are answered to this day, in the benefit which multitudes of serious Christians receive from it.)—There were several persons by his dying bed, who (having declared, that under God he had been the instrument of their conversion,) put him into an extacy of joy.—His patience in his sickness was very exemplary. His frame was a continued course of prayer, thanksgiving, and chearful resignation to the will of God;

God; and he was much in exhorting those that were about him.

He took his solemn leave of his assistant, in these words, *I shall leave you, but may the presence of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost be with you; I hope to see you again with joy at the resurrection of the just. What you have seen in me that is good and imitable, follow it; but what you have observed that is not so, let not your affection to me sway you to do it.*—This holy man, a very little time before his expiring breath, signifying his desire to leave this life, prayed in these words, *Come, Lord JESUS, make a short work of it!*—He expired the next Lord's day after his sickness seized him, according to his desire to leave the world upon that day of spiritual rest; and and went on a sabbath to possess the glory he had so often preached of on that day. And may we who read this, so live, and so die!

*The following is the conclusion of Mr. Burkitt's Funeral Sermon, preached by the Rev. Mr. Parkhurst, on Zech. i. 5.*

“I now consider you his greatly beloved congregation. How great a share had you in his heart! With all his heart he studied for you, preached to you, prayed with and for you.—The sins he saw among you, he lamented; the graces he saw in you, he encouraged; and in all your afflictions he was afflicted, and in them gave you his helping hand and praying heart.—You suffer much in his remove: And though you should be greatly supplied, he will be much remembered, unless religion should die here, which God prevent.

And let me give you one serious *Admonition*. Your prophet is dead; but the word he spake will *live*, and take hold of you. The threatnings he uttered against obstinate sinners, they live; and if any here persist in their sins, God will accomplish those threatnings upon them.—And the encouragement he spake to them that

live the gospel, that yet lives; and in due time God will comfort such, as he told you. His words shall not fall to the ground.

Do not then put his sermons into his grave, but call them to mind, and help one another in remembering what was said by your dead prophet.—And take care that you of *Dedham* be not irreligious, lest his, and the dust of several religious, holy, zealous ministers, enriching your chancel, rise up in judgment against you.—O the account this town hath to give to the great and holy God for the plenty of heavenly manna rained down here, through the lips of divers eminent pastors, placed in this post since the reformation!

Consider it, all of you, and especially family governors, and improve the means of grace you have enjoyed, lest by unprofitableness you should provoke God to turn your *Goshen* into a land of darkness, a place of glorious light and evangelical brightness, into the region and shadow of death.—If any of you shall continue in ignorance, or profaneness, or worldly-mindedness, or formality, short of spiritual religion and serious godliness, notwithstanding the eminent provision you have had for your souls, you will find it more tolerable for *Sodom* and *Gomorrah* in the day of judgment than for you.—But for you that fear God, and have sincerely improved under the holy labours of your deceased prophet, be you comforted in the blessings God communicated to you by him. And though your minister is dead, God *lives*, and his covenant in Christ lives, and is established in all things and sure; Moreover, God may provide you another crystal stream; and if not, he can refresh you more immediately from himself, the fountain of all goodness.

And now I shall add something to the *Successor*, whoever it is, whom God in his providence shall set over this congregation.—Be not *you* discouraged by the excellencies of this immediate, or other your predecessors: But being faithful to God in watching over your charge, hope to enter into their labours by a great suc-  
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cess of yours.—And in your industry, and close application to your ministry, be encouraged by the thousands of fervent prayers that lie before the throne of God for *Dedham*, sent up thither in the Redeemer's name, by his ambassadors that have been here before you.—Withal, enquire into their history, and imitate their faith, zeal, holiness, and moderation; and neither contradict nor suppress any of the truths and doctrines of the scripture and of the Church of *England*, which they preached.—And let not this place, in which I have the honour now to stand, remain only consecrated to wise and holy discourses; but let the incense also of solemn and somewhat enlarged prayers still ascend from hence to the throne of the divine majesty.—Love the people committed to you, and bear them upon your heart in your secret addresses to God; And beg of him to lead you to things and expressions in your sermons that may be suited to the variety in your auditory.—Be also a pattern to them of sobriety, justice, meekness, zeal, godliness, purity, charity, faith, and heavenly-mindedness; that you may give up your account with joy, and may in the great day, stand with the lately dead prophet, and his and your glorious predecessors, at the right hand of our Redeemer.”

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MR. THOMAS JONES, LATE OF ST. SAVIOUR'S,  
SOUTHWARK, LONDON.

**M**R. Jones is universally acknowledged to have been one of the most eminent and eloquent preachers of this, or perhaps of any former age. In demonstration of the Spirit and of power, he spoke from the heart to the hearts of others. His manner was commanding and graceful; his matter edifying and sound. He defended the truths of the gospel by argument, and embellished its precepts by ornament. He

He was indeed a polished shaft, and was honoured by his Master to become instrumental for good to many.

No little of this excellence may be still read in the volume of his works, collected by the late Rev. Mr. Romaine, rector of St. Ann's, Blackfriars, and published soon after his death, in 1763: A happiness of expression, and strength of reasoning, are its characteristics. A boldness in support of the great principles of Christianity, so much neglected by our modish and our modern preachers, from whom, on that account, he suffered many hardships; and an animation that engages our attention as well as affects the heart, glows in every line, and gives life to every page.

From Mr. Romaine's preface and funeral-sermon, we make the following excerpts expressive of our author's private life and character.

Before the Lord was pleased to call him, he was walking in the error of his ways, like others who know not God. The time was, writes he, when our brother walked as other men also walk, in the vanity of his mind, having his understanding darkened, and being alienated from the life of God through the ignorance that was in him, because of the blindness of his heart. Of this, however, God made him deeply sensible, and he was never ashamed to own it. His first awakening was by the gradual working of the law upon his conscience. It was not by outward means, such as hearing the word preached, or by some afflicting providence, sickness, trouble, or the like, but by the inward conviction of sin, wrought by the Spirit of God upon his conscience. He had his strongest convictions where he could have no means. The views which he had hereby of his state and danger were very deep and distressing. He went mourning for a long time, bowed down under the sense of guilt and the power of unbelief. In this school of humiliation he learnt self-knowledge. Here he was taught the sad effect of a ruined, spoiled nature, of a soul depraved

praved in all its faculties, estranged from the mind and will of God, and governed by its own corrupt and stubborn will, commanding the body to give up its members as instruments of unrighteousness unto sin. Here he was taught what sin is, namely, the transgression of the law, which is exceeding sinful, because the law is holy, just, and good, a perfect copy of the divine perfections. And here he was taught the damnable nature of heart-sin, which is the fountain from which all sin flows, and which, in the heart of the natural man, is ever flowing over. He learnt these lessons with such deep experience, that the impression lasted all his days; for when God shewed him great mercy, and he was enabled to believe in the Lord Jesus, still he found nothing of himself wherein to glory. Humble and low in his own eyes, he was ready to give the honour to whom alone honour was due. Yea, after he was greatly strengthened and established, so as to live by faith on the Son of God, still he knew that all was mercy. Mercy, free mercy, had from him all the praise; and to shew forth the praises of this free mercy which he had so freely received, was the grand aim and end of his life.

For this purpose his views were early directed to the service of the sanctuary. Love to precious souls was his great motive; and it was this which carried him through amidst all the trials and difficulties he met with in prosecution of this great design. His own flock in particular, to whom the Lord had made him an overseer, was much upon his heart: How earnest in prayer for them! and to the last how mindful of them! Often in his sickness crying, "Lord, feed thy sheep; Lord, feed thy sheep;" and in health ever contriving and studying what might be useful to their best interest.

There was an alm's-house in Mr. Jones's parish, called *the college*, and some small stipend for doing duty in it, which he judged it dishonest to receive without working for it. Accordingly he began to read  
prayers,



prayers, and expound the scripture there: he continued for some time, the congregation being very large, and the success great; but he was at length stopped, and refused the use of the chapel. After this he set up a weekly lecture in his church, but had not preached it long before he was denied the liberty of his pulpit. He was not, however, discouraged, but went on giving away good books, some of which he carried in person to every house in the parish, weekly catechising the children of his parishoners, who came to his own house for that purpose, and paying religious visits among their parents, with whom he spoke as to the state of their souls. By such methods, besides the stated duties of his office, he tried to win men to Christ; in performing which he seemed to set God ever before him, and to be greatly drawn out in love to his hearers, of whom a very great number, I trust, did frequent his ministry, not led thither by the ease of his delivery, the sweetness of his voice, or smoothness of his periods, but because they felt the weight and importance of the doctrines preached. Several I myself am acquainted with, who hearing him upon the entire ruin of man by the fall, were convinced that they were in this state; and upon the entire recovery of man through Christ Jesus, were enabled by his word and Spirit to believe in him for righteousness, and to live upon him for grace to walk even as he also walked; and many such I hope will be his joy, and crown of rejoicing in the day of the Lord.

For some years preceding his decease, Mr. Jones was afflicted with a disorder which kept him very low, and brought him often to death's door: All the while, however, his growth in grace was great and remarkable. The victory gained over the old man was never more manifest, and his deadness to the world never more apparent. He was refined in the furnace of affliction, and tried like gold purified seven times in the fire. In the wholesome school of adversity he had learnt resignation to the will of God, which made him,  
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under his long and great weakness of body, kiss the rod, and be thankful, and delivered him from impatience, fretfulness, or murmuring, with all those selfish tempers which want to have our will, and not God's to be done. There he learnt to live by faith upon Christ in all his offices; as a Prophet, to teach him wisdom to lead him to God; as a Priest, to bring him near to God by his atoning blood and righteousness; and as a King, to keep him near to God, ruling in him and over him. This faith was tried, and it grew by trials. Hereby he learnt what the patience of the saints is;—an act of faith, namely, under outward afflictions, looking up to God for grace to hold out as long as they last: And such was our author's patience under a tedious illness, never having been heard to murmur; and upon his death-bed fearing nothing but a disposition to repine.

His last sickness was indeed sweetened with divine love: his faith, his resignation, his comforts failed him not. A gracious God shewed how dear and precious he was to him, by removing every thing that could render death in the least dreadful. He was not even suffered to have one doubt concerning his interest in Christ, but lived happily, and died rejoicing.

In his thirty-third year a fever seized, and after seven days carried him off, on the sixth of June 1762. At intervals, he spoke much to the comfort of his attending friends; we hope it may be also to the instruction of his surviving fellows.

Humility of heart was the distinguishing part of our author's character. Hereby appeared the genuineness of his faith, whose every act declares our emptiness and want of all spiritual good, while it leads to Christ for the promised supply. When waiting therefore for his dissolution, he demonstrated to all how greatly the Lord had humbled him. Speaking about the state of his soul to one, he declared, that as a dying man he had nothing to trust to but the Redeemer's

righteousness; and that his faith in it had been so strengthened during his illness, as now to take away all doubt and fear.

Of his former deadness to the things of time, he now felt the comfort, as appeared from that sweet expression of his on his death-bed,—“It is not dying out of the world, but dying in the world, and parting with all its toys and trifles, and that not with sickness or pain.” Now were brought into lively exercise the graces of the new and inward man; faith was vigorous, hope unclouded, and love undivided. These made the approach of death welcome, as he found in his last moments, when he said,—“An eternal life of glory for a life of misery? Who would not exchange misery for happiness? Hasten,—O hasten, dear Lord.” And in one of his weakest hours,—“Blessed be God for that degree of faith which he hath given me; for though it has operated in so weak a manner, yet I have many blessed and comfortable marks in my own soul of his love to me.” Here was faith and much humility indeed. He could find nothing in himself to put the least trust in as to acceptance with God, and therefore his trust was stronger in Christ:—“What an unfelt, what an unthought of corruption, he cried, is here both in body and soul! My flesh and my heart faileth, but God is the strength of my heart and portion for ever.” His ground for this he declared was,—“A covenant of mercy, free grace in the Lord Jesus,” in which, knowing that he had his share, he could say,—“Now, let thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation. Now, Lord, I can lay me down in peace, and safely take my rest.”

In this happy frame, he was praying,—“Lord, secure a soul thou hast died to save,” when, after a pause, he cried,—“He will, he will: I have part here; I shall have all soon.” On the Friday before he died, God was pleased remarkably to visit him with a sight of his salvation:—“I have had a glorious view, said he, of the love of Christ to my soul this morning:” and this love



love shed abroad in his heart brought many sweet words out of his dying mouth; such as,—“For me to live is Christ, to die is gain. Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly, and give me an easy dismissal. Lord, give me an easy dismissal to a blessed eternity. Ere, this time to-morrow, perhaps, I shall be where all sorrow is done away. I shall have a Sabbath of trinity, before I thought of it, to worship a tri-une God.”

To Mrs. Jones, he said,—“Don’t be surprised at any alteration you may see in me; for death always makes strange alterations. When the Lord is pleased to give me my dismissal, rejoice over my corpse, and praise God for what we have suffered together here, and for what we shall enjoy together hereafter.”

Towards his latter end he was much in prayer; and these were some of his expressions,—“The silver cords of life are breaking; man goeth to his long home; and the mourners go about the streets: Lord, guide me home in safety, and lead through the shadow of death. This mortal shall put on immortality: Though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself and mine eyes shall behold, and not another. I go hence like a shadow that declineth; I wither away like grass; but the Lord is the portion of my soul, and my strong hope. I am so full of pain indeed, that I can think but little; yet I know that Jesus is carrying on the interests of my poor soul notwithstanding.” And one of his last sayings, was,—“I am of the church of the first-born, who shall stand on Mount Sion; one chosen from among my brethren; a sinner saved, a sinner saved.”

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THE LIFE OF DR. DODDRIDGE.

**D**R. PHILIP DODDRIDGE, was born in London, June 26, 1702, of esteemed parents, descended

scended of an ancient family, and the 20th child of his father's marriage. His younger days were spent in study, with a view to the ministry, part at Kingston upon Thames, part at St. Alban's, and part at an academy at Kibworth in Leicestershire, under the care of the pious Mr. John Jennings. In his twentieth year he entered on the ministerial work, and preached his first sermon from these words, 1 Cor. xvi. 22. *If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema, Maran-atha*; to which he afterwards found, two persons owed their conversion. He had invitations from Hinkley and Coventry, to settle among them; but chose Kibworth, that in the retirement he might pursue his studies with greater advantage. He continued here for some time; but removed to Harborough as an assistant to Dr. Some, in the office of a tutor; and at last accepted of a call to Northampton, (having declined several others,) where he was ordained minister, March 19, 1730, of the dissenting congregation in Castlehill; among whom he laboured faithfully and successfully, till he had wasted his strength in the service of his Master, carrying on at the same time, with the duties of his pastoral office, the superintendence of an academy, in which were educated no less than two hundred young men in the space of two and twenty years, the greater part of whom are now in the service of the church. Assiduity and diligence, avarice of time, and constant employment, were eminently characteristic of the Doctor's character; and these are proofs of it.

In public life, however, his worth did not chiefly appear. As a private Christian he rises in our esteem far above the common herd, no less than he surpasses most as an affectionate preacher, a faithful labourer, an useful teacher, an evangelical writer, and a learned expositor.

His early piety was eminent: At fourteen years of age he begun to keep a diary of his life, and an account of God's dealings with his immortal soul. He was a blessing

bleſſing to many poor even at that age, and became the means of good to his companions at ſchool, whom he excited to join together in meetings for prayer. But his care to maintain the life of religion on his ſoul, appears in nothing ſo ſtrong as the rules for the direction of his conduct, drawn up while a ſtudent, and wrote in the beginning of his Bible. Their inſertion may perhaps be of uſe to ſome into whoſe hands theſe memoirs may come, who will thank us for them.

“ 1. Let my firſt thoughts be devout and thankful. Let me riſe early, immediately return God more ſolemn thanks for the mercies of the night, devote myſelf to him, and beg his aſſiſtance in the intended buſineſs of the day. 2. In this and every other act of devotion, let me recollect my thoughts, ſpeak directly to him, and never give way to any thing, internal or external, that may divert my attention. 3. Let me ſet myſelf to read the ſcriptures every morning: In the firſt reading let me endeavour to impreſs my heart with a practical ſenſe of divine things, and then uſe the help of commentators; let theſe rules, with proper alterations, be obſerved every evening. 4. Never let me trifſe with a book with which I have no preſent concern. In applying myſelf to any book, let me firſt recollect what I may learn by it, and then beg ſuitable aſſiſtance from God; and let me continually endeavour to make all my ſtudies ſubſervient to practical religion and miniſterial uſefulneſs. 5. Never let me loſe one minute of time, nor incur unneceſſary expences, that I may have the more to ſpend for God. 6. When I am called abroad, let me be deſirous of doing good and receiving good. Let me always have in readineſs ſome ſubject of contemplation, and endeavour to improve my time by good thoughts as I go along. Let me endeavour to render myſelf agreeable and uſeful to all about me, by a tender, compaſſionate, friendly behaviour, avoiding all trifling impertinent ſtories; remembering that imprudence is ſin. 7. Let me uſe great moderation at meals, and ſee that I am not hypocritical



cal in prayers and thanksgivings at them. 8. Let me never delay any thing, unless I can prove that another time will be more fit than the present, or that some other more important duty requires my immediate attendance. 9. Let me be often lifting up my heart to God in the intervals of secret worship, repeating those petitions, which are of the greatest importance, and a surrender of myself to his service. 10. Never let me enter into long schemes about future events, but in the general refer myself to God's care. 11. Let me labour after habitual gratitude and love to God and the Redeemer, practise self-denial, and never indulge any thing that may prove a temptation to youthful lusts. Let me guard against pride and vain-glory; remembering that I have all from God's hand, and that I have deserved the severest punishment. 12. In all my studies let me remember, that the souls of men are immortal, and that Christ died to redeem them. 13. Let me consecrate my sleep, and all my recreations, to God, and seek them for his sake. 14. Let me frequently ask myself, What duty, or what temptation is now before me? 15. Let me remember, that, through the mercy of God in a Redeemer, I hope I am within a few days of heaven. 16. Let me be frequently surveying these rules, and my conduct as compared with them. 17. Let me frequently recollect, which of these rules I have present occasion to practise. 18. If I have grossly erred in any of these particulars, let me not think it an excuse for erring in others."

In the more advanced periods of his life, he kept up the same plan of devotion which he had followed while a student, and of which there were found many instances among his papers. Such is the following, drawn up after preaching on these words; *I know you, that ye have not the love of God in you.* "1. I will endeavour to think of God more frequently than I have done, and to make the thought of him familiar to my mind in seasons of leisure and solitude. 2. I will labour  
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after communion with him, especially in every act of devotion through this week. For this purpose I would recollect my thoughts before I begin, watch over my heart in the duty, and consider afterwards how I have succeeded. 3. I will pray for conformity to God, and endeavour to imitate him in wisdom, justice, truth, faithfulness, and goodness. 4. I will rejoice in God's government of the world, and regard his interposition in all my personal concerns. 5. I will pray for zeal in my Master's interest, and will make the advancement of his glory the great end of every action of life. 6. I will cultivate a peculiar affection to Christians, as such. 7. I will study the divine will, and endeavour to practise every duty. 8. I will be diligently upon my guard against every thing which may forfeit the favour of God, and provoke his displeasure. I resolve particularly to make these things my care for the ensuing week, and hope I shall find the benefit of it, and perceive at the close, that my evidences of the sincerity of my love to God are more stable and flourishing, than they at present are."

Such too the plan of business and meditation, which always lay upon his desk, and was reviewed by him every new day. "Every morning, rising and dressing, meditate.—On *Lord's day* the concerns of the church in general.—*Monday*, rules for my own conduct.—*Tuesday*, the care of my friends.—*Wednesday*, mercies received.—*Thursday*, the concerns of the congregation.—*Friday*, evangelical views.—*Saturday*, my relations.—Each day remember special hints.—Then pray, renew my covenant with God, read the scriptures, sing a psalm.—*Larger devotion*; reverential; prepared for; thoughts guarded in it; reflected upon afterwards.—*Business of the day*; seasonable, with good intention and dispatch.—*Recreations*; moderate, well-designed.—*Providences*, merciful; thankful for reason, senses, health, ease, food, raiment, sleep, friends, life, liberty, safety, acceptance, success.—*Afflictive events*; God's hand, design; submit in all things, great and small;

small; surrender all comforts to him.—*Temptations*; foreseen, observed, resisted; presence of God, Christ, angels, and men remembered for caution.—*Grace*; dependence upon it; earnestly sought, to awaken holy affections, through Christ, by the Spirit, frequent ejaculations.—*Thoughts during intervals*; a general command practised; subjects of them, morning-scripture; the last, the next sermon.—*Discourse*; innocent, useful, provided for.—*Evangelical views*; bless God for Christ and the Spirit; daily exercise faith in Christ, as teacher, atonement, intercessor, governor, example, strength, guardian, forerunner.—Avoid excess, imprudence, formality in prayers and praises, especially at meals.—Repeat as above in the evening, and add self-examination. Have I attended to proper business, improved sermons or other writings, watched over pupils?—Ask the prosperity of the academy, congregation, our country; reformation advanced; thy kingdom come.—*My relations*; minister, tutor, domestic, writer, friend, visitant, correspondent.—List of friends to be particularly prayed for.—Persons in the congregation, according to their circumstances, unconverted, awakened, alienated, excommunicated, the various afflicted. Remember the notes of last Lord's day.—*Memorandum*; There must be an enlargement of soul previous to any remarkable success; and great diligence in prayer, and strict watchfulness over my own soul, previous to any great and habitual enlargement; and deep humiliation must precede both. When the ground is thus prepared, great and good fruit may arise from small seeds.—I find it never will in family-worship, when it is not so in secret; never well abroad, when it is not so at home; nor on common days, when not so on the Lord's.

His uncommon diligence, activity and resolution in the dispatch of business;—his attempts to do much good, and to promote and encourage the zeal of others, beyond the limits of his own congregation and family;—his catholicism, moderation, and friendly  
 † behaviour,



behaviour, to persons of different sentiments and persuasions;—his benevolence, affability, public spirit, and liberality;—his humility and dependence on divine assistances;—his patience, serenity, and chearfulness under afflictions, upon the principles of the gospel;—his temper and forgiveness under unjust treatment;—and, above all, his piety towards God, and his devotion, as the support of that and every other virtue, were eminent parts of the private character of this great Christian, and particulars that claim our esteem and imitation.

But we now hasten to take a view of the happy effect of a life so spent in the love and the fear of God; in that peace of mind and holy joy, which shed a distinguished lustre on its concluding scenes.

The nearer he approached to his dissolution, his spirituality and heavenly temper was observed visibly to increase. He seemed to be got above the world; his affections were more strongly set upon heaven, and his breathings were great after immortality. “I bless God, said he in a letter to a friend, earth is less and less to me: And I shall be very glad to have done with it once for all, as soon as it shall please my Master to give me leave: Yet for him I would live and labour; and I hope, if such were his will, suffer too. May you increase while I decrease, and shine many years as a bright star in the Redeemer’s hand when I am set.”

In December 1750, he contracted a cold going to St. Albans to preach the funeral sermon of his worthy friend Dr. Samuel Clark, which was the foundation of all his after distresses. The disorder occasioned by it increased so much, that it was found necessary he should lay aside his work, and retire for his recovery. He went to London, to Shrewsbury, and to Bristol, with this view, but all in vain. The period of his usefulness was now shortly at end; and his God was soon to call him to himself. Of this he seems to have had sensible presages, and frequent impressions: His

text at the last administration of the sacrament in Northampton, was from Heb. xii. 23. *Ye are come to the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven:* And he then dropped some hints of his approaching dissolution, and spoke of taking leave of them with the greatest tenderness and affection. The subject of his last discourse from the pulpit to his beloved flock, was no less remarkable: *Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; and whether we die, we die unto the Lord; whether we live, therefore, or die, we are the Lord's:* In which he spoke to them, as if he knew he was to speak to them no more.

Though the outward man indeed was so sensibly decaying, that he used to say, he died daily; yet the inward man was renewed day by day: The warmth of devotion, of zeal, and of friendship, grew stronger and stronger; his desires after heaven were more ardent, and his views more near. "What a friend will you be in heaven!" writes he to one: "How glad shall I be to welcome you there, after a long, a glorious course of service, to increase the lustre of your crown! May you long shine, like a sun upon the earth, with your light, warmth, and influence, when there remain not any united particles of that poor, wasting, sinking frame, which enables this immortal spirit to call itself your friend in everlasting bonds!"

His supports, indeed, were neither few nor small; they were raised upon that rock of ages which can never fail. "God hath, as it were, said he, let heaven down upon me, in those nights of weakness and waking. I am not suffered once to lose my hope. My confidence is, not that I have lived such or such a life, or served God in this or the other manner; I know of no prayer I ever offered, no service I ever performed, but there has been such a mixture of what was wrong in it, that instead of recommending me to the favour of God, I needed his pardon, through Christ for the same. Yet he hath enabled me in sincerity to serve him. Popular applause was not the thing I sought.

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If I might be honoured to do good, and my heavenly Father might see his poor child attempting, though feebly and imperfectly, to serve him, and meet with his approving eye and commending sentence, *Well done, good and faithful servant*;—this my soul regarded, and was most solicitous for. I have no hope in what I have been or done. Yet I am full of confidence; and this is my confidence, there is *a hope set before me*; I have fled, I still fly for refuge to that hope. In him I trust; in him I have strong consolation, and shall assuredly be accepted in this beloved of my soul. The Spirit of adoption is given me, enabling me to cry, *Abba, Father*. I have no doubt of my being a child of God, and that life and death, and all my present exercises, are directed in mercy, by my adored heavenly Father.”

All former remedies proving ineffectual to stop the course of his disease, he was advised by able physicians, as the last resource, to undertake a voyage to Lisbon, where the warmer climate might perhaps be of use to him. After much solicitation of his friends, and prayer to God for direction, he consented; left Bristol, September 17th, and landed at Lisbon, October 13, 1754.

During all the fatigue of travelling, wearisome nights, and weeks of languishing, patience had its perfect work. No complaining word was uttered; no mark of an uneasy discontented mind seen; a heavenly calm dwelt in his breast; and in the most distressing moments, all was placid and chearful. His ambition was to be perfectly resigned to God; and if at any time life seemed desirable to him, it was only as an opportunity of testifying by further services his gratitude and love. When his friends reminded him of his fidelity, diligence, or zeal, to his power, and even beyond it, he used to reply,—“I am nothing; all is to be ascribed to the free grace of God.” And never did the meanest and most useless Christian with greater humility renounce all self-dependence, and



every shadow of merit than he. His only hope and joyful expectation of pardon and acceptance, he often declared, were founded on the mercy of God, through the merits and intercession of his Redeemer: And it was great satisfaction to him to reflect, that through the whole course of his ministry, it had been his constant concern to direct and recommend his hearers to this only foundation, on which he then felt he could so safely trust his own soul. And often he professed his cordial belief of the truth, importance, and excellency of those doctrines, which it had been the business of his life to explain, illustrate, and enforce: And it was his fervent prayer, that God would by his Spirit lead the minds of ministers into a just knowledge of them, and give their eyes to see, and their hearts to feel, their reality, power, and sweetness, in the same manner as he did.

At Lisbon he was kindly received and entertained by many who had heard of his worth, and the value of that life they did their best endeavours to preserve. But in vain; the Judge of the earth had ordered that there he should leave this world; and all the care of man to prevent it was of no effect. In the house where he lodged, he found Dr. Watts on the Happiness of separate Spirits, which afforded him much consolation and pleasure. In the perusal of it, and the sacred volume, his time, so far as his strength would permit, was employed; conversation being forbid as hurtful to his health.

About a week after his arrival, he was removed a few miles into the country, where the rainy season coming on with unusual violence, cut off every hope his friends had entertained from air and exercise, and seemed the appointed instrument of Providence to cut short his few remaining days. On Thursday, October 24th, a colliquative diarrhæa seized him, and soon exhausted his little strength. This night, which seemed the last of rational life, his mind continued in the

the same vigour, calmness, and joy, which it had felt and expressed during his whole illness. Mrs. Doddridge still attended him; and he said to her, that he had been making it his humble and earnest request, that God would support and comfort her; that it had been his desire, if it were the divine will, to stay a little longer upon earth, to promote the honour and interest of his beloved Lord and Master; but now, the only pain he felt in the thought of dying, was his fear of that distress and grief which would come upon her in case of his removal. After a short pause he added, —“ But I am sure my heavenly Father will be with you. It is a joy to me to think, how many friends and comforts you are returning to. Sure am I that God will be with you and comfort you, that I think my death will be a greater blessing to you, than ever my life hath been.” He desired her to remember him in the most affectionate manner to his dear children, his flock, and all his friends; and tell them of the gratitude his heart felt, and the blessings he wished for them all, on account of their kindness and goodness to him: Nor was the family where he lodged, nor even his own servant, forgotten in these expressions of his pious benevolence. Many devout sentiments and aspirations he uttered; but her heart was too much affected with his approaching change, to be able to recollect them. After laying still some time, and being supposed asleep, he told her, he had been renewing his covenant-engagements with God; and though he had not felt all that delight and joy which he had so often done, yet he was sure the Lord was his God, and he had a chearful well-grounded hope, through the Redeemer, of being received to his everlasting mercy. He lay in a gentle dose the following day, and continued so till about an hour before he died; when in his last struggle he appeared restless, fetched several deep sighs, and quickly after obtained his release from the burden of the flesh, on  
Saturday,

Saturday, October the 26th, about three o'clock in the morning: His soul mounting to that felicity to which he had long been aspiring; and the prospect of which had given him such strong consolation during his illness and decay.

THE LIFE OF MR. JONATHAN EDWARDS.

**P**RESIDENT EDWARDS, saith his biographer, was, perhaps, one of the greatest, best, and most useful men that have lived in this age. He discovered himself, to be one of the greatest of divines by his conversation, preaching, and writings; one of remarkable strength of mind, clearness of thought, and depth of penetration; who well understood, and was able above most others, to vindicate the great doctrines of Christianity to the world. No one has been more universally esteemed and acknowledged to be a bright Christian, an eminently good man. His love to God, and zeal for his cause, his uprightness and humility, self-denial and weanedness from the things of a present life, his conscientious, constant, and universal obedience; in one word, the goodness and holiness of his heart have been as evident and conspicuous as the uncommon greatness and strength of his understanding. And that this distinguished light has not shone in vain, there are a cloud of witnesses. God, who gave him these great talents, also led him into a way of improving them, both by preaching and writing, which has doubtless proved the means of converting many from the error of their ways, and of greatly promoting the interest of Christ's church, both in Europe and America.

Mr. Edwards, continues he, was born October 5, 1703, at Windsor, a town in Connecticut, North-America; the son of Mr. Timothy Edwards, minister of



of the gospel there for upwards of fifty-nine years, and of Mrs. Esther Stoddard, daughter of the late famous Mr. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, well known by his many valuable writings. He entered Yale college in the year 1716, and was chosen tutor in spring 1724. On an invitation from the people of Northampton, he was ordained to the work of the ministry, and settled colleague there with his grandfather Stoddard, February 15th, 1727, in the 24th year of his age, where he continued until June 22d, 1750, twenty-three years and four months. From thence he was removed to a mission at Stockbridge; and last of all, upon the death of Mr. Aaron Burr, on the 4th of January, 1758, was made president of New-Jersey college, after some time spent in serious consideration as to the propriety of his acceptance. It must suffice to say, that in each of these spheres, his diligence was great, his conversation exemplary, and his success considerable. Nor was his usefulness confined to these alone; he did good to all around him; and was an instrument under God of turning many from darkness to light, in various parts of the Western world.

The private character, however, is that with which at present we have most concern; of which the best judgment may be formed by the subsequent extracts from his life and diary.

And, first, of his conversion, experiences, and religious exercises, as related by himself,—“ I had a variety of concerns and exercises about my soul from my childhood; but had two more remarkable seasons of awakening, before I met with that change, by which I was brought to those new dispositions, and that new sense of things that I have since had. The first time was when I was a boy, some years before I went to college, at a time of remarkable awakening in my father's congregation. I was then very much affected for many months, and concerned about the things of religion, and my soul's salvation; and was abundant in duties.

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I used to pray five times a-day in secret, to spend much time in religious talk with other boys; and to meet with them to pray together. I experienced I know not what kind of delight in religion. My mind was much engaged in it, and had much self-righteous pleasure; and it was my delight to abound in religious duties. I, with some of my school-mates, joined together, and built a booth in a swamp, in a very secret and retired place, for a place of prayer. And besides, I had particular secret places of my own in the woods, where I used to retire by myself; and used to be from time to time much affected. My affections seemed to be lively, and easily moved, and I seemed to be in my element when engaged in religious duties. And I am ready to think, many are deceived with such affections, and such a kind of delight, as I then had in religion, and mistake it for grace.

“ But in process of time, my convictions and affections wore off; I entirely lost all those affections and delights, and left off secret prayer, at least as to any constant performance of it; and returned like a dog to his vomit, and went on in ways of sin.

“ Indeed, I was at some times very uneasy, especially towards the latter part of the time of my being at college. Till it pleased God, in my last year at college, at a time when I was in the midst of many uneasy thoughts about the state of my soul, to seize me with a pleurisy; in which he brought me nigh to the grave, and shook me over the pit of hell.

“ But yet, it was not long after my recovery, before I fell again into my old ways of sin. But God would not suffer me to go on with any quietness; but I had great and violent inward struggles: Till after many conflicts with wicked inclinations, and repeated resolutions, and bonds that I laid myself under by a kind of vows to God, I was brought wholly to break off all former wicked ways, and all ways of known outward sin; and to apply myself to seek salvation, and practise the duties of religion; But without that kind of affec-

tion and delight, that I had formerly experienced. My concern now wrought more by inward struggles and conflicts, and self-reflections. I made seeking my salvation, the main business of my life. But yet it seems to me, I sought after it in a miserable manner; which has made me sometimes since to question; Whether it issued in that which was saving; being ready to doubt, if such miserable seeking was ever successful. I was brought to seek salvation, however, in a manner that I never was before. I felt a spirit to part with all things in the world, for an interest in Christ. My concern continued and prevailed, with many exercising things and inward struggles; but yet it never seemed to be proper to express my concern that I had, by the name of terror.

“The first time that I remember ever I found any thing of that sort of inward sweet delight in God and divine things, wherein I have lived much since, was on reading these words, 1 Tim. i. 17. *Now, unto the King eternal, immortal, invisible, the only wise God, be honour and glory, for ever and ever. Amen.* As I read the words, there came into my soul, and was as it were diffused through it, a sense of the glory of the divine Being; a new sense, quite different from any thing I ever experienced before. Never any words of scripture seemed to me as these words did. I thought with myself, how excellent a Being that was: How happy I should be, if I might enjoy that God, and be rapt up to God in heaven, and as it were swallowed up in him. I kept saying, and as it were singing over these words of scripture to myself; and went to prayer, to pray to God that I might enjoy him; and prayed in a manner quite different from what I used to do; with a new sort of affection. But it never came into my thought, that there was any thing spiritual, or of a saving nature in this.

“From about that time, I began to have a new kind of apprehensions and ideas of Christ, the work of redemption, and the glorious way of salvation by



him. I had an inward, sweet sense of these things, that at times came into my heart; and my soul was led away in pleasant views and contemplations of them. My mind was greatly engaged to spend my time in reading and meditating on Christ; and the beauty and excellency of his person, and the lovely way of salvation, by free grace in him. I found no books so delightful to me, as those that treated of these subjects. Those words, Cant. ii. 1. used to be abundantly with me, *I am the rose of Sharon, the lily of the vallies*. The words seemed to me, sweetly to represent the loveliness and beauty of Jesus Christ. And the whole book of Canticles used to be pleasant to me; and I used to be much in reading it about that time. And found, from time to time, an inward sweetness, that used, as it were, to carry me away in my contemplations; in what I know not how to express otherwise, than by a calm, sweet abstraction of soul from all the concerns of this world; and a kind of vision, or fixed ideas and imaginations, of being alone in the mountains, or some solitary wilderness, far from all mankind, sweetly conversing with Christ, and rapt and swallowed up in God. The sense I had of divine things, would often of a sudden, as it were, kindle up sweet burning in my heart; an ardour of my soul, that I know not how to express.

"After this, it gradually increased, became more and more lively, and had more of inward sweetness. The appearance of every thing was altered: There seemed to be as it were, a calm, sweet cast, or appearance of divine glory, in almost every thing. God's excellency, his wisdom, his purity and love, seemed to appear in every thing; in the sun, moon, and stars; in the clouds and blue sky; in the grass, flowers, trees; in the water and all nature; which used greatly to fix my mind. I often used to sit and view the moon, for a long time; and so in the day-time, spent much time in viewing the clouds and sky, to behold

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the sweet glory of God in these things: in the mean time, singing forth with a low voice, my contemplations of the Creator and Redeemer. And scarce any thing, among all the works of nature, was so sweet to me as thunder and lightning. Formerly, nothing had been so terrible to me. I used to be a person uncommonly terrified with thunder, and it used to strike me with terror, when I saw a thunder-storm rising; but now, on the contrary, it rejoiced me. I felt God at the first appearance of a thunder-storm, and used to take the opportunity at such times to fix myself to view the clouds, and see the lightnings play, and hear the majestic and awful voice of God's thunder: which oftentimes was exceeding entertaining, leading me to sweet contemplations of my great and glorious God. And while I viewed, used to spend my time, as it always seemed natural to me, to sing or chant forth my meditations; to speak my thoughts in soliloquies, and speak with a singing voice.

"I felt then a great satisfaction as to my good estate. But that did not content me. I had vehement longings of soul after God and Christ, and after more holiness; wherewith my heart seemed to be full, and ready to break; which often brought to my mind the words of the psalmist, Psalm cxix. 28. *My soul breaketh for the longing it hath.* I often felt a mourning and lamenting in my heart, that I had not turned to God sooner, that I might have had more time to grow in grace. My mind was greatly fixed on divine things; I was almost perpetually in the contemplation of them. Spent most of my time in thinking of divine things, year after year. And used to be frequently employed in walking alone in the woods, and solitary places, for meditation, soliloquy, and prayer, and converse with God. And it was always my manner, at such times, to sing forth my contemplations. And was almost constantly in ejaculatory prayer wherever I was. Prayer seemed to be natural to me, as the breath by which the inward burnings of my heart had vent.

“ The delights which I now felt in things of religion, were of an exceeding different kind, from those fore-mentioned, that I had when a boy. They were totally of another kind; and what I then had no more notion or idea of than one born blind has of pleasant and beautiful colours. They were of a more inward, pure, soul-animating, and refreshing nature. Those former delights never reached the heart, and did not arise from any sight of the divine excellency of the things of God, or any taste of the soul-satisfying and life-giving good there is in them.

“ My sense of divine things seemed gradually to increase till I went to preach at New-York, which was about a year and a half after they began. While I was there, I felt them, very sensibly, in a much higher degree than I had done before. My longings after God and holiness were much increased. Pure and humble, holy and heavenly Christianity, appeared exceeding amiable to me. I felt in me a burning desire to be in every thing a complete Christian, and conformed to the image of Christ; and that I might live in all things according to the pure, sweet, and blessed rules of the gospel. I had an eager thirsting after progress in these things. My longings after it put me upon pursuing and pressing after them. It was my continual strife, day and night, and constant enquiry, how I should be more holy, and live more holily, and more becoming a child of God, and disciple of Christ. I sought an increase of grace and holiness, and that I might live an holy life, with vastly more earnestness than ever I sought grace before I had it. I used to be continually examining myself, and studying and contriving for likely ways and means how I should live holily, with far greater diligence and earnestness than ever I pursued any thing in my life; but with too great a dependence on my own strength, which afterwards proved a great damage to me. My experience had not then taught me, as it has done since, my extreme feebleness and impotence every manner of way, and the innumerable



able and bottomless depths of secret corruption and deceit in my heart. However, I went on with my eager pursuit after more holiness, and sweet conformity to Christ.

“The heaven I desired was a heaven of holiness: to be with God, and to spend my eternity in divine love, and holy communion with Christ. My mind was very much taken up with contemplations on heaven, and the enjoyments of those there: and living there in perfect holiness, humility, and love. And it used at that time to appear a great part of the happiness of heaven, that there the saints could express their love to Christ. It appeared to me a great clog and hindrance, and burden to me, that what I felt within I could not express to God, and give vent to, as I desired. The inward ardour of my soul seemed to be hindered and pent up, and could not freely flame out as it would. I used often to think, how in heaven this sweet principle should freely and fully vent and express itself. Heaven appeared to me exceeding delightful as a world of love. It appeared to me, that all happiness consisted in living in pure, humble, heavenly, divine love.

“I remember the thoughts I used then to have of holiness. I remember I then said sometimes to myself, I do certainly know that I love holiness, such as the gospel prescribes. It appeared to me, there was nothing in it but what was ravishingly lovely. It appeared to me, to be the highest beauty and amiableness, above all other beauties: that it was a divine beauty, far purer than any thing here upon earth; and that every thing else was like mire, filth, and defilement, in comparison of it.

“Holiness, as I then wrote down some of my contemplations on it, appeared to me to be of a sweet, pleasant, charming, serene, calm nature. It seemed to me, it brought an inexpressible purity, brightness, peacefulness, and ravishment to the soul; and that it made the soul like a field or garden of God, with all manner

manner of pleasant flowers; that is all pleasant, delightful, and undisturbed; enjoying a sweet calm, and the gently-vivifying beams of the sun. The soul of a true Christian, as I then wrote my meditations, appeared like such a little white flower as we see in the spring of the year; low and humble on the ground, opening its bosom to receive the pleasant beams of the sun's glory; rejoicing as it were in a calm rapture, diffusing a sweet fragrantcy, standing peacefully and lovingly, in the midst of other flowers round about, all in like manner opening their bosoms to drink in the light of the sun."

Between the time of his going to New-York and his settlement at Northampton, he formed a number of resolutions, and committed them to writing. As these resolutions may be justly considered the foundation and plan of his whole after-life, it may not be improper here to give the reader a taste and idea of them; praying, that he may be taught to make them his own, and again to bring them into practice.

"Being sensible," he begins, "that I am unable to do any without God's help, I do humbly intreat him by his grace to enable me to keep these resolutions, so far as they are agreeable to his will, for Christ's sake.

"Remember to read them over once a-week.

"*Resolved*, Never to do any manner of thing, whether in soul or body, less or more, but what tends to the glory of God, nor be, nor suffer it, if I can avoid it; and this, whatever difficulties I may meet with, how many or how great soever.—To live with all my might while I do live, never losing one moment of time; but to improve it in the most profitable way I possibly can.—To live so as I shall wish I had done when I come to die.—To be strictly and firmly faithful to my trust, so that the text *a faithful man who can find*, may not partly be fulfilled in me.—To enquire every night as I go to bed, wherein I have been negligent throughout the day, what sin I have committed, and wherein I have denied myself;

myself; also at the end of every week, month, and year.—Never to speak any thing that is ridiculous, or matter of laughter, on the Lord's day.—To strive to my utmost every week to be brought higher in religion, and to a livelier exercise of grace, than I was the week before.—To endeavour to my utmost to deny whatever is not most agreeable to a good, and universally sweet and benevolent, quiet, peaceable, contented, easy, compassionate, generous, humble, meek, modest, submissive, obliging, diligent and industrious, charitable, even patient, moderate, forgiving, sincere temper; and to do at all times what such a temper would lead me to.—To be constantly looking into the state of my soul with the utmost niceness and diligence, and the strictest scrutiny, that so I may know whether I have truly an interest in Christ or no; and that when I come to die, I may not have any negligence respecting this, to repent of.—In fine, To enquire after afflictions; what I am the better for them; what good I *have*, and what good I *might have* got by them."

With such determinations every page of his diary abounds. Should the critic, as to any of them, except, either alledging impropriety in the matter, or manner of expression, or censuring as juvenile, and, like a young Christian, let it be remembered, they were all made when scarce twenty years old, as appears by the dates, and were then the natural effusions of his pious soul.

Such was the man in early youth, and these the great attainments of his soul. In like strains he sung in more advanced years; and as he grew in age, his graces also grew. Read his experiences of divine things after he had long tasted their sweetness, and lived under their impression. "I have loved the doctrines of the gospel: They have been to my soul like green pastures. The gospel has seemed to me to be the richest treasure; the treasure that I have most desired, and longed that it might dwell richly in me. The way of salvation by Christ has appeared in a general way, glorious and excellent,



lent, most pleasant and beautiful. It has often seemed to me, that it would in a great measure spoil heaven, to receive it in any other way.

“ It has often appeared sweet to me, to be united to Christ; to have him for my head, and to be a member of his body; and also to have Christ for my teacher and prophet. I very often think with sweetness, and longings, and pantings of soul, of being a little child, taking hold of Christ, to be led by him through the wilderness of this world. I love to think of coming to Christ, to receive salvation of him, poor in spirit, and quite empty of self; humbly exalting him alone; cut entirely off from my own root, and to grow into and out of Christ; to have God in Christ to be all in all; and to live by faith on the Son of God, a life of humble, unfeigned confidence in him. That scripture has often been sweet to me, Psalm cxv. 1. *Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake:* And those words of Christ, Luke x. 21. *In that hour Jesus rejoiced in Spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: Even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight.* That sovereignty of God that Christ rejoiced in, seemed to me to be worthy to be rejoiced in; and that rejoicing of Christ seemed to me to shew the excellency of Christ, and the Spirit he was of.

“ Sometimes only mentioning a single word, causes my heart to burn within me; or only seeing the name of Christ, or the name of some attribute of God. And God has appeared glorious to me, on account of the Trinity. It has made me have exalted thoughts of God, that he subsists in three persons; Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

“ The sweetest joys and delights I have experienced, have not been those that have arisen from a hope of my own good estate; but in a direct view of the glorious things of the gospel. When I enjoy this sweetness, it

seems to carry me above the thoughts of my own safe estate. It seems at such times a loss that I cannot bear, to take off my eye from the glorious pleasant object I behold without me, to turn my eye in upon myself, and my own good estate.

“ My heart has been much on the advancement of Christ’s kingdom in the world. The histories of its past advancement have been sweet to me. When I have read histories of past ages, the pleasantest thing in all my reading has been, to read of the kingdom of Christ being promoted. And when I have expected in my reading to come to any such thing, I have anticipated it all the way as I read. And my mind has been much entertained and delighted with the scripture promises and prophecies of the future glorious advancement of Christ’s kingdom on earth.

“ I have sometimes had a sense of the excellent fullness of Christ, and his meetness and suitableness as a Saviour; whereby he has appeared to me, far above all, the chief of ten thousands. And his blood and atonement has appeared sweet, and his righteousness sweet; which is always accompanied with an ardency of spirit, and inward strugglings and breathings, and groanings that cannot be uttered, to be emptied of myself, and swallowed up in Christ.

“ Once, as I rode out into the woods for my health; and having alighted from my horse in a retired place, as my manner commonly has been, to walk for divine contemplation and prayer; I had a view, that for me was extraordinary, of the glory of the Son of God, as Mediator between God and man; and his wonderful, great, full, pure, and sweet grace and love, and meek and gentle condescension. This grace, that appeared to me so calm and sweet, appeared great above the heavens. The person of Christ appeared ineffably excellent, with an excellency great enough to swallow up all thought and conception. Which continued, as near as I can judge, about an hour; which kept me, the bigger part of the time, in a flood of tears, and

weeping aloud. I felt withal, an ardency of soul to be, what I know not otherwise how to express than to be emptied and annihilated; to lie in the dust, and to be full of Christ alone; to love him with a holy and pure love; to trust in him; to live upon him; to serve and follow him, and to be totally wrapt up in the fulness of Christ; and to be perfectly sanctified and made pure, with a divine and heavenly purity. I have several other times, had views very much of the same nature, and that have had the same effects.

"I have many times had a sense of the glory of the third person in the trinity, in his office of Sanctifier; in his holy operations, communicating divine light and life to the soul. God in the communications of his Holy Spirit, has appeared as an infinite fountain of divine glory and sweetness; being full and sufficient to fill and satisfy the soul; pouring forth itself in sweet communications, like the sun in its glory, sweetly and pleasantly diffusing light and life.

"I have sometimes had an affecting sense of the excellency of the word of God, as a word of life; as the light of life; a sweet, excellent, life-giving word, accompanied with a thirsting after that word, that it might dwell richly in my heart.

"I have often had very affecting views of my own sinfulness and vileness; very frequently so as to hold me in a kind of loud weeping, sometimes for a considerable time together; so that I have often been forced to shut myself up. I have had a vastly greater sense of my own wickedness, and the badness of my heart, since my conversion, than ever I had before. It has often appeared to me, that if God should mark iniquity against me, I should appear the very worst of all mankind; of all that have been since the beginning of the world to this time; and that I should have by far the lowest place in hell. When others that have come to talk with me about their soul-concerns, have expressed the sense they have had of their own wickedness, by saying, that it seemed to them, that they were as bad



as the devil himself; I thought their expressions seemed exceeding faint and feeble to represent my wickedness. I thought I should wonder, that they should content themselves with such expressions as these, if I had any reason to imagine their sin bore any proportion to mine. It seemed to me, I should wonder at myself, if I should express my wickedness in such feeble terms as they did.

“ My wickedness, as I am in myself, has long appeared to me perfectly ineffable, and infinitely swallowing up all thought and imagination, like an infinite deluge, or infinite mountain over my head. I know not how to express better what my sins appear to me to be, than by heaping infinite upon infinite, and multiplying infinite by infinite. I go about very often, for these many years, with such expressions in my mind, and in my mouth,—Infinite upon infinite! Infinite upon infinite! When I look into my heart, and take a view of my wickedness, it looks like an abyss infinitely deeper than hell. And it appears to me, that were it not for free grace, exalted and raised up to the infinite height of all the fulness and glory of the great JEHOVAH, and the arm of his power and grace stretched forth, in all the majesty of his power, and in all the glory of his sovereignty; I should sink down in my sins infinitely below hell itself, far beyond sight of every thing but the piercing eye of God’s grace, that can pierce even down to such a depth, and to the bottom of such an abyss.

“ And yet, I am not in the least inclined to think, that I have a greater conviction of sin than ordinary. It seems to me, my conviction of sin is exceeding small and faint. It appears to me enough to amaze me, that I have no more sense of my sin. I know certainly, that I have very little sense of my sinfulness. That my sins appear to me so great, dont seem to me to be, because I have so much more conviction of sin than other Christians, but because I am so much worse, and have so much more wickedness to be convinced of. When I have had these turns

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of weeping and crying for my sins, I thought I knew in the time of it, that my repentance was nothing to my sin.

"I have greatly longed of late for a broken heart, and to lie low before God. And when I ask for humility of God, I can't bear the thoughts of being no more humble than other Christians. It seems to me, that though their degrees of humility may be suitable for them; yet it would be a vile self-exaltation in me, not to be the lowest in humility of all mankind. Others speak of their longing to be humbled to the dust. Though that may be a proper expression for them, I always think for myself, that I ought to be humbled down below hell. 'Tis an expression that has long been natural for me to use in prayer to God. I ought to lie infinitely low before God."

Such in secret was President Edwards when retired from the world; and observed by him only who knoweth the heart, and seeth all things: The most convincing proof of his sincerity and uprightness. But his religion was not merely confined to his closet; it was visible in every part of his public character, and received additional lustre from the influence it had on his life and temper.

He was a man of uncommonly close application, and a careful improver of time. He generally spent thirteen hours every day in his study; and his mind, even when engaged in recreation, was always usefully employed. He had a vehement thirst after knowledge; to gain which, he spared neither cost nor pains. He read much, but thought more; and above all writings, made the Bible his grand, as it was his favourite study. His great benevolence to mankind was remarkable, and his charity most extensive, reaching to the souls, no less than the bodies, of all with whom he was in any way connected. His excellence as a preacher is well known; and to his diligence in ministerial duty, many could then bear witness. In a particular manner, Mr. Edwards was  
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a most skilful guide to the souls of his people under spiritual troubles; partly by his own experimental acquaintance with divine things, and unwearied study of God's word; partly from his much practice (so to speak) of spiritual diseases. In two very wonderful outpourings of the Spirit, and great awakenings in New-England, he had a principal concern; and by his preaching and his writing, was of great service, both in comforting the weak believer, and detecting the presumptuous sinner.

This treasure, however, was but in an earthly vessel, and must therefore sooner or later be broken. Happy is he who hath made such preparation, as, that however sudden, it shall not come unexpected, but find him ready. This we have much reason to believe was our author's case indeed; of whose last hours we now go on to speak.

Soon after Mr. Edwards's arrival in Prince-town, and acceptance of the presidency, the small-pox begun to rage, and were particularly fatal in that place. Inoculation was however practised with success; and as Mr. Edwards never had them, this his friends advised. Upon consent of the corporation, and advice of the physician, he agreed; and was inoculated accordingly on the 13th of February. The disease at first seemed favourable, and he was thought out of all danger: But a secondary fever set-in; and by reason of a number of pustles in his throat, the obstruction was such, that the necessary medicines could not be administered. It therefore raged until it put an end to his life, on the 22d of March, 1758, in the 55th year of his age.

After he was sensible that he could not survive his illness, he called his daughter who attended him, and just a little before his death, addressed her in the few following words,—“It seems to be the will of God, that I must shortly leave you; therefore give my kindest love to my dear wife, (who, with the rest of his family, had not yet removed from Stockbridge,) and tell



tell her, that the uncommon union which has so long subsisted between us, has been of such a nature, as I trust is spiritual; and therefore will continue for ever; And I hope she shall be supported under so great a trial, and submit chearfully to the will of God. As to my children, you are now like to be left fatherless, which I hope will be an inducement to you all to seek a Father who will never fail you. And as to my funeral, I would have it to be like Mr. Burr's, (that is, decent, not expensive;) and any additional sum of money that might be expected to be laid out that way, I would have it disposed of to charitable uses."

He said very little in his sickness; but was an admirable instance of patience and resignation to the last. Just at the close of his life, as some persons, who stood by, and expected he would breathe his last in a few minutes, were lamenting his death, not only as a great frown on the college, but as having a dark aspect on the interest of religion in general; to their surprise, not imagining that he heard, or would ever speak another word, he said,—“Trust in God, and ye need not fear.” These were his last words: And what could have been more suitable to the occasion? What need of more? In these is as much matter of instruction and support, as if he had wrote a volume. This is the consolation under the loss sustained by the church of Christ, That God is *all-sufficient*, and *all things whatsoever shall work together for good to them that love and fear him.*

#### THE LIFE OF DR. ISAAC WATTS.

**H**E was born at Southampton, July 17, 1674, of parents who were eminent for religion, and were considerable sufferers for conscience sake, in the persecution of the protestant dissenters, in King Charles the

the Second's reign. The early opening of his mind to receive knowledge, was a pleasing indication of a large capacity and great usefulness. He began to learn the Latin and Greek tongues betimes, in the knowledge of which he soon made a very considerable progress. He was very early taken notice of for many excellent talents, and for his eminent and distinguished piety: at the age of nineteen he joined in communion with the church of which his worthy tutor was pastor. When he had finished his studies at the academy, he employed two years more in solemn preparation by *reading, meditation and prayer*, for the important work he intended to devote himself unto. He began to preach on his birth-day, 1698: and the year 1701, was called to the pastoral office; and notwithstanding the discouragements of that time, he was not intimidated, but cheerfully and courageously engaged in that service, and was solemnly ordained to it the 18th of March following.

But the joy of the church, together with his own, was soon after very much eclipsed: He was laid up for some time, with a very threatening illness, and from which he recovered by slow degrees. As it increased, he renewed his diligence, to fulfil his ministry: And this he did, to the great satisfaction, delight and edification of the church, both in public and in private. In this season it was (says my author) that he formed a society of the younger members of his church, for prayer and religious conference; to whom he delivered the substance of that excellent book, intitled, *A guide to prayer*. A noble design, evidently calculated to promote the life and power of real religion! Now he went on in his delightful work with great success till the year 1712, when he was again visited with a violent fever, which put a period to his public usefulness, till the year 1716. Of which seasons of affliction, he says, (with a truly elevated mind and thankful heart) he was not ashamed to let the world know,—“That amidst those sinkings of life and nature, Christianity  
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and the gospel were his support! Amidst all the violence of my distemper, and the tiresome months of it, I thank God, I never lost sight of reason or religion, though sometimes I had much ado to preserve the machine of animal nature in such order as regularly to exercise either the man, or the Christian, especially when I shut my eyes to seek sleep and repose, and had not their aid to fence against the disorderly ferments of natural spirits." The divine peace of conscience he enjoyed under these trying circumstances; and the rational and scriptural foundation of his hope and trust in the divine goodness, together with his humble appeal to God on these solemn occasions, are beautifully and justly expressed in his own devout soliloquy.

"Yet, gracious God, amidst these storms of nature,  
Thine eyes behold a sweet and sacred calm  
Reign thro' the realms of conscience: all within  
Lies peaceful, all compos'd. 'Tis wond'rous grace  
Keeps off thy terrors from this humble bosom,  
Tho' stain'd with sins and follies, yet serene  
In penitential peace and chearful hope,  
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.  
Thy vital smiles amidst this desolation,  
Like heav'nly sun-beams hid behind the clouds,  
Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance  
Cleaving the gloom; the fair celestial light  
Softens and gilds the horrors of the storm,  
And richest cordials to the heart conveys.

"O glorious solace of immense distress,  
A conscience and a God! a friend at home,  
And better friend on high! This is my rock  
Of firm support, my shield of sure defence  
Against infernal arrows. Rise, my soul,  
Put on thy courage: Here's the living spring  
Of joys divinely sweet and ever new,  
*A peaceful conscience and a smiling Heaven.*

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"My God, permit a creeping worm to say,  
*Thy Spirit knows I love thee.* . Worthless wretch,  
 To dare to love a God! But grace requires,  
 And grace accepts. Thou seest my lab'ring soul.  
 Weak as my zeal is, yet my zeal is true;  
 It bears the trying furnace. Love divine  
 Constrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love  
 Has seiz'd and holds me in almighty arms:  
 Here's my salvation, my eternal hope,  
 Amidst the wreck of worlds and dying nature,  
*I am the Lord's, and he for ever mine."*

The power of religion was very evidently seen in him, at these important seasons of languid and painful life. And after his recovery, what divine effects does it still produce? How was his heart enlarged with love to God? And in what pathetic language does he pour out his soul!

"Almighty Pow'r, I love thee; blissful name,  
*My Healer, God;* and may my inmost heart  
 Love and adore for ever! O 'tis good  
 To wait submissive at thy holy throne,  
 To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear  
 Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.  
 The hand of mercy is not short to save,  
 Nor is the ear of heavenly pity deaf  
 To mortal cries. It notic'd all my groans,  
 And sighs, and long complaints, with wise delay,  
 Tho' painful to the sufferer, and thy hand  
 In proper moment brought desir'd relief."

After this divine aspiration, or solemn thanksgiving to his Almighty Healer; his soul (deeply affected with the mercies he had received) addresses his recovered body; desiring to present it to God as a living and a holy sacrifice, afresh consecrated unto him.

"Rise from my couch, ye late enfeebled limbs,  
 Prove your new strength, and shew the effective skill  
 Of the divine Physician; bear away  
 This tott'ring body to his sacred threshold:

There, laden with his honours, let me bow  
 Before his feet; let me pronounce his grace,  
 Pronounce salvation thro' his dying Son,  
 And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name.  
 Then rise, my hymning soul on holy notes  
 Tow'rd his high throne; awake my choicest songs,  
 Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay  
 The solemn vows of my distressful hours,  
 A thousand friendly lips shall aid the praise.

“ Jesus, great Advocate, whose pitying eye  
 Saw my long anguish, and with melting heart  
 And pow'rful intercession spread'ft my woes  
 With all my groans before the Father—God,  
 Bear up my praises now; thy holy incense  
 Shall hallow all my sacrifice of joy,  
 And bring these accents grateful to his ear.  
 My heart and life, my lips, and ev'ry pow'r  
 Snatch'd from the grasp of death, I here devote  
 By thy blest'd hands, an off'ring to his name.”

This was the language of his heart, and this the evidence of the power of religion upon his mind. His *heart and his life* were a fair book, in which the several characters of a true Christian were plainly delineated: Where the love of God, faith in Christ, and diffusive benevolence to men, together with the influence these principles should have on the whole temper and conduct, were exhibited with a more engaging lustre than any descriptions could afford, even from a pen like his own.

And now, how amiable does he appear, when the shadows of the evening were stretching over him? In his last sickness the active and sprightly powers of his nature failed him, that is (says my author) they were gradually doing so for two or three years before his decease; yet his trust in God, through Jesus the Mediator, remained unshaken to the last. He was heard to say,—“ I bless God, I can lie down with comfort at night, not being solicitous whether I awake in this world

world or another." And again,—“I should be glad to read more, yet not in order to be more confirmed in the truth of the Christian religion, or in the truth of its promises; for I believe them enough to venture an eternity on them.” When he was almost worn out, and broken down by his infirmities, he observed in conversation with a friend, that,—“he remembered an aged minister used to say, that the most learned and knowing Christians, when they come to die, have only the same plain promises of the gospel for their support, as the common and unlearned: And so, said he, I find it. It is the plain promises of the gospel that are my support; and I bless God, they are plain promises, that do not require much labour and pains to understand them; for I can do nothing now, but look into my Bible for some promise to support me, and live upon that.”

When he has found his spirit tending to impatience, and ready to complain that he could only lead a mere animal life; he would check himself thus:—“The business of a Christian is to bear the will of God, as well as to do it.

“If I were in health, I could be doing *that*, and *that* I may do now. The best thing in obedience, is a regard to the will of God, and the way to that is to get our inclinations and aversions as much mortified as we can.” With such a calm and peaceful mind, with such a blessed and lively hope, did this faithful servant of Christ wait for his Master’s summons. The springs of life were unbending by degrees, till at length the earthly tabernacle fell quite to decay, and was put off by the immortal spirit. And after a life of eminent service, both of God, and his generation, he fell asleep in Jesus, November 25th, 1748, in the 75th year of his age.

Thus died, one of the greatest and best of men; for the accomplishments of his mind, the purity of his heart, and the excellency of his life.



THE LIFE OF THE REV. MR. G. HERBERT,  
RECTOR OF BEMERTON, WILTS.

**M**R. *George Herbert* was born *April 3d, 1593*, in the *Castle of Montgomery in Wales*; which *Castle* was afterwards demolished during the civil wars.—About the age of twelve years he was put under the care of *Mr. Ireland*, who was then chief master of *Westminster School*; where the beauties of his behaviour and wit became so eminent and lovely, that he seemed to be marked out for piety.—He continued in that school, till he became perfect in the learned languages; and especially in the *Greek tongue*, in which he afterwards proved an excellent critic.

About the age of fifteen, he was elected out of that school for *Trinity College in Cambridge*, and committed to the particular care of the pious *Dr. Nevil*, who was then *Dean of Canterbury*, and master of that college.—As he grew in years, he grew also in learning, and in favour both with God and men. His soul was kept by divine grace in so holy a frame, that he might well be recommended as a pattern of virtue to all posterity; and especially to his brethren of the *Clergy*.—The greatest diversion from his studies, was the practice of music; of which he would say, *That it did relieve his drooping Spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven before he possessed them.*

He deeply considered the great importance of the work of a minister of the gospel, and the great account which he must give at last; so that it was with much fear and trembling that he entered upon that high office; nor did he resolve upon it till after he had sought the Lord with much prayer and fasting.

In the year 1630, he was presented to the Rectory of *Bemerton*, near *Salisbury*, to which he received institution from the pious *Bishop Davenant*.—Here he lived a life of

of primitive piety, and as a minister laboured diligently in the service of his Lord and master. The very name of Jesus was precious and delightful to him. He was remarkable for the most condescending humility; and abounded in works of charity and compassion. He was much in prayer, and had his conversation in heaven.

After he had been minister of *Bemerton* only about three years, he was seized with the sickness which ended in his dissolution.—During his illness, he sent the following message by a friend to holy Mr. *Farrer* of *Gidden-hall* in *Huntingdonshire*. “Give my brother *Farrer* an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him, I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me; and let him know that I have considered, *That God only is what he would be*; and that I am by his grace become now so like him, as to be pleased with what pleaseth him; and tell him, that I do not repine, but am well pleased with my want of health; that my heart is fixed on that place where only true joy is to be found; and that I long to be there, and wait for my appointed change with hope and patience,”—And he added, “I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother *Farrer*, and tell him, he will find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have past betwixt God and my soul. Desire him to read it; and if he can think it may turn to the advantage any poor dejected soul, let it be made public; if not, let him burn it.” Thus meanly did he think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of the *TEMPLE*; or *Sacred Poems and private Ejaculations*: of which Mr. *Farrer* could say, *There was the picture of a divine soul in every page.*

At another time he expressed himself as follows, with more in the same strain; “As my father and the generations that are past, have done before me, so I also shall suddenly (with *Job*) *make my bed in the dark*; and I praise God that I am prepared for it; and that I am not to learn patience, now I stand in such need of it;

it; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily, that I might not die eternally; and my hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and, which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin; and shall dwell in the new *Jerusalem*, with men made perfect, and where these eyes shall see my master and Saviour *Jesus*."

He continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing, till the day of his death; and on that day he said to a friend, "*I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God, but sin and misery; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will put a period to the latter.*"—When his friend reminded him of his many acts of piety and mercy, he answered, *They be good works, if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise.*—Afterwards being asked, *How he did?* his answer was, "*That he had past a conflict with his last Enemy, and had overcome him by the merits of his master Jesus.*"—After this he said, "*Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me: But grant me mercy, for the merits of my Jesus; and now Lord; Lord now receive my soul.*" And with these words he breathed forth his spirit without any apparent disturbance.

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THE LIFE OF DR. R. SANDERSON,  
BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

**D**R. Robert Sanderson was born in the year 1587, at *Rotherham* in the County of *York*. He was remarkable for piety and strict obedience to his parents, from his early youth; having had the advantage of a careful education.—When at the grammar-school of his native town, he was observed to use unwearied diligence in the attainment of learning, and to have a degree of seriousness beyond his age, and with it a more than



than common modesty; and to be of a calm and obliging behaviour.—This was the good beginning of a life, which, though none of the shortest, was spent in the service of God and of his church, without any remarkable deviation from the paths of Godliness, until it was exchanged for a life of perfect felicity and glory.

He was ordained to the ministry in the year 1611, by Dr. *King*, bishop of *London*: And in the year 1618, he was presented to the Rectory of *Wibberton*, in *Lincolnshire*, which, as the situation was low and prejudicial to his health, he soon after resigned into the hands of the patron. About the same time, he was presented to the Rectory of *Boothby-Pannel*, in the same county, (which was of less value, but a purer air than *Wibberton*.) This place will long continue famous, because the humble and learned Dr. *Sanderfon* was more than forty years the minister thereof, and from thence dated all, or most of his valuable Writings.

He did not perplex the thoughts of his parishioners by preaching high and useless notions, but fed them with such plain truths as are necessary to be known, believed, and practised, in order to salvation. Nor did he think his duty discharged by only reading the Church prayers, Catechising, Preaching, and administering the Sacraments seasonably; but judged (if the law or canons may seem to enjoin no more, yet) that God would require more than the defective laws of man's making, can or do enjoin. He therefore became a law to himself, practising what his conscience told him was his duty, in reconciling differences, both in his parish and neighbourhood, and often visiting families at their houses, especially the sick or disconsolate, to instruct and advise them; and distributing alms to those that were in need.

Notwithstanding his exemplary piety, and diligence in the work of the ministry, he met with much disturbance and ill-treatment from some of the prevailing party during some years of the usurpation: But towards

wards the conclusion of that period, through the over-ruling providence of the great Disposer of all events, he was permitted to abide quietly, and to go on with the exercise of his ministry in his parish.

In this time of his privacy and retirement, his Casuistical learning, peaceful moderation and sincerity, became so remarkable, that many, (both such as were known to him and such as were not,) applied to him for resolution in cases of conscience. In this labour of love he was much employed, even to weariness; but he denied none, and would often praise God both for the ability and occasion of doing good in this way to the meanest of those precious souls for which his Saviour vouchsafed to die.

When the restoration took place, Dr. *Sanderson*, without any seeking of his own, was nominated bishop of *Lincoln*. Nay, so far was he from aspiring to this dignity, that it was with much backwardness and self-diffidence, that he undertook such an important charge, declaring to his friend who had recommended him, *That he would now lead him into a temptation which he had daily prayed against.* And he besought the Lord, if he did undertake it, *so to assist him with his grace, that the example of his life, his care and endeavours, might promote his glory, and help forward the salvation of men.*

After having governed the diocese about two years, in the diligent discharge of the work and office of a bishop, he left this vain life and entered upon a better, *January, 29th, 1662.* Some of his last words were, *Lord, forsake me not now my strength faileth me, but continue thy mercy, and let my mouth be filled with thy praise. My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed where true joy is to be found.*

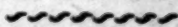
The following is an extract from his last will and testament, written by himself.

“ I *Robert Sanderson*, Dr. of Divinity, an unworthy minister of Jesus Christ, and by the providence of God

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bishop

bishop of *Lincoln*,—do make this my will and testament (written all with my own hand.)—First, I commend my soul into the hands of Almighty God, as of a faithful Creator, which I humbly beseech him mercifully to accept, looking upon it, not as it is in itself, (infinitely polluted with sin) but as it is redeemed and purged with the precious blood of his only beloved Son, and my most sweet Saviour *Jesus Christ*, in confidence of whose merits and mediation alone it is, that I cast myself upon the mercy of God for the pardon of my sins, and the hopes of eternal life.”



THE LIFE OF MR. J. MASON, M. A.

RECTOR OF WATER-STRATFORD, BUCKS.

THE Rev. Mr. *John Mason* was a person of as eminent a character in the religious world as most ages have produced. He was a man of uncommon fervour of spirit in the cause of God and religion. His learning was considerable, his capacity above the common level, and his application extraordinary. For a deep and continual sense of Religion upon his spirit, he had not many equals; and for an honest and unaffected zeal in the service of Christ, he had few superiors.—His mind was susceptible of the warmest impressions of devotion. Whatever he uttered, (especially if it related to his Saviour,) seemed to come from the very bottom of his soul; and the impression it made upon his hearers was owing, in a great measure, to that which they observed it first made upon him.—His style was strong, concise, and plain, which of all others is certainly the fittest to convey the warmest sentiments from and to the heart. But the success of his ministerial labours was not so much owing to his natural oratory in the pulpit, as to the strict and exemplary piety of his conduct out of it.



If ever man made Religion his greatest business and pleasure, he did. How much he was in his element when at prayer, appears from the frequent discharge of that duty, viz. Six times every day as long as he was able; twice by himself, twice with his wife, and twice with the family. The first posture he was in every morning as soon as he was out of bed, was upon his knees; and the same as soon as he returned from a journey.—His religious converse was neither forced nor affected, but accompanied with an easy and cheerful address; and seemed as natural to him as worldly discourses are to others; which made it not burthensome and awful, but agreeable and entertaining.

In his sentiments of Church-government, he was for the *established form*; in his sentiments of doctrines, he was for the moderate *Calvinistical scheme*; but far from being a *bigot* to either, as appears especially from his letters. His extensive charity seemed to arise from his profound humility; censoriousness being ever the genuine offspring of pride, as bigotry is of ignorance.—The following character is given of him in the account of his Life written by the Rev. Mr. *Maurice*, Rector of *Tyringham, Bucks*, who cannot be suspected of partiality.

“He was a person of as great devotion as ever I met with; and his main aim was to make all he conversed with to be religious. I think verily he was not only temperate, but mortified; not only true and just, but kind and charitable: charitable to the good name as well as to the soul and body. He was neither angry nor hasty: very affable in his carriage, and meek in his converse: never over-earnest, but, (where he thought he could not exceed,) for God. The family where he lived for many years, and which he since often visited, very lately told me, *They thought him as free from vanity, as others could be from vice; and that they could never see wherein he did too much, or where too little.* I cannot, indeed, say so much, yet I am ready to think, that all his *redundancies*,

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as well as *defects*, were designed in order to a greater good."

To this I shall only adjoin the testimony of the Rev. Mr. *Hammet*, who succeeded Mr. *Mason* in the vicarage of *Stanton-Berry*, (upon his presentation to *Water-Stratford*,) and who was afterwards Rector of *Emmington* in the same county.

"My acquaintance (saith he) with Mr. *Mason*, I have esteemed one of the greatest mercies I ever received. His learning and piety were great, and his humility deep. Divers souls in the neighbourhood wherein he lived, were seals of his ministry. His affections were so fervent, and his zeal so great, that as they were the comfort, so they were the admiration of those that feared God, and lived near him. He was in his judgment and practice, a conforming minister. The liturgy he read with affection, and said, he enjoyed much communion with God while reading it. But he was far from a bitter spirit against dissenters. So great was his love to *Christ*, that he had a value for any one who spoke a savoury word of him. And as he had a great charity for others, so he was most highly esteemed by the most sober Churchmen and dissenters. Mr. *Baxter* said, *He was the glory of the Church of England*. Other judicious ministers I have heard say, *That they never conversed with a minister, conforming or non-conforming, that equalled him*. The frame of his spirit was so heavenly, his deportment so humble and obliging, his discourse of heavenly things (and little else could we hear from him) so weighty, with such apt words and delightful air, that it charmed all that had any spiritual relish, and was not so burthensome to others, as discourses of that nature have been from other ministers."

How happy would it be for the christian Church, if instead of contending about forms and speculations, we could all unite in this humble, charitable, and truly pious temper, with which this good man was so eminently distinguished!

It is unhappy, that a person so well qualified to convey a warm and lively sense of Religion into the minds of men from the pulpit, could not be persuaded to do it oftner from the press. His invincible modesty and humility deprived us of this advantage.—A most excellent and amiable disposition! But seldom found in so close a conjunction with those strong and vehement passions of zeal and fervour, though perhaps the truest character of a *true godly zeal*.

All that he published himself were, the *songs of praise to Almighty God upon several occasions; together with the songs of Solomon, first turned, then paraphrased in english verse; with the addition of the sacred poem on Dives and Lazarus. To which are added, penitential cries*—Nothing can better shew the universal esteem this book hath met with from Christians of all denominations, than its having gone through about sixteen impressions.—Besides this, he published a *little Catechism, with verses and sayings for little Children*:—And towards the end of his life, a sermon upon the parable of the ten virgins, called *the midnight cry*.—There are also two sermons of his extant, published and prefaced by the Rev. Mr. *Shepherd of Braintree, in Essex*.—As for the collection of sayings, &c. called *Select Remains*, which were collected and published long after his death, they are admirably calculated, and have a strong tendency to edify and improve the mind, and to promote the cause of *real Religion*, and are worthy the attention and frequent perusal of every *serious Christian*.

Mr. *Mason* died at *Water-Stratford*, in the year 1694, having been Rector of that parish twenty years.

#### THE LIFE OF JOHN, EARL OF ROCHESTER.

**A**NOTHER illustrious and instructive instance of the power of religion upon the mind in the time of



of sickness and death, is John, Earl of Rochester; descendant of a great family, of a liberal education, and as great personal accomplishments; and by his sincere repentance, and happy death, he appeared to be (as it is judiciously expressed of him)—“A very great man every way; a great wit, a great scholar, a great poet, a great sinner, and a great penitent.”

Such he is described to be by two learned divines, who personally knew him, and attended him in his last sickness. And herein God has shewn the freeness and richness of his mercy, to save one who seemed to have made a *covenant with death*, and was at an *agreement with hell*; something similar to the Apostle Paul, though *before a blasphemer, a persecutor, and injurious*; yet obtained mercy, that in him Christ Jesus might shew forth all long-suffering, for a pattern to them that should hereafter believe on him to everlasting life, 1 Tim. i. 13,—16. So God struck him to the ground as it were, by a light from heaven, and a voice of thunder round about him. Insomuch that now the scales fell from his eyes, as they did from St. Paul's; his stony heart was opened, and streams of tears gushed out, the bitter but wholesome tears of true repentance.

His Lordship had advanced to an uncommon height of impiety, having been an advocate in the black cause of atheism, and an encomiast to Beelzebub. He had raked too in the very bottom of the jakes of debauchery, and had been a satyrast against virtue. But when, like the prodigal in the gospel, he came to himself, what horror filled his mind, and forced sharp and bitter invectives from him, against himself; terming himself the vilest wretch that ever the sun shined upon; wishing he had been a crawling leper in a ditch, a link-boy, or a beggar, or had lived in a dungeon, rather than offended God as he had done.

Upon the first visit of the Rev. Mr. Parsons to him, on May 26th, 1680, after his journey from the west, he

he gladly received him with every token of great respect; saying,—“He thanked God, who in mercy and good providence had sent Mr. Parsons to him, who so much needed his prayers and counsels; acknowledging how unworthily heretofore he had treated that order of men, reproaching them that they were proud, and prophesied only for rewards: But now he had learnt how to value them; that he esteemed them the servants of the most high God, who were to shew him the way to everlasting life.”

At this time Mr. Parsons found him labouring under great trouble of mind, and his conscience full of terror. He told him, “When on his journey, he had been arguing with greater vigour against God and religion, than ever he had done in his life-time before, and that he was resolved to run them down with all the arguments and spite in the world; but, like the great convert, St. Paul, he found it hard to kick against God.” For God at that time struck his heart so powerfully, that he argued as much for God and virtue, as ever he had done against it. He had such tremendous apprehensions of the divine Majesty, mingled with such delightful contemplations of his nature and perfections, and of the amiableness of religion, that he said,—“I never was advanced thus far towards happiness in my life before, though upon the commission of some sins extraordinary, I have had some checks and warnings considerable from within; but still struggled with them, and so wore them off again. One day, at an atheistical meeting at a person of quality’s, I undertook to manage the cause, and was the principal disputant against God and piety, and for my performances received the applause of the whole company. Upon which my mind was terribly struck, and I immediately replied thus to myself,—Good God, that a man that walks upright, that sees the wonderful works of God, and has the use of his senses and reason, should use them to the defying of his Creator!” But though this was a good beginning towards my conversion,

sion, to find my conscience touched for my sins, yet it went off again; nay, all my life long, I had a secret value and reverence for an honest man, and loved morality in others. But I had formed an odd scheme of religion to myself, which would solve all that God or conscience might force upon me; yet I was not ever well reconciled to the business of Christianity, nor had that reverence for the gospel of Christ as I ought to have."

This state of mind continued till the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah was read to him, together with some other parts of the sacred scriptures; when it pleased God to fill his mind with such peace and joy in believing, that it was remarkable to all about him. And he frequently desired those that were with him, to read the fifty-third of Isaiah to him; upon which he used to descant in a very affectionate paraphrase, applying the weighty sentences thereof to his own humiliation and comfort.

"O blessed God, can such a horrid creature as I am be accepted by thee, who has denied thy being, and contemned thy power? Can there be mercy and pardon for me? Will God own such a wretch as I?"

And in the middle of his sickness, he said,—“Shall the unspeakable joys of heaven be conferred on me? O mighty Saviour, never but through thine infinite love and satisfaction! Oh, never but by the purchase of thy blood!” Adding,—“That with all abhorrence he did reflect upon his former life; that sincerely and from his heart he did repent of all that folly and madness which he had committed.”

His faith was very remarkable, in embracing the articles of the Christian religion; and he justly condemned—“That foolish and absurd philosophy which the world so much admired, propagated by the late Mr. Hobbes and others; which had undone him, and many more of the best parts in the nation.”

His faith rested alone on Christ for salvation, and therefore appeared to be of the right kind. He would often  
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intreat God to strengthen his faith, crying out, "Lord, I believe; help mine unbelief."

He had a growing esteem for the sacred scriptures, and evidently saw their divine usefulness and excellency:—"For having spoken to his heart, he acknowledged all the seeming absurdities and contradictions, fancied by men of corrupt and rebroate judgments, were vanished; and the excellency and beauty appeared, being come to receive the truth in the love of it."

He was very constant and fervent in his devotions, and would frequently call upon the minister who attended him to pray with him, or read the scriptures to him; and towards the end of his sickness, would heartily desire God—"To pardon his infirmities, if he should not be so wakeful and intent through the whole duty as he wished to be; and that *though the flesh was weak, yet the spirit was willing*; and he hoped God would accept that."

Satan, the grand adversary of souls, used to assault him with many temptations and diabolical suggestions, and every thing which might be prejudicial to that religious temper of mind God had now endued him with. One night especially, the tempter did make no little use of his fiery darts, by casting upon him lewd and wicked imaginations:—"But I thank God, saith he, I abhor them all; and by the power of his grace, which I am sure is sufficient for me, I have overcome them. 'Tis the malice of the devil, because I am rescued from him; and 'tis the goodness of God, that frees me from all my spiritual enemies."

There are many proofs of the sincerity of his faith and the soundness of his repentance; among others, I shall single out those that follow.

He greatly rejoiced at his lady's conversion from popery, which he termed,—“A faction supported only by fraud and cruelty.”

His hearty concern for the pious education of his children; wishing—"His son might never be a wit,

as he explained it, one of those wretched creatures who pride themselves in abusing God and religion, denying his being or his providence; but that he might become an honest man, and of a truly religious character, which could only be the support and blessing of his family."

He left a strict charge to the persons in whose custody his papers were, to burn all his profane and lewd writings,—“As being only fit to promote vice and immorality, by which he had so highly offended God, and ashamed and blasphemed that holy religion into which he had been baptized, and all his obscene and filthy pictures, which were so notoriously scandalous.”

He protested,—“He would not commit a known sin to gain a kingdom:” And sent awful messages to his companions in iniquity. He advised a gentleman of character that came to see him on his death-bed, —“O remember that you condemn God no more. He is an avenging God, and will visit you for your sins; and will, I hope, in mercy touch your conscience, sooner or later, as he has done mine. You and I have been friends and sinners together a great while, therefore I am the more free with you. We have been all mistaken in our conceits and opinions, our persuasions have been false and groundless; therefore God grant you repentance.”

And seeing the gentleman the next day, he said, “Perhaps you were disobliged by my plainness with you yesterday; I spake the words of *truth and soberness*.” And, striking his hand upon his breast, said,—“I hope God will touch your heart.”

He laid his commands on the reverend person that attended him,—“To preach abroad, and to let all men know, if they knew it not already, how God had disciplined him for his sins by his afflicting hand; That his sufferings were most just, though he had laid ten thousand times more upon him. How he had laid one stripe upon another, because of his grievous provocations,

tions, till he had brought him home to himself. That his former visitations had not had that blessed effect he was now sensible of. He had formerly some loose thoughts and slight resolutions of reforming, and designed to be better; because even the present consequences of sin were still pestering him, and were so troublesome and inconvenient to him. But now he had other sentiments of things, and acted upon other principles."

That none whom he had been the instrument of drawing into sin, might lose the benefit of his sincere, though late repentance, he subscribed the following recantation, and ordered it to be published to the world.

"For the benefit of all those whom I may have drawn into sin by my example and encouragement, I leave to the world this my last declaration, which I deliver in the presence of the great God, who knows the secrets of all hearts, and before whom I am now preparing to be judged: That from the bottom of my soul I detest and abhor the whole course of my former wicked life: That I think I can never sufficiently admire the goodness of God, who has given me a true sense of my pernicious opinions and vile practices; by which I have hitherto lived *without hope, and without God in the world*: Have been an open enemy to Jesus Christ, doing the utmost despite to the holy *Spirit of grace*. And that the greatest testimony of my charity to such is, to warn them in the name of God, and as they regard the welfare of their immortal souls, no more to deny his being or his providence, or despise his goodness; no more to make a mock of sin, or contemn the pure and excellent religion of my ever blessed Redeemer, through whose merits alone I, one of the greatest of sinners, do yet hope for mercy and forgiveness. *Amen.*"

It hath been said, and I think very justly, that these are signs and evidences of true and evangelical repentance.

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We shall now attend him to his bed of languishing and death, and view the power of religion upon his mind in that important season. The poet says, and experience proves, That,

—*Death is a detector of the heart.*

And indeed so it proved to him; for his willingness to die was an evidence his heart was sincere and upright before God.

He was not willing to live, but only to testify the truth of his repentance, and to bring glory to God,—“If God, says he, should spare me yet a little longer time here, I hope to bring glory to his name, proportionably to the dishonour I have done to him in my whole life past; and particularly by my endeavours to convince others, and to assure them of the danger of their condition, if they continued impenitent; and to tell them, how graciously God hath dealt with me.”

And when he came within the nearer views of death, about three or four days before it, he said,—“I shall now die. But, O, what unspeakable glories do I see! What joys beyond thought or expression, am I sensible of! I am assured of God’s mercy to me through Jesus Christ. O, how I long to die, and to be with my Saviour.”

To conclude. The worthy person to whom we are indebted for this account of so illustrious a convert, says—“There are many more excellent things which have occasionally dropt from his mouth, in my absence, that will not come within the narrow compass of a sermon. These I hope will sufficiently prove what I produce them for.”

And so we hope they will have a tendency, in this republication, to demonstrate the power of real religion to an incredulous and ungodly world.

## THE LIFE OF THE DR. JOHN GUYSE.

**T**HE Reverend and worthy Dr. Conder gives the following account of the life and death of this much esteemed and pious Christian, in a funeral sermon preached by him on that mournful occasion, November 29, 1761.

Dr. GUYSE, writes he, was originally of Hertford; descended of religious and creditable parents; blessed with a strictly virtuous education; and early called by the grace of God; so that he was admitted a member of the church of Protestant dissenters in that town, at fourteen years of age. His views were also very early directed towards the work of the ministry; and all his youthful years were accordingly spent in close application to study, under the direction of the most able instructors; first in the learned languages, and then in the several branches of academical erudition. He entered upon the ministry in his twentieth year, and Providence soon opened a door for his public ministrations at Hertford, as assistant to the aged Mr. Haworth, who being thereafter removed by death, he succeeded, by unanimous call, in the pastoral office and charge of that people; a charge which, with great reluctance and self-diffidence, he at length consented to undertake. Here God was with him, and for many years continued his labours with a great degree of acceptance and success; and became particularly useful in guarding his flock against the erroneous sentiments of the favourers of the Arian scheme, which with much assiduity they laboured to propagate. Some years after, he received an invitation to London, which he accepted, (from the consideration of his inability to perform the duties of his function as he wished at Hertford, on account of his imperfect measure of health;) and accordingly took leave of that people July 26th, 1727.

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His sphere of activity was now greatly enlarged, and he was better enabled to exert himself to most useful and important purposes. By an uniform, genteel, religious, and friendly carriage, he became dear to his brethren in the ministry, and highly valued and esteemed by all. His reputation as a scholar, Christian, and divine, was widely spread, and his worth was generally known. His character and conduct were uniform and amiable in all the various points of light. In his religious principles he was fixed, steady, consistent, and open; never ashamed to own what he believed, or to vindicate it when opposed.—As a preacher, he was endowed with excellent and acceptable ministerial gifts; his compositions were solid, regular, well digested, and highly scriptural: In the holy books his knowledge and readiness were very remarkable, and have been the surprise of many.—As a pastor, he was an active, able, loving, and faithful guide and ensample to his flock, both in faith and practical godliness: He studied the things which made for peace, and godly edifying; and as he had the welfare of his people greatly at heart, so there were few ministers to be found more honoured and regarded than he was by them.

For many years he was favoured with a considerable share of health and spirits; but in the latter part of life he was afflicted with a painful lameness and a weak sight. These, it was feared, would have put a period to his public labours: but he was wonderfully supported by the comforts of grace; so that with remarkable resignation and cheerfulness, though under sensible decays of vigour and strength, he persevered in his ministrations till within a very few weeks of his decease.

Such was Dr. Guyse in life: but now, as to the closing scene, it is natural to ask, How did he leave the world? How did the Lord deal with him in his latest moments? Partly from personal knowledge, partly from proper information, continues  
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our author, I am enabled to conclude the delightful narrative.

His latter end, to a remarkable degree, was peace; he was enabled to leave the world with great composure, serenity, and hope of a blessed immortality. To friends that attended him in his confinement, he witnessed a good, a precious confession; he again and again declared his faith firm fixed upon him who is the Rock of ages; his hopes were alive towards God without a distressful cloud; hopes grounded upon the blood and righteousness of the dear Redeemer.—“Thanks be to God, said he, I have no doubt, no difficulty upon my mind, as to my eternal state; if I had, I could not bear what I now feel! I know in whom I have believed: Here my faith rests; the peculiar doctrines of the gospel which I have long preached are now the support of my soul: I live upon them every day; and thence derive my never-failing comfort.” At another time,—“How good is my God to me! how often has he made good to me that promise, *As thy days are, so shall thy strength be!*”

His great request to those that were about him to the last, was, to read the word, and join in prayer with him: The fifth chapter of Second Corinthians was particularly of singular use and satisfaction to his mind, on which he commented to this effect: *For we know, that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, &c.* “Oh! when shall it be dissolved indeed! when shall this mortal put on immortality!” *In this we groan earnestly, desiring to be clothed upon, &c.* “This, this is my earnest desire, and what I am waiting for.” *For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened:* “For this I groan daily, and ere long shall groan no more,” *Now, he that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of his Spirit:* “This I have, this I do enjoy, and therefore am I confident. I am not afraid of death; I am rather afraid that I should err on the other hand, in being too desirous of it.” Thus, on the morning

morning of the Lord's day in which he died, it was still the language of his heart and lips, "When shall I get through this valley?" and some of the last words he was capable of pronouncing so as to be understood, were, "Oh, my God, thou who hast always been with me, wilt not leave me." Sweet confidence! Blessed readiness! With the apostle he was desirous to depart, that he might be with Christ: *Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright; for the end of that man is peace.*

During the fourscore years of his life, he sustained for sixty of them a public character; and departed the 22d of November, 1761, in the 81st of his age.

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THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN ADAMS.

**T**HE late Reverend Mr. John Adams, minister of the gospel in Falkirk, Scotland, was esteemed by the judicious the most eminent preacher perhaps in the church. He had laid the foundation of this excellence in an early, close, and constant acquaintance with God, the Bible, and his own heart. His natural talents were improved by diligent study, and extensive reading. His own experience of spiritual things, enabled him to impart this knowledge with earnestness and discernment unto others. Thus furnished, he appeared among us a polished shaft, and was instrumental, under God, to the eternal happiness of many. With superior lustre, he shone for a while; but almost in the morning of life, with undiminished rays, this sun-set, leaving a memorial of himself graven upon the hearts of all who knew his worth, or heard his fame.

For the following account of his last triumphant moments, we are obliged to a gentleman in the country, who visited him then, and wrote down the relation

relation soon after his departure:—To preserve the authenticity, we give them nearly in his own words.

“On Friday, February 25th, 1757, I went to see the Reverend Mr. Adams of Falkirk, who for some time past had been in a languishing way, and was generally thought a-dying. I found him somewhat better than he had been for weeks before; and the symptoms appearing more favourable, gave hopes of his recovery. I expressed the sincerest joy upon this; for I thought indeed his death at that time would be the most awful evidence of divine displeasure, and an irreparable loss to the interest of religion among us. With a venerable composure and endearing smile, (ornaments indeed peculiar to himself,) he cheerfully answered, “’Tis all one to me whether I live or die. Since the beginning of this illness, I have had such sweet composure of mind, through the gracious communications of divine love, that my will is entirely resigned unto God’s will, fully persuaded of its being the wisest and best for me, that I would not for a world have it put to my choice whether I should live or die, as I would not know which to chuse.” He then repeated a saying of an eminent old minister, one Mr. Bennet, of Moravenside, who being asked concerning his welfare by a neighbour when dying, replied, “I’m not well, man.” “But do you think you are dying, Sir?” says the other. “Really, man, he answered, I care not whether or not; for if I die I’ll be with God, and if I live he’ll be with me.”—“I see, says Mr. Adams, it is not only the privilege of believers to plead humbly, but their duty to plead boldly, and with an assured confidence to claim their interest in the divine favour and love, asserting their title to the unsearchable riches of adorable sovereign grace, in the sweetest communications of gracious influences, and precious suitable blessings. I bless God for his infinite goodness and mercy to me, in the sweet communications of his love to my soul, since confined to this bed of languishing. I have experienced more of heavenly intercourse during this illness than in most of my life hitherto; and indeed I

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have



have it to remark to the praise of sovereign grace, that in all my afflictions, either on myself or on my family, God hath most graciously vouchsafed his favour, and made them the sweetest times of my life. I lie on this bed in perfect ease of body, neither sick nor sore, and in the most composed state of mind, entirely resigned to the divine will as to life or death, every bit as well pleased to die as to live. This indifference to life, however, flows not from any discontent with the world: I have no reason to be so:—No. I have agreeable relations, pleasant connections, and indeed a smile of Providence hath ever attended me. But a sense of the divine love, and incomparable happiness that awaits in the other world, reconciles me to death, and makes me welcome the stroke. I see nothing terrible in the summons: My Redeemer hath unstunged the tyrant, and changed his very nature, from a messenger of wrath to that of joy; so that with the apostle I can triumph, *O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be to God who giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ.* Within this twelve-month past, my most merciful God and Father in Christ hath, in wonderful condescension and grace, vouchsafed me the light of his countenance, and influences of his Holy Spirit, shining upon his word, opening up to me the mysteries of his grace, in their adorable riches, and exact suitableness to the necessities of my soul, and given me such insight into the meaning and import of many places of scripture, wherein the exceeding riches and infinite excellence of sovereign grace, and ineffable love are declared, that indeed I have been many times overpowered with their sweetness. O adorable rich free grace! my whole plea! my sure hope! How inexpressibly sweet have these scriptures been to me in my confinement, Heb. vi. from the 17th verse to the end, connected with Hebrews iv. from the 14th to the end! It is indeed the very tendency and design of the whole dispensation of grace to

raise the soul to the highest pitch of assurance, that it may have strong consolation, and attain firm unshaken confidence in and persuasion of the divine favour and love. What is trusting in God, so often exhorted to in scripture, but this? a confiding in, and depending continually upon this grace promised in the gospel, in an absolute certainty that it shall be bestowed, and be altogether sufficient for the purposes of securing and perfecting the begun work in the heavenly glory! Oh, how much do I see the propriety and necessity of complying with the apostle's exhortation, *Give all diligence to make your calling and election sure.* Nothing but an assured confidence in the divine love can support the soul in the immediate view of appearing before the Judge of all; but this precious faith begets and supports a triumph in the nearest prospect of grappling with the king of terrors: *Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory, through Jesus Christ our Lord.* A lively faith in the Son of God unfolds the meaning, and gives experience of the Sweetness of the apostle's hope, 2 Cor. fifth chapter to the eleventh verse: Such a hope I have as an anchor sure and steadfast, entering into that within the vail. This confident hope of eternal life is very consistent with the deepest sense of my own unworthiness, sinfulness, and vileness; yea, the clearer and more affecting my views of the sin of my nature, and deceitfulness of my heart are, the higher does my esteem of the amazing unsearchable depths of divine love and grace, in its freedom, suitableness, and efficacy, rise. Though the old man is not wholly put off, yet the new man is renewing day by day. He is faithful that hath promised: I can trust his word, and am sure of the happy accomplishment. It is indeed a higher dishonour to God, to be ever doubting of his grace; he hath allowed strong consolation to us who have fled for refuge to the hope set before us. We should be content with nothing less, therefore; but look upon this attainment as the highest part of our conformity to the image of Christ. We may, with boldness, plead for  
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it as our due, in virtue of Christ's right, who hath purchased it for us. Oh! what a glorious view is this! how inexpressibly full of rich consolation! Christ hath made it not only our privilege, but our duty, to assert our interest in his love with a confident boldness. I know not any thing that can yield such ravishing pleasure to the soul, and that even in the very arms of death, and of corruption in the grave, as this rejoicing in the hope of eternal life. The pleasure I have had, the sweetness I have enjoyed, in meditating on this adorable plan of grace, wherein the infinite mercy, grace, and love of God is so eminently displayed, cannot be conceived of, or expressed by words. Indeed the time thus employed hath been delightful beyond all expression;" And as a confirmation of this, it is worthy of remark, that for some time preceding, the good man scarce ever touched, either in preaching or praying, upon this particular subject, but his heart swelled with such ardor and love, that tears gushed from his eyes, and it was with difficulty he spoke.

"I cannot certainly say, he went on, what my Lord intends to do with me as to a recovery from this wasting; but I have often thought since I turned ill, that it looked very like he was to call me home; for this reason, that in infinite condescension he has been pleased, by his Holy Spirit, to give me for this year bypast such clear views and sweet discoveries of the method of grace, and mysteries of redemption, in the amazing displays of redeeming love, and opened up the scriptures in a light I never saw them in; so that I have been taught truths, and discerned depths of adorable love and grace in many passages of sacred writ that were in a great measure hid from me before; and have been enabled cordially and cheerfully to go in with and embrace this glorious method of grace, as all my salvation and desire; in consequence of which I have tasted a joy and peace in believing, and felt such sweet resignation unto the divine will, that I am content to be entirely at God's disposal, and to say in all things,



*Thy will be done.* No clouds now darken my prospect, no doubts disquiet my mind: a perfect tranquillity and serene peace fill the heart, and the confident hope of a glorious immortality gladdens the soul; and all this obtained in the way of believing, even by faith in the complete obedience, meritorious death, and powerful prevalent intercession of my glorious Redeemer, the fruit of which is the saving operations of his Spirit, working in me these divine graces that will be perfected in glory. I say, the sweet review of this makes me think, that in his infinite goodness, and most undeserved loving kindness, he has been just lighting up these sweet discoveries and delightful prospects, as so many torches to shew me through the dark valley death. It is true, he may in sovereignty, allow me yet to be clouded; but one thing I am certain of, if it should be so, the temptation must come from the devil, and I hope I shall be enabled soon to overcome it; for I am sure I have had such evidences of the divine love in the sweetest intercourse of late, that I can entertain no doubt but that what he hath begun, he will perfect in the day of Jesus.

“This account of the frame of my mind, and joyful hope through grace, I think it my duty to communicate, to the praise of that grace, and as an evidence that God yet dwells with men upon earth. *Come here, all ye that fear God, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul.*”

This sweet composure of mind, and confident hope of eternal life, continued during the remainder of his life; and particularly, on the Thursday night before his death, the divine vouchsafements were so peculiarly great and transporting, that he could not contain himself from declaring their overpowering influence, and expressing the most passionate longings for the full enjoyment of unutterable bliss, crying, “O when shall I see him as he is, in his transcendent glory? When appear before his face?”

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In this extasy of triumph, he went to bed about eleven o'clock; but was no sooner laid down than he was seized with an inclination to vomit, and an oppression at his breast (complaints he had often had,) soon after became feverish, and continued in a sort of lethargic disposition to the last; to appearance free from all kind of pain or uneasiness; always sensible; but spoke little or none.

And thus, on Sabbath morning, about nine, March 20th, 1757, he plealantly resigned his soul to God, and with a smile of joy he fell asleep.

THE LIFE OF MR. PHILIP HENRY.

**B**ORN in the royal palace of Whitehall, Westminster, August 24th, 1631; the father of Mr. Matthew Henry, so justly esteemed for his great learning and piety, illustriously conspicuous in his excellent commentary upon the Bible; first educated at St. Martin's church school, under the teaching of Mr. Bonner; afterwards at Battersey; then at Westminster; and last of all concluded at Oxford. Very early God dealt in a remarkable manner with his heart, and brought him to the knowledge of, and concern for eternal things. Very early he was taught by grace the truths that belong to salvation, and qualified by the teachings of the Spirit to declare these truths to others.

Accordingly, in 1659, he was presented to the rectory of Worthenbury in Flintshire, and ordained by the neighbouring presbytery of ministers to this small charge, which he executed, however, with the greatest fidelity and no little success; for, during the eight years in which he laboured there in word and doctrine, he saw in many the travail of his soul, to the rejoicing of his heart; though with this particular dispensation,

dispensation, that most, or all of those to whose good he was instrumental through grace, either died before he left the parish, or very soon after; so that in a few years, there were scarce any visible fruits of his ministry among them.

His ejection from Worthenbury, for non-conformity, (that greatest of crimes in the eyes of high-churchmen,) happened not long after, and he removed to Broad Oak, near White-church, in Shropshire, where he remained, till death put an end to all his troubles, by calling him from this transitory state to that everlasting rest which is prepared for the people of God, on the 24th June, 1696, in the 65th year of his age.

As to his private character, he was, in few words, a most experienced believer, a lively Christian, a faithful minister, faithful even to his temporal loss; an accurate, close, and an alarming preacher; and no less an excellent preacher than himself an exemplary hearer of the word when others preached, though every way his inferiors: In fine, the living example of all he taught, and the amiable picture of his doctrines.

In an especial manner he was of service to young men designed for the ministry; many of whom used to spend some time in his family before they entered upon the sacred work, that they might have the benefit, not only of his public and family instructions, but of his learned and pious converse, for which he was no less thoroughly furnished, than in it he was free and communicative. Upon all such the great thing he pressed was, to study the scriptures, and with these to make themselves familiar: *Bonus textuarius, bonus theologus*, being the motto of Mr. Henry, as well as Mr. Hervey. For this purpose he recommended to them an acquaintance with the original Hebrew, and advised the use of an interleaved Bible, in which they might insert such expositions and observations as occasionally occurred in sermons or reading, often more happy and considerable than those to be found in professed commentators. The true learning of a gospel minister, said he, must be drawn



drawn from the sacred volumes; and his only excellence should lie in being able from them to *speake a word in season* to weary souls.

The period of his usefulness, however, must, with all sublunary things, come to its end: The infirmities of nature bore hard upon him, and hastened his dissolution. The weakness of his constitution increased, and he felt the hand of death, in the service of his Master, arresting him. For upon Tuesday morning, June 23d, 1696, while performing family-worship in the usual manner, after having sung and expounded very largely the former half of the 104th psalm, he was taken ill in prayer, and thereby obliged to shorten it: *Blessed is he whom his Lord when he comes shall find ready.* He retired to his chamber immediately after, where he was found upon his bed in great distress. The means used to give relief were ineffectual; and for long he had not the smallest intermission of his pain. He said, God's Israel may find Jordan rough; but there's no remedy; they must through it to Canaan;" and added, he was not so much afraid of death as of dying.

In this extremity he was still looking up to God, and calling upon him, who is a present help in the needful hour. When the violence of his pain forced groans and complaints from him, he would presently correct himself with a patient and quiet submission to his heavenly Father, and chearful acquiescence in his will. "I am ashamed, saith he, of these groans; I want virtue; O for virtue now when I have need of it!" (referring to the subject of his sermon the preceding Lord's day, from this text, *Add to your faith virtue.*) "Forgive me that I groan thus, and I will endeavour to silence them; but indeed my stroke is heavier than my groaning." It was his trouble, that by reason of his bodily pain, he could not express his inward comfort; however, with that, God graciously strengthened him in his soul. He said to those about him, They must remember what instructions and counsel he had  
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given them when in health; for now he could say but little to them, only refer them to what he said, as to that which he would live and die by.

When his son, who had been sent for from Chester, came in, he told him, "O son, you are welcome to a dying father. I am now ready to be offered; and the time of my departure is at hand. I am tormented; but, blessed be God, not in this flame. I am all on fire, (though his body was very cold;) but, blessed be God, it is not the fire of hell." To some neighbours, these were his words,—“O make sure work for your souls, my friends, by getting an interest in Christ while you are in health. If I had that work to do now, what would become of me? I bless God, I am satisfied. See to it, all of you, that your work be not undone when your time is done, lest you be undone for ever.”

His understanding and speech continued almost to the last breath; and he was still in his dying agonies calling upon God, and committing himself to him. One of the last words he said, when he found himself going apace, was,—“*O death, where is thy—*”; with which his speech faltered, and within a few minutes, (after about an illness of sixteen hours,) he quietly breathed out his precious soul into the hands of his dear Redeemer, whom he had trusted, and faithfully served in the work of the ministry about forty-three years. Happy, thrice happy he, to whom such a sudden change was no surprise, and who could triumph over death, as an unstung, disarmed enemy, even when he made so fierce an onset! Mr. Henry had often mentioned it as his desire, that, if it were the will of God, he might not outlive his usefulness; and it pleased God to grant him this desire, and give him a short passage from the pulpit to the kingdom, from the height of his usefulness to receive the recompense of reward.

He used to say, there were four things which he would not for all the world have against him,—“The

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word of God: his own conscience; the prayers of the poor; and the account of godly ministers."

So too,—“He that hath a blind conscience which sees nothing, a dead conscience which feels nothing, and a dumb conscience which saith nothing, is in as miserable a condition as a man can be in on this side hell.”

Speaking of the causes of atheism, he had this to observe, “That a head full of vain and unprofitable notions, meeting with a heart full of pride and self-conceitedness, disposes a man directly to be an atheist.”

He pressed people much to have themselves fixed in good principles, and took all occasions to recommend such as the following,—“That God, who is the first and best, should have the first and best: That a part in Christ is a good part: That soul-prosperity is the best prosperity; and that it is well or ill with us, according as it is well or ill with our souls: That it is better to suffer the greatest affliction than to commit the least sin: That work for God is its own wages: And that it is the greatest folly for a man to do that which he must certainly undo again by repentance, or be himself undone to all eternity.”

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THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN TERRY.

OF the last hours of this remarkable convert, we have the following account by Mr. Henry.

“The first time, says Mr. Henry, he unbolomed himself to me, was in his chamber, after he was in bed. He desired me to go to prayer with him. When that was done, he said.—Sir, I have matters of great moment to talk to you about. Whereupon he took me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes told me some passages of his former life. I must own, I did never



see plainer signs of a sincere contrition of heart for sin, than I saw in him. It was extremely affecting to observe, with what self-loathing and abhorrence he spoke of some things he had formerly taken delight in. After he had recovered himself from a flood of tears, he said to me,—I am persuaded, Sir, that God, for my good, seeing my work is done, removes me from this world, that I might not be again entangled in the snares and temptations of it. The Lord well knew how easily I was drawn into sin; and I am satisfied he takes me hence, to prevent my falling into some grievous wickedness: so that I am sure what others may esteem my loss, will prove my gain: I shall find my account in it at last. My chief concern is now about the eternal salvation of my soul; I must beg you therefore to answer me some questions.

“Sir, said he, since the soul by sin is obnoxious to the wrath of God; that is, as I take it, liable to the sentence of that law which we have broken: How is it freed from the guilt of sin?

“When I had answered,—That we are *justified freely by the grace of God, through the redemption that is in Christ Jesus; and that being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ;* he asked me,—By what means are we freed from the pollution and stain of sin? I told him,—There was a fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness, and shewed what that fountain was. I added, that *Christ had purchased redemption for us, and was gone to prepare the mansions of glory, and that he sends forth his Spirit to make us meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.*

“Here he looked upon me with an eager concern.—But, Sir, said he, how can I enjoy the comfort of the pardon of sin in this world, even supposing my sins to be actually pardoned? I answered,—*The Spirit itself beareth witness with our spirit that we are the children of God; and therefore you ought earnestly to pray, that God would give you the Spirit of adoption, to enable you to cry, Abba, Father; that he would give you*

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the earnest of the heavenly inheritance in your heart; and that he would say to you,—*Son, be of good cheer, thy sins are forgiven thee; fear not, I am thy salvation.*

“Now, Sir, he proceeded, I find the disadvantage of not hearkening to your former counsels. Alas, how justly may I take up a lamentation over myself! For though I find a willingness to pour out my soul to God in prayer, yet I find myself very much at a loss for want of the gift of prayer.

“When he either heard or recollected the passages that happened in the untimely death of some young gentlemen, he used to say,—That God might have taken him away in the course of sin as well as others. And this made him often bless God, that he had given him not only time, but a heart to improve it; and to say,—Had my soul been in their souls stead, what a miserable case had I been in! Thou hast snatched me as a brand out of the burning.

“Some time after, when I had been at prayer with him, he desired me, with an extraordinary cheerfulness in his countenance, to sit down on his bed-side; which, when I had done, he took me by the hand, and pressing it very hard, said,—Sir, I can tell you now, it is no fiction, but what I have from comfortable experience, it is good for me that I have been afflicted; for before I was afflicted I went astray, but now, but now I have kept God’s word.

“These words he repeated an hundred times, and more, in his illness; laying a peculiar emphasis on the particle *now*. He added,—Now, Sir, I can assure you, that death has lost his sting as to me. He is so far from being a king of terrors, that he is a messenger of peace. O happy day, when sin and sorrow shall cease for ever! Now I can lift up my head; for my redemption draws nigh. I feel the powerful influences of the love of God warming my soul with ardent desires after him. Will he give such tastes of his love where he designs not fully to satisfy the desires of the soul that

longs after him? O my soul, be glad in God thy Saviour; rejoice in the Rock of thy salvation. *The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; I have a goodly heritage.*"

"And here his raptures of praise and expressions of joy did so sensibly touch me, that I could not forbear breaking out into praises aloud also; which moved the family below to enquire the occasion.

"At three o'clock, on a Lord's day morning, when it was thought he was dying, I was called to him. When I came, he whispered to me,—That though he was satisfied to die, and had a comfortable prospect before him, yet now he was engaged in it, he found dying to be hard work; and therefore said he, help me with suitable expressions to raise my heart to God while I remain in the body: For though my soul be on the wing, yet through my present weakness, I find something that deadens my thoughts."

"He desired me to tell his dear mother, who lay pining away upon a bed of sorrow, it was his last and expiring request to her, that she would not grieve for him. He likewise charged me with a letter sealed, to deliver into his brother's hands; one part whereof, which is as follows, his brother communicated to me:—Brother, I leave this as my last advice to you; if you would live easy and die happy, fear God; avoid idle, drinking company, and likewise women.

"Some of his last words were,—I believe in God, I believe in God, I believe also in Christ Jesus. Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly. Why are his chariots so long a coming? *Whom have I in heaven but thee, and there is none on earth I desire besides thee.* Death is welcome, come as soon as it will. I hope you don't think I am afraid to die; the sooner the better.

"After which words, he died in a few minutes, May 29th, 1720, aged 18."



THE LIFE OF SIR AUGUSTINE NICHOLLS, KNT.

(From his Funeral Sermon, by Robert Bolton, B. D.)

**H**E was a reverend and learned judge, a prince and a great man in Israel; nay a god upon earth, as judges and magistrates are stiled by the Spirit of God, Psal. lxxxii. 6. though he be departed this life like a man, and fallen as one of the princes.

Yet let no man think I am come hither, either to smooth and mollify any faults or frailties that might be in this great man, or, to fasten upon him any false praises, or, to make a solemn and formal narration of all his noble commendable parts. When I undertook this business, I studied only how I might speak most profitably, and make the best use of the present occasion, to my living auditors.

For this end, give me leave to single out, and propose for imitation some worthy and notable parts of his; and I must also crave the aid of your love to him, and those softened thoughts of mortality which are wont to attend these times, that I may commend them to your liking and practice with the more success, and stronger impression.—I shall commend unto you

1. *His singular integrity in disposing those church livings he had in his power.* And in this point I myself can say more than any, who tasted the most deeply of his worthy conduct this way. When I never sought after, as is well known, nor thought I on any such thing, he sent for me, and most freely bestowed the living which I at present enjoy. And I know his purpose for the rest: for he himself gave me this message to as worthy and reverend a man as I know unpreferred in the land, that if he would come to him, he would give him the first that fell; and for no other reason, but because he had heard he was a reverend and worthy minister.—I am persuaded in this point he might be a pattern, not only to all here present whom it might concern, (though I look upon the faces of some

some who have acted also very nobly this way,) but to all the patrons in England.—Be pleased then, you that loved him, to tread in his steps; and the rather, because if you are unconscionable herein, it may not only bring the curse of God upon yourselves and your posterity, in the mean time; but also a company of poor souls, cast away by reason of your corruption, against you at the last great day; who will then cry out before God, angels, and men, that you for a little bloody gain put upon them an ignorant, idle, dissolute, non-resident, or some way unfaithful minister, whereby they must now perish everlastingly; whereas if you had been honest and uncorrupt, there had been hopes they might have lived in the endless joys of heaven.

2. *His forbearing to travel on the Sabbath when in his circuit:* Whereby he gained a great deal of honour to his name, over all this kingdom; prevailed with others of his own high rank to do the same; and by his example caused much encouragement, increase, and regard to religion in those countries through which he passed. I wish I might so much prevail with you, as that from this occasion you would lay nearer to heart a more holy and heavenly spending of the Lord's-day: For, a thousand to one, a constant keeper of the Sabbath is sound-hearted towards God; while a Sabbath-breaker is in truth a stranger to the power of grace and life of godliness.

3. *His patient submission to private admonition:* A virtue ordinarily as strange with great men, as flattery is familiar. Something of evil there was, which he was likely to have fallen into: And yet when I in zeal and love to his soul and salvation, advised him in private as a minister of God, and in the humblest manner rendered my reasons against his resolution; after he had well thought upon it, it never went further. Yet let me tell you, he had formerly given me encouragement hereunto, entreating me once in private to deal plainly with him.—Now I would to God, you would imitate him

him in this also; especially you that are great ones. Ye will allow the Physician to tell you the diseases of your body, and the Lawyer to shew you any flaw in your estate; and shall only the Minister of God not tell you that your souls are dying eternally?

4. *His laying to heart the duties of his high station.* I mean his extraordinary industry and labour in his judiciary employments. His painfulness in this way was wonderful, even after his last sickness had seized upon him. I wish all the magistrates in the country were my hearers. I would entreat them with all earnestness of spirit, to be active, conscionable, resolute; and that they would not be angry with us when we press and persuade them to round courses against the refractory, and to the putting down of disorderly ale-houses; upon which point his majesty and the worthy judges so much insist, and which, when all is said, are the sinks and sources of all wickedness.

5. *His resoluteness against rising by corruption and bribery.* When he was first presented to that place of honour about the prince, it pleased our gracious sovereign to stile him the *judge which would give no money*. A blessed thing it would be, if such an heart were in all!

6. *An easiness of access, and affability of carriage:* A fair, loving, kind deportment towards all. I never saw a man of such worth and greatness look more mildly upon a *mean man* in my life: and yet with so grave a presence, that neither the authority of his person nor the dignity of his place received any disparagement. In this also he might have been a notable precedent to take down the haughty imperious carriage of many in the world, who are of far inferior worth and more ignoble birth.—As among professors of religion, he is the best Christian who is the most humble; so in the school of morality, he is accounted the truest gentleman, who is most courteous.

7. *His happiness in having religious attendants.* Follow him also in this. He tasted the fruit of it in his last extremities. For being cast by God's providence into  
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that part of the country where he had not such means and opportunities for those last comfortable spiritual assistances, which a dying man would desire, his attendants spoke seasonably to him out of the book of God, and were both able, and did pray with him according to the occasion. Whereupon I must tell you, (let as many profane spirits scorn at it as will,) those followers of his, call them Puritans or what you will, however they might miss in some complimentary circumstances by reason of that grief which was upon them for the loss of their so noble a lord, yet did him in those last agonies more true service and honour, than all the swaggering good-fellow serving-men will do their masters unto the world's end.

Lastly; *A right judgment and commendation of profitable and conscionable sermons.* He hath often been heard of late times to reply thus to the contradictions of opposers; "I cannot tell," saith he, "what you call puritanical sermons; they come nearest to my conscience, and do me the most good."—This of all the rest I would press most upon you. If you were but thus affected, to say the least, you would begin to look towards heaven.

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THE LIFE OF SIR THOMAS THINNE, KNIGHT.

(From his Funeral Sermon, by Daniel Featley, D. D.)

**H**IS natural parts were perfected by art and learning, and his morals much improved by grace. He was a most provident householder, loving husband, indulgent father, kind landlord, and liberal patron. So kind a landlord, that when his tenants through misfortunes were behind with him, he was so far from suing them, or putting them to trouble to extort his due from them; that instead of receiving from them, he lent great sums unto them; by the good employment whereof they were enabled to recover themselves,

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and pay him.—So liberal a patron he was, that he not only freely bestowed all the benefices that fell in his gift, but was also at all the charge of institution, induction, composition, first-fruits, and whatsoever burden fell upon the incumbent: Such patterns of patrons, we may rather wish than hope for after him. What shall I need to add more concerning him, whose birth was illustrious, his education liberal, his patrimony great, his matches suitable, his life exemplary, and his death comfortable! Single virtues we meet with in many, but such combinations as were in him, such affability in such gravity, such humility in such eminency, such patience in such trials, such temperance and moderation in such abundance, as we have just cause to bless God for in him, so we have great cause to pray for in others of his rank.—In his tender years he was set as a choice plant in the famous nursery of good learning and religion, the university of Oxford, where living as a commoner in Corpus Christi college, under the care and tuition of Dr. Sebastian Wenfield, he very much thrived and grew above his equals both in grace and in knowledge, gaining to himself as much love as learning. After he was removed from thence, he fell into very great troubles, as well before as after the death of his father: but the Lord delivered him out of all. These crosses and afflictions served but as files to brighten those gifts and graces in him, which shined afterwards most brightly in his more settled estate and eminent employments; being chosen deputy lieutenant in Wiltshire, commissioner in three shires, four times high sheriff, and often knight for the shire in parliament: In all which places of important negotiations and great trust, he so carried himself, that all men might see in all his actions, he had a special eye to the motto in his escutcheon, *J'ay bonne cause*, for with Mary he always chose the good part, and stood up for the truth, which he confirmed with his last breath.—You have heard what he was in public; but what was he in private? Religion is like the precious

stone garamantites, which casteth no great lustre outwardly, but we may discern as it were golden drops within. Three of these I will present to your view.

The first of these was *Tenderness of Conscience*, which is one of the most infallible tokens and marks of a child of God: So tender was he, that he would undertake no business before he was fully persuaded of the lawfulness thereof, both by clear texts of scripture, and the approbation of most learned and conscientious divines. He made scruple, not only of committing the least known sin, but of embarking into any action which was questionable among those that love the truth in sincerity.

The second was *Christian Compassion*, whereby he took to heart the afflictions of Joseph, and misery of Lazarus, whose sores he cured with the most precious balsam he could buy for his money. He furnished himself with the best cordials and the rarest medicinal receipts; and when he heard of any poor, sick, or hurt, he not only sent them money but medicines also, thinking nothing could cost him too dear, whereby he might save the life, or recover the health of the poorest member of Christ Jesus.—In the years of dearth and sickness, he sent provision to all the parishes about him, and thrice a week relieved an hundred at least at his gate: Neither did his compassion die with him; for in his will and testament confirmed by him the day before his death, he bequeathed divers legacies to the poor, whereof these following came to my notice. To St. Margaret's, in Westminster. ten pounds. To Kemsford, sixty pounds. To Cosley, sixty pounds. To Froome and the Woodlands, one hundred pounds. To Warminster, one hundred pounds. To Deverill and Mounton, one hundred pounds.

The last which I shall present to your view at this time, was his *Fervency of Zeal* for the truth of the gospel. In all the benefices which he bestowed, he took special care to make choice of men sound in the faith, no way warping either to Popish superstition, or schis-



matical separation: As he made greatest account of those ministers of the gospel, who were fervent in spirit and zealous for the truth; so he hated none more than temporizers and lukewarm Laodiceans: He seldom spake of any Romanists without expressing a great detestation of their idolatry and superstition.—The night before he changed this life for a better, after an humble confession of his sins in general, and a particular profession of the articles of his belief, in which he had lived, and now was resolved to die, he added, I renounce all Popish superstition, all human merits, trusting only upon the merits of the death and passion of my Saviour; and whosoever trusteth on any other, shall find when he is dying, if not before, that he leaneth upon broken reeds.

After the benediction of his wife and children, being desired by me to ease his mind, and declare if any thing lay heavy upon his conscience; he answered, Nothing he thanked God: Yet like an obedient child of his mother, the Church of England, both heartily desired, and received her absolution. And now professing that he was most willing to leave the world, he besought all to pray for him; and himself prayed most fervently, that God would enable him patiently to abide his good will and pleasure, and to go through this last and greatest work of faith and patience: And the pangs of death soon after coming upon him, he fixed his eyes on heaven from whence came his help; and to the last gasp, lifted up his hand, as it were, to lay hold on that crown of righteousness, which Christ reacheth out to all his children, who hold out the good fight of faith, and conquer in the end.

THE LIFE OF MR. RICHARD TAYLOR.

**H**E had his education at the university of St. Andrews, in Scotland.

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In July 1686, he accepted of an invitation from the church in London, of which the Rev. Mr. Brooks had been a pastor.

He was a worthy contender for *the faith which was once delivered to the saints*, a steady assertor of free and effectual grace in conversion, of the righteousness of Christ alone for our justification; and of all the other points of Christian doctrine which stand connected with these. Nor did he neglect, but on the contrary, warmly and constantly require and exhort to gospel-holiness and new obedience.

And as he lived in the faith he had preached, so he died in it, and desired his friends might know what on his death-bed he declared;—"Which was," says Mr. Nesbit, in a funeral sermon he preached and published on Mr. Taylor's death, as I have it delivered to me, in these words:—"I am exceedingly well satisfied in the defence I have been enabled to make of the truths of the gospel in my time, and now am full of the comforts of them. And if it were possible for me to live a thousand years longer, I would continue to preach those truths as I have done, and be more earnest in the defence of them."

He died, not only in the Lord, but with abundant satisfaction entered into his Master's joy, in September 1717.

